

THE
GOLDEN
LADDER

RUPERT
HUGHES





Class

PZ.3

Book

H8736

GO

COPY 3





THE GOLDEN LADDER



BOOKS BY RUPERT HUGHES

THE GOLDEN LADDER
WITHIN THESE WALLS
WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY
THE THIRTEENTH COMMANDMENT
BEAUTY
CLIPPED WINGS
THE CUP OF FURY
EMPTY POCKETS
IN A LITTLE TOWN
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
LONG EVER AGO
MOMMA
THE OLD NEST
SOULS FOR SALE
THE UNPARDONABLE SIN
WE CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING
WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1817

THE GOLDEN LADDER

BY
RUPERT HUGHES



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

100425

F/2
H 2736
Gro
Copy 2

THE GOLDEN LADDER

Copyright, 1923, 1924
Harper & Brothers
Printed in the U. S. A.

First Edition

D-Y

545109
Jy 31 1929

To
KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
WITH
MY ANCIENT AFFECTION

THE GOLDEN LADDER

THE GOLDEN LADDER

CHAPTER I

SHE took with her an old brown trunk that held but little gear. She took with her a young white chest packed with secrets and housing one heart, a hungry, cunning, unconquerable heart; a curious little engine that drove a lonely soul from the most inelegant depths to the most dapper heights.

Betty lost her secrets one by one, but her heart—did she ever lose that? In any case, it kept her climbing, climbing; kept her color high and her head up and her courage warm when there were reasons enough, God knows, and often enough, for pallor, surrender, despair. Her little heart fought its way through a world that still crushed women down; and especially fought back at Betty—fought her, condemned her, and never whipped her.

To be a warrior and keep beautiful, too! But Betty managed it.

On this day, though, she felt neither beautiful nor brave. It is hard to be either an hour before a raw November day-break, on the shore of a cold salt river and on the tipsy deck of a boat that may not move in time to assure escape.

Betty was running away from her yesterdays, and asking nothing more of her to-morrows than that they should take her to other scenes; rid her of the griding cables holding her to the rotten wharf of her youth, as the packet schooner she had boarded was held fast to the pier, though its two big sails beat about their masts and throbbed where the wind stroked them and whispered them seaward.

Betty did not look her past at all; much less her future.

For her past was hideously sordid, and her future maliciously magnificent.

Their victim was nothing marvelous either way. She was bonny enough, and young enough, just turned nineteen; and yet she was no Helen of Troy: her face would never have launched a thousand ships.

Indeed, she could not even persuade that one little schooner to leave the dock a moment ahead of time. And she was afraid every moment that she would be dragged back ashore to degradations that she was sick of.

She was sick of everybody and everything on the land she looked at. They called her "the prettiest girl in Providence," but Providence in 1794 had only six or seven thousand inhabitants. And the cholera had but lately swept away any number of these—though not the ones that Betty might grimly have chosen.

Of those that remained, the greater number were concerned with making rum from molasses, gin from juniper berries, spermaceti from whale oil, candles, rope, duck, snuff, slaves, and other smelly articles of merchandise. Tanneries and slaughter houses, salt tidal marshes and stagnant ponds added fragrances of their own. The chief business of such citizens as were not engaged in the slave trade or the forging of anchors and cannon was "the mystery of the distiller." The chief business of their women was "the mystery of the spinster or the housewife." Neither Betty nor her mother had cared for either of the latter mysteries, though her father and her stepfather had devoted their lives to the encouragement of the first.

Providence hated Betty, and she hated Providence. She longed to get away to New York, where there were already forty thousand people, and more coming in so fast that the town was actually overtaking Philadelphia. New York was young and wicked and eager; and Betty Bowen was also all three.

Just now she felt old, afraid, forlorn. She loathed early rising, and this morning's errand had torn her from sleep at half past four. Here she was aboard the boat at half

past five, heavy eyed and shivering in her shabby garb. The sun would not come up out of Massachusetts across the Seaconck River for an hour yet. The sky was black and bleak and the college building and the church steeples on the hill were lost in its ink. The water was ink, too, but it slapped the schooner's flanks with a surly impatience.

The wind was as impatient as Betty. Sometimes passengers had to wait for hours, for days, before the tide and the wind were right. Both might fail at any moment. At any moment she might be recalled to the duties she was deserting.

She would not leave the chill deck and go into the cabin. She wanted to watch the last passenger from Boston come across the plank, for then the schooner would sail and her future would begin.

The stage from Boston had rolled down on time at sunset the night before and emitted the usual number of travelers, who paused to kick the kinks out of their legs, rub their tortured backs and sides and their both, and hurry into the Golden Ball Inn for a late tea at six.

Betty always watched the Boston stages come in. There was something glorious about horses and carriages that intoxicated her.

Perhaps there was no other thing that urged her out of Providence so much as a mad longing to own a carriage.

She could have gone to New York by stage, but she did not like to be cooped up for days with other people who had as much right to the horses as she.

She could never own a carriage in Providence. She was known too well there—or too ill there—for a carriage marriage, even if the town had possessed more than the one or two shabby private vehicles it boasted.

She longed to own horses—a lot of them galloping in a line. She yearned to own a four-horse stage-coach and ride in it all by herself. She wanted to drive behind eight horses at once! (And one day she would.)

But thus far she had never even been inside a stage-

coach. She had made eyes and smiles at the drivers, but they had never thought to offer her a ride.

She had heard that one's neck and spine were almost snapped apart and that the passengers were literally spanked from Boston to Providence, but life was rough going at best, and if horses galloped, the worst of it was the sooner over.

Anyway, it was glorious to hear the coach horn clamor down the hills, along the rolling road from Pawtucket, into Benefit Street; to hear the wheels thunder; to hear the sixteen-hoofed music of the zesty steeds and hear the whip slash and crackle about their pointed ears.

The springless New England stage was only a long covered wagon with a mass of luggage at its rear, and four ill-kempt horses loping along in front, a jumble of seventeen passengers and a loquacious driver between, not to mention a floor cluttered with mail bags, and merchandise for delivery at the roadside towns. But to Betty it was royal equipage.

She had stood outside the Golden Ball Inn the evening before and gazed so wistfully at the wheeled torture-chamber that one burly passenger had tweaked her chin and asked her if she wanted him to buy the stage for her.

"Yes, sir! If you please, sir!" she answered. And he laughed mightily. But he did not buy her the stage.

She heard the black slave who greeted him call him "Mossa Cap'n Dellycraw." She hoped he was a sea captain, for she loved the sea and its folk. She wondered if Captain Dellycraw would come aboard the packet. She wished he had invited her in to tea. She had never eaten at the inn. She had eaten at the workhouse, though—damn the place and the people! And one day she would come back and occupy the best room in the inn and fling from her balcony window boasts of her triumphs.

But that was for the far-away. There was nothing to boast of in her past, except its extraordinary lack of things to boast of.

Four years ago she had made one of the crowd outside

the Golden Ball Inn when President Washington visited the town after Rhode Island had finally decided to quit haggling, belatedly accept the Constitution, and join the United States.

The thirteen-gun salute that greeted General Washington had drawn fifteen-year-old Betty to the streets, where she saw Governor Fenner leading a wonderful parade with all the bells ringing, drums rolling, fifes screaming, and three negro "scrapers" scraping.

All the next day there were parades and a grand banquet at three, where, it was said, thirteen toasts were pledged in stout Providence rum.

The most startling things she noted about the great man were that his face was heavily pitted with smallpox marks and that his false teeth seemed to distress him.

But Betty revered him. And since it was the fashion to name everything after him from porcelains to children and cities, she named after him the first thing she could call her very own—but that was one of the things she had vowed to forget.

Betty knew nearly all there was to know of life except its pleasanter phases. At nineteen she knew all about poverty and sin, prison and shame, banishment and obscurity; she knew nothing of wealth and good works and pride and glory. She had lived in a small town's slums, the region known as "Hell Huddle" or "The Devil's Hopyard" or "Hard Scrabble." Henceforth she was done with huddling and scrabbling. She was out after jewelry, silks, an honest man's name, invitations—and above all things carriages and horses.

And she would win them!

Carriages? She would own Napoleon's carriage of state and ride in it! It is easy to record this as history; it would have been a startling prophecy; for at that moment Napoleon himself had small prospect of a carriage; he was merely the least of the shiftless Corsican Buonapartes, too poor to pay for a fiacre, too poor to pay his laundress for his other shirt. He was under arrest as a soldier, idle and in disgrace

with the French army and wishing that his father had acted on his first plan and put the lad in the British navy, where he would have stood some chance for a future!

Jewelry? Betty would own the very imperial sapphire crown that Napoleon set on the head of the Empress Josephine after he took it from the hands of the Pope, who came to Paris for the ceremony. At this moment, however, Madame Josephine Beauharnais was uncertain how long she would be allowed to keep her life. Like Betty, she had been in jail—for a whole year, indeed, expecting every moment that her pretty head would be sliced off by the guillotine, to drop in the great waste basket of the Revolution, where her late husband's head had thumped. The shabby Napoleon had not even met her, nor passed through the first phase of her scorn.

Betty's destiny was to be strangely bound up with the French and France, and she had been unconsciously prepared for it by a bit of charity.

CHAPTER II

THE wonder was not that Betty read and wrote indifferently well, but that she read or wrote at all. For the only schoolhouse in Providence had burned down the year before she was born; and was not rebuilt for fifty years.

Yet, in this paradise for children she acquired somehow a smattering of the three R's, and no doubt a little French.

She gleaned her bit of French, it may be, when she was just coming eighteen; for in that year Providence was suddenly encumbered with a horde of French refugees driven from San Domingo when the bitterly abused slaves broke free in 1793 under "the black Napoleon," Toussaint l'Ouverture, and whipped the best troops that France or England sent.

Many of the French fled for their lives to Rhode Island because the French army and fleet that fought in our Revolutionary War had spent so much time so pleasantly there that they tried to compel the new United States to make France a gift of the little state. But republics are ungrateful; otherwise Betty might have been reared a French subject.

The fugitives from San Domingo were poor and helpless, and Providence and Newport grandly poured out thousands of pounds in feeding them and finding them employment.

Betty had a palm that could be generous, and it is as likely as not that one day, while walking her post along the Towne Street and the Market Parade and wet Weybosset and across the bridge, she saw a lean and yearning young man who looked hungry, and that she took his hand right familiarly and closed it upon a warm coin that she had earned in one way or another—probably the latter. His name was probably Pierre.

If so, he must have noted how pretty she was, how soft her hand, how full of welcome her eyes. What could he do but kiss that velvet hand and murmur:

"Mille remerciements, mademoiselle! Que le bon Dieu vous bénisse!"

To which Betty would answer, of course:

"What?"

He must explain:

"I say I sank you sousand time."

"Oh! Don't mention it!"

"Men-shun? What is it it is—men-shun? A house, yes? no?"

"Oh, Lord, no! Mention is to—it means to—well—don't say anything about it!"

"Oh, I am sorwee! You have not got hankry wiff me?"

"No, no! of course not. Why should I get mad? You see—when you said, 'Thank you,' I said 'Don't mention it.' I mean you don't have to thank me just because I gave you a shilling."

"Ho, I see. You say like *Il n'y a pas de quoi.*"

"Eel ya pa de what?"

The French can laugh at almost anything except mispronunciation. Few other things amuse Americans so much. So Betty laughed herself sick over her own bad French and Pierre's bad English, while he suffered torments for both.

But it was exciting; and they dawdled along the street and almost walked into the high tidewater as they played battledore and shuttlecock with their limited vocabularies and studied their languages in the living lexicon.

Pierre's courtesies thrilled Betty. She was not used to being treated with such distinction and she overestimated the importance of his compliments.

And he, thinking from her beauty that she was of better quality than she was, never dreamed of her appalling origins; he regarded her charity with meekness.

Perhaps for the first time the girl breathed the heady air of formal gallantry. It was her introduction to the grand

manner, and if Pierre's ignorance made him substitute gesture and bow for the exact phrase, she took it all as chivalry. It gave her a most voluptuous glow.

And he, not knowing her language well enough to know how little of it she knew herself, found in her soft voice and her rich lips the authority of the Academy.

So odd it was to her to be looked up to, that she would not break the spell. She bade him good-by and turned into a shop to be rid of him, lest he follow her to old Mother Ballou's next door to the tallow chandlery, and learn something of her true estate.

The next day she met him again upon Weybosset Street, paved with tide-soaked pebbles and shells, and when he fell in at her side she led him, as if by chance, away from the noisome rum distilleries, past where the green hides brought in from the Spanish Main were turned to leather. She was afraid that some of her old familiars might bespeak her there and betray her character to this first soul that had found in her something to revere.

So she climbed with him to Fox's Hill, where they could overlook the harbor heavily timbered with masts. A hundred and fifty sail were owned in Providence and boats of nine hundred ton were building there for the India trade and the China trade and the unpitied human freight they stole from Africa.

But all the sail were idle in the harbor now, for the embargo was on and both French and British privateers captured the ships of the helpless republic wherever they found them.

Few hulls went out from Providence nowadays with cargoes of cordage, cannon, shot, masts, spars, and anchors, candles, tar, ginseng and gin, and New England rum. Her fleet no longer called at Madeira, Madras, Pondicherry, and Canton; at St. Helena, St. Ascension, and St. Eustatia; nor came home with tea and silks, lacquers and china; with printed calicos, bandano and pulicat silk handkerchiefs, Persians, taffetas, saltpeter and window glass and cotton

goods from Manchester, to be sold at vendue in the market place.

It irked Betty to see the lolling, naked masts at rest. She told Pierre she would love to sail on some tall East India-man to worlds remote from sordid Providence, but Pierre begged her to dream of France, especially of Dieppe on her white cliffs. He was an ardent Dieppois and he somehow made her understand and believe his belief that a captain from Dieppe had discovered America long, long before Christophe Colombe arrived in his borrowed ships from Spain.

Pierre told her haltingly how he had been forced to give up his dreams of being a poet and a novelist and had been shipped to Saint Domingue to learn the coffee trade, only to be saved from failure by disaster.

He had no books now except in his head, but he had a pretty memory for snatches of old poetry. Her sweet blond pate reminded him of Pontus de Thiard's line "*L'aspect bénin de mon étoile blonde.*"

His poverty as well as her beauty reminded him of ancient verses, and he recited to her the little poem of Saint Gelais, beginning:

"Un charlatan disait en plein marché
Qu'il monstreroit le diable à tout le monde."

She liked the jiggling lilt of it but he had to put it in English for her, somewhat like this:

"A—how you say—*Un charlatan?*"

"We have 'em here," said Betty, "*Je comprend.*"

"Yes? How nize! *Alors!* A charlatan is saying in market place, to much people, how he will show zem all ze—ze—*le diable—*"

"The devil! Go on."

"So it was not nobody who did not runned to see zat naughty mans, the diavle—*vous savez?*"

"I know him."

"So Monsieur le Charlatan he takes out a beeg *bourse*—how you call him—a for to keep moneys into it?"

“A purse!”

“*Oui*, yes, yes—a pourse. He takes out one beeg pourse, a grand, profound pourse, and he say, ‘Gentlamens, open yore eyes, and see, is it anysing inside?’ ‘No!’ say mans who stands close by. ‘No!’ he say, and Charlatan say, ‘To open yore pourse and see nossing inside—zat is ze diavle.’”

“That is the devil, for sure,” sighed Betty. “The inside of an empty purse is—hell.”

She sighed from the profundity of old woes, and Pierre sighed because poverty was new to him, but complete.

It surprised him to learn that his benefactress should be so well acquainted with penury, and it emboldened him, too.

Seeing the sun just skimming the Western edge of the world like a vast red discus, he said:

“For w’y are we so sat, we two? You are so yong and so *belle*, and me, I am not old. Do you know w’at Gilles Durant sing to his Charlotte? No? He tell her how the light of ze sun goes out at night but comes again at—at—*à l’ aube première*—”

“At daybreak?”

“*Si, si!* But he say w’en our light goes out he stays in ze tomb and navver, navver retourns. So he sings:

*“Aimons donc à notre aise:
Baisons-nous bien et beau,
Puisque plus on ne baise
Là-bas sous le tombeau.”*

“Let us love us w’ile we can. Let us kiss us much and pretty. Bee-cose nobody kisses nobody down zere onder zose gravestone.”

And this seemed suddenly the most important fact in the world, the most implacable truth, the pitifulest, cruelest of all decrees—Kiss well and tenderly without delay, for down there beneath the tombstone nobody kisses anybody.

The sun was a great bleeding heart aching away into the night, and the gloaming gathered its soft shroud about their young shoulders.

They looked into each other’s eyes and saw deep shadows

of oncoming doom. Their lips parted in suffering, their breasts panted in haste to seize what little grace the brevity of their youth begrudged them.

They leaned together till their mouths met and kissed. This first salute of their prompt love was more like a farewell than a greeting. But it was so sweet that each caught the other in fierce arms; and there on the headland over the harbor they clung together as if they were drowning in black waters.

She was a girl and he was French, and they wept bountifully, quelling their sobs with kisses and caresses.

He loved her so dearly that he groaned:

“*O nuict, jalouse nuict contre moy conjurée!*”

After a long while he whispered, with loving self-sacrifice:

“It is dark soon and cold, and I must take you home, *ma mie!*”

The word “home” made her shudder, but he thought that it was the chill of the twilight wind and he urged her away.

She would not have left the enchanted place but for the fact that he began to cough and to shiver in his scant garments. She knew that he was not strong and she made haste to descend with him into the darkening streets.

But she would not let him go far with her. He laughed:

“Your mother does not like you come home wit’ a strange yong mans, no?”

“My mother! O God!”

And she laughed bitterly, a harsh, acrid laughter that frightened him and silenced him.

But they agreed to meet again on the morrow and she went her ways alone, while he stared after her, tenderly bewildered.

CHAPTER III

FINDING their lofty trysting place pre-empted the next day, they sauntered along the edge of the brackish salt marshes where the tides came and went.

He had learned some English in San Domingo and he told her of the novel he had planned. He was going to write it down as soon as he found a comfortable lodging with a table and ink and a goose quill. He had written to his people in Dieppe telling them where he was and begging them to dispatch him funds. The letter should reach them in forty or fifty days and his blessed mother would see to it that his father sent him enough and in haste. In a hundred days he hoped to be a gentleman again, or at least an author.

Never having met an author, Betty was bewitched with pride at the encounter. And indeed authorship is a delicious trade, or would be if it were not for the various infernos of getting one's cloudy fantasies crushed down into hard and cold syllables, and thereafter into type and the market place.

This author was at that pleasant period of literary travail when the brain child is only a conception. He was as proud and hopeful of it as any mother of her first-born, before it is visible, tangible, audible—and olfactible—as an actual infant.

He told his plot with relish and Betty listened with the same intense delight that she had felt when she heard her first fairy stories as her mother told them to her on the rare occasions when her mother had the time, the humor, and the sobriety.

For his heroine Pierre announced that he had chosen a beautiful blond of the royal family of Capet, the ancient

dynasty that had ruled in France until Louis XVI lost his head a year or so ago.

The heroine's mother was to be so grand that, when she went to the West Indies to join her husband, the king must assign a warship to carry her thither. But, alas! before the boat arrived the mother had to die in giving birth to the heroine. (It is astonishing how fatal it is to give birth to a heroine. Countless mothers in fiction have perished of that complaint.)

The little Capet infant would of course survive all perils of the sea, as heroines do, and the captain himself would care for her, only to learn when the ship reached its port that the plague had carried off the baby's father.

What could the poor captain do then? Why, keep her on board, of course. A girl baby on a warship, however, would be so inappropriate that when the frigate should put in at Newport the captain was going to leave her with a friend he had ashore. Then he would sail away about his business and never come back. So the daughter of the Capetian kings would be reared by a poor man in America! Naturally she would grow up to be incredibly beautiful, as heroines do.

Her author found himself describing her in terms of Betty. It would have outraged Pierre's sense of courtesy to paint her otherwise. Miss Capet looked like Betty, talked like her, walked like her, and——

And this was as far as Pierre had got with his plot. Being one of the extreme republicans of France, he planned to have her realize how much nobler plain democracy is than any royal pomp. He expected to give her for her lover a glorious American laboring man who dwelt in a humble cottage and earned his modest living by the might of his brawn. And then the heroine would find how much happier a woman always is in plain and simple surroundings than she could ever be in any splendor of jewels, satins, feasts, and carriages.

"Nonsense!" cried Betty. "Silly lies and nonsense! No

woman can be really happy except when she is better dressed and housed than all the other cats."

Betty simply would not have Pierre's conclusion. She demanded that the princess should regain her rights and marry a young and beautiful banished prince or something. The two would thereupon return to France, whip the Revolutionists back to their kennels, and put her husband on the throne. When he was busy kinging, sweet Miss Capet was to ride round Paris in a chariot drawn by eight snow-white horses of Norman blood. She would smile as the people cheered her and stripped roses of their petals to soften the road for her wheels, while all the other women went green with envy. Pierre found Betty's conclusion banal, merely a Cinderella ending to a fairy story. But Betty knew that Cinderella was true to life, the commonest thing in history. Peasants who became princesses were as frequent as swineherds who became kings, and Betty was going to be a Cinderella herself.

Her plot ideals seemed to Pierre inartistic and popular, but she overbore his scruples and he consented to write the story as she wished it.

He never did. For one of the town's most amiable busybodies found him employment so that he might earn an honest living in one of the famous Providence steel mills where stout anchors were made and the best bayonets to be had on this side of the ocean; and gunstocks, ramrods, and flintlocks innumerable.

Those mills were patriots and proud of their history; for when the battle of Lexington had roused the nation to arms, and it had found almost no arms to rise to, the town of Providence set to work with might and main and poured forth muskets by the hundred; and cannon—cannon to stand still for the Rhode Island defenses and wheeled cannon for the troops of Washington to lug about with them in their everlasting retreats.

Was not General Nathanael Greene a steel-mill man, and a Rhode-Islander born? Had he not been expelled from the Quaker church for his military ardor? Had he not

marched from Providence as a private and become a general within a month and the best retreatter in the army, next to Washington?

Even when the war was over the iron mills had not drawn their fires. The ox-teams still moved in herds, carrying ores to the furnaces. And the millers perfected their processes till their steels, both blistered and drawn, rivaled the best imported so well that importation ceased.

And now the shipyards were working again for some future war. The immortal frigates, the *Constitution* and the *Constellation*, the *President* and the others, were building, and there was a cry for cannon to arm them withal so that the republic might answer the European tyrants with the only arguments they understood—hot shot. The Rhode Island mills were casting cannon solid and boring them with water; making them with such care that when any casting was imperfect it was thrown back into civil life and must stand as a hitching post on a street corner.

It was in these mills, roaring throughout the day and flaring throughout the night, that Pierre was offered work. He could not refuse it, though he was not built to puddle in molten irons.

And Betty toiled in her way, keeping her business secret and hoping that Pierre might never learn how she was earning her marriage *dot*; for she hoped to sail away to France with him and dwell where no one would know too much about herself and her family.

They could meet no more by daylight now; and after the fourteen hours required of laborers, his weak frame was so exhausted that he could no longer hoist himself to Fox's Point or even saunter the streets with the woebegone Betty.

And so she had to take him to Mother Ballou's for their evenings together. She had to let him learn the bleak and awful truth about her, and her "mother" Ballou. He was thunderstruck; yet he did not call Betty names or accuse her of deceit. He was Christlike in his forgiveness, but not in his aloofness. He put away his deference, his protectiveness; his tenderness changed to a fiercer mood. He, the

light, the malleable poet and romance-babbler, became a hard man.

The bitterness of his sudden knowledge of life tempered him in an instant as the shock of cold water turns hot soft iron to steel. He grew strong and coarse, commanding, demanding. He did not care how Betty earned her money. He drank much of Mother Ballou's stoutest rum and banged the table with the mug and hugged Betty till her ribs creaked. Betty liked him so. But she had loved him as he was. He began to teach her French so that she might go home with him some day. She learned the lilt of it, the "t" on the lips, the "r" in the throat like a rolled "w," the nasals *on* and *an* and *in*, and how to say *est-ce-que* and *auriez-vous la bonté de*, and—

And then she lost him.

One evening as she stood watching the flames leap from the chimneys of his forge like flaunted scarlet and yellow banners, there rose a volcano of splashing fire, an earth-jarring thud, then a scurry of blazes all about the shattered mill.

A furnace had exploded. Among the charred and mangled bodies they found the dead Pierre.

CHAPTER IV

NOTHING was left for Betty now, it seemed, but to abandon her hopes of romance and follow her mother's footsteps. Such footsteps!

It is not usual or respectable to write the truth about motherhood; therefore the women who triumph in this most difficult of careers are robbed of their rightful praise by an idiotic habit of pretending that all mothers are divine and all homes temples of virtue, and that the world would easily be saved if children would only obey their mothers and stay at home. It makes no difference that history is packed with proof that really good mothers are as rare as really profitable homes; and that the beginning of most successful (and unsuccessful) lives has been the departure from home.

How can the world be saved by lies? And who tell more of them than the folk who call themselves good and prove their virtue by condemning the disclosers of fact, and by telling ugly lies, and suppressing truths in the name of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good? Until the virtuous are reformed the vicious seem pretty safe from being saved.

Rivaling the monstrous eternal lie about Home and Mother in general is the perennial lie about the exemplary virtues of forefathers and foremothers. It began with the second generation of the children of man. It has never been true and will always seem so.

Because Betty is so gleaming an example of so many forbidden facts, she becomes important as well as disturbing.

This account of her is hardly worthy of the high name of Fiction. It is hardly better than mere History. It almost stoops to common Biography; for the astonishing things in it are recorded fact. The rest is mere background

and sackcloth to fill up the chinks where the documents are missing.

Betty's mother was one of the billions who become mothers because they cannot help themselves. She bore children for the same reason that weeds bear flowers, and weasels multiply, and jungles are populous with little savages. She was the helpless victim of the self she drew in the one lottery that human laws have never touched.

If there is such a thing as Nature and if we do not flatter her with what we call her "purposes," then Nature in her mysterious purposes made an early call on Phebe Kelley. As soon as Nature could get her ready, Phebe began her life work. At the age of twelve she was already so notorious that the little town of Providence officially invited her to take her perilous activity back to Taunton, Massachusetts, where she had been born to the late John Kelley—of whom we know nothing except that he was already "late." Phebe had a sister named Mrs. Timothy Rind, who was also invited to get out of Providence with her.

If Phebe obeyed the Town Council, she must have returned at once, for at the age of thirteen she was already the mother of a boy. She called him John Thomas Bowen.

It may have been significant that, a year later, she married a "foreigner and a seafaring man" named John Bowen. When Phebe was sixteen she had a daughter whom she called Polly Bowen; and at nineteen another whom she called Betty Bowen, the immortal Betty.

It may have been also significant that sailor John was rarely at home. At least his name does not occur with Phebe's in her frequent appearances before the Town Council as an incorrigible nuisance. So he probably left her, as sailors do, to bring up her children (and his?) as worst she could.

In those good old Puritanic days sin appears not to have mattered so much, so long as the sinners or their children did not come upon the town for support. Money was

money and taxes have always hurt worse than almost any other public sacrifice.

Phebe was a wrong-one consistently from start to finish, with not a single handsome thing mentioned of her in her whole life. And so, since perfect scores are impossible in this world, one is tempted to wonder if malice or oblivion were not her biographer instead of the perfect all-merciful truth.

Who can ponder long upon the stories that are told us of souls like Lucifer, Cain, Jezebel, Judas, Messalina, and their sort without coming to think that they are victims of some conspiracy of history as well as of fate, and that whatever wrongs they may have done, wrong has been done to them? We know now that Lucrezia Borgia, chiefly remembered as a woman who poisoned nearly everybody she disliked, probably never actually poisoned anybody. We know that Elizabeth, the wanton queen, was the helpless prey of slander and was probably the permanent virgin she boasted of being.

So Phebe Kelley must have been outrageously wronged by life, or the police reports, or somebody, or something; for she was quite too ideal a wretch to be possible.

Somewhere along the road she must have scattered a few flowers. There must have been moments of winsomeness, of pathos, of regret, of generosity. Perhaps all her crime was her too lavish generosity of herself. Else, how could she have borne a child of such high spirit as Betty?

The climax of Betty's career was concerned with another horribly overrated villain, Aaron Burr. He came late into her life and it is odd that he was born just a year before her mother was born. Odd, too, that a man of the most lofty heritage and environment, and a woman of the worst possible both, should meet and mate; and that the woman should prove the better man of the two.

Aaron Burr's grandfather on the distaff side was no John Kelley. He was that noblest of early American preachers, Jonathan Edwards. Aaron Burr's father was a clergyman, too, and an early president of the college

at Princeton. Here the young Aaron was a prodigy of learning and assiduity. He, too, was raised to be a clergyman and devoted an earnest year to theological studies in the home of a clergyman. He was a splendid soldier and an ardent statesman, and the result of it all was that he is America's most precious knave, next to Benedict Arnold.

Aaron Burr was already a miraculously gifted student of the law when the woman who was to be his final affair was just getting herself born to squalor and shame.

Betty arrived in America in 1775 along with the Goddess of Freedom, and with as little prospect of success. During her first inarticulate protests against the tyranny of existence the Americans were kicking against the British diapers; the Boston tea party was having its echo in Providence; the town-crier was bawling down the streets his memorandum to "the Haters of Shackles and Hand-cuffs to testify their good Disposition by bringing into the market place and casting into the Fire, a needless Herb which for a long Time, hath been detrimental to our Liberty, Interest, and Health." While Betty was complaining of her young mother's milk, Providence was destroying three hundred pounds of the mother country's tea, for spite.

Betty was a disgusting infant when Col. George Washington of Virginia hurried to New England to take command of the other farmers who had shut the British up in the city of Boston. To the same rendezvous sped the nineteen-year-old Aaron Burr, forsaking his law books.

Washington took him into his family, but threw him out again for some unknown reason; and could never afterward endure him. Yet Burr found time to be both a brilliant officer and a brilliant flirt. He shared with Benedict Arnold the horrors of the invasion of Canada, and disliked and distrusted Arnold, never dreaming that he would be linked with him everlastingly as one of his country's detestations. While Burr guarded the American lines in Westchester County with splendid zeal, he indulged himself on occasion in amorous foray. At night after retreat was

sounded he would ride many a dark mile to the Hudson River, tie his horse's feet and fling the animal into a row-boat, then hold it there while the oarsmen ferried him across the wide river; then he would untie the horse's feet, stand it up, and ride it deep into New Jersey where the pretty widow, Mrs. Prevost, awaited him. After due communion with her he would ride back again, transport his horse again and gallop into camp before reveille, ready for another day of battle. He learned thus to live on small snatches of irregular sleep.

When the long war was over Burr married this midnight Mrs. Prevost and she bore him a wonderful daughter, Theodosia, whose fate and fame were as different as possible from Betty's.

Aaron Burr's chief delight in life was the education of this daughter to be an honor to her sex. What education Betty had from her father was of the exactly opposite trend. He left her to be provided for by her mother in the only trade that Phebe seemed to understand. She kept her three children with her, even in the evil resort called "the old Gaol House," which was managed by a negress named Margaret, ex-slave of a Major Fairchild. Black Margaret and her black and white clientèle finally offended the citizens so that they gathered in a mob one night and pulled the house down upon the heads of the inmates. For purposes of modesty the mob was fashionably disguised in Narragansett Indian garb.

That must have been a dramatic night for little Betty, but it seemed to have taught Phebe no lesson; for three years later she was before the Town Council again and was sent to jail again. Betty and her sister and three other little girls were sent to the workhouse for a month.

Two years later Phebe was recalled by the fondly interested Town Council and relieved of her children again. John was apprenticed to Asa Hopkins, whoever he was; Polly was turned over to Henry Wyatt, and Betty to one Samuel Allen, otherwise not famous.

At this time Phebe's husband was recorded as "some-

time dead." A boom had, indeed, scraped him off his boat into the harbor of Newport and eternity.

But the indomitable Phebe went right on with her destiny of adding to the population of Providence; a year or two later she gave Betty a half-sister whom she called Lavinia Ballou, in honor of somebody—probably old Major Ballou, the complacent husband of the complacent Mother Ballou.

The Town Council continued to take an interest in Phebe, and the workhouse was her frequent domicile. At the age of thirty-three she married Jonathan Clarke, a shoemaker. He had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and he loved liquor and literature better than cobbling. He brought with him seven children by an earlier helpmeet to add to Phebe's three.

He also was a frequent visitor to the Town Council and shortly after the honeymoon he was there "again" with his bride. The "again" is eloquent. This time the Council peevishly resolved that Jonathan and Phebe "be, and they are hereby, rejected from being inhabitants of this town."

The Council urged them to go to Boston. But then Providence had never liked Boston since Roger Williams was so scurvily entreated there.

But Phebe and Jonathan and their children did not care for Boston, any more than Boston for them. Jonathan had been there. So they settled down on the old Warren Road just outside the limits of Providence, with their children about them like field mice. Then Phebe turned witch, that is, she hunted the fields for herbs and greens and peddled them through Providence in a little hand cart.

Betty, already shapely and blond and fifteen, lived in a hut and accepted the bread of charity from a baker's boy, who remembered long afterward, in his old age, how pretty she was, and always hungry, always holding out her hand for cake—or for bread when there was no cake.

Doubtless Betty paced the dismal streets with her mother and climbed the hills of Providence, calling "Yarbs and greens!" Doubtless she pushed the ugly cart along the

ruts. Perhaps it was thus that she gained her longing for a carriage to ride in, and horses to pull it for her.

After a year or two of peddling fresh weeds Betty followed her mother's footsteps and took her green young self to market. She slept at the home of the butcher's wife, "Old Mother Ballou," prophetically named "Freelove," and devoted to the same art that Queen Mab practiced among the fairies.

There being no public schools and no truant officer to enforce education, and the factories insisting that children work from twelve to sixteen hours a day, whatever their age, Betty preferred to peddle her blond graces up and down the town and to study geography and finance and social economics with the slave traders, the whalers, the packet sailors, the tallow chandlers and whom not?

Her sister Polly also padded the streets of Providence, but she died young and was packed off in a coffin knocked together by the disreputable Solomon Angel. Betty died old in well-worn splendor.

For a time Phebe and Jonathan and their litter lived at Rutland in a sodden dugout in the side of a sandhill. But Phebe's feet wearied for the damp, long street of Providence and its far-traveled visitors.

At last she and Jonathan grew desperate enough to return from banishment. The Town Council promptly snapped them up, thrust them into the new jail, and sentenced them to be whipped "upon their naked bodies." This torture they were permitted to evade if they took themselves out of town within three hours.

In their pitiable dilemma some kindly skipper must have befriended them, for they sailed away to the North Carolina mountains.

But trouble was waiting for them, and they were soon in court again; this time in the novel capacity of complainants. They sued their landlord for invading their premises (perhaps in a vain quest for the rent). They were denied even this last luxury, for the court docket of 1798 states curtly that the case was "abated by the death of the plaintiffs."

It occurs to Betty's historian, William Henry Shelton, that they became "conveniently dead, as sometimes happens, in the mountain settlements, to troublesome plaintiffs."

And that is the story of Phebe Kelley. She had a busy forty years doing unheroic things in the heroic days of the nation. There were thousands of her sort equally busy, but they have gone down into the absolute blank, where Phebe would have sunk if it had not been for her runaway child and the trouble her glory created.

It was not from Betty that these things were learned. She concealed her mother's history as carefully as any purist could have done. She never would acknowledge why she left Providence or what she left behind. She never even explained how or where she got the ten dollars it cost to pay her fare to New York.

Perhaps her mother gave her some unpoetical advice based on her own bitter experiences with life. In all the bitterness of occasional sobriety Phebe must often have looked at Betty with eyes that saw coldly clear her own past as her daughter's future unless some change took place.

In the hovel where they lived and where the old stepfather soldier slept off his potations, Betty must have looked like a dunghill lily, which Phebe must have felt it her duty to pluck and fling far out into the distance.

She must often have parodied Polonius's advice to his son with some such wisdom for her daughter: "Betty, child, take warnin' by me and don't you go the way I been goin'. I never had no chance and you ain't got much unless I can learn you the moral of shif'lessness.

"Git money, honey; git money! Go where money is and lay holt on it one way or another. It's the only thing that matters. It ain't likely you'll come by it honest, for there ain't no honest trade for a woman except marriage, and who would marry you out of the ditch? So go where they don't know you; go as fast as you can, as soon as you can. And if anybody says 'ditch,' pertend like you don't know what the word is all about.

"Forget me, honey. Deny me. It's the biggest favor you

can do me, for nobody will have you who knows of me, and I'll rest easier, drunk or dead, if I can imagine you're far away and dressed good and sleepin' in linen. If I could know you was in a carriage, I'd smile if you drove right acrost my grave.

"There ain't no virtue in rags and dirt, and silk is heaven, no matter what they tell you. I had a silk dress once; a sailor stole it out of a cargo from China and gave it to me. Oh, God! but it felt sweet around my body! Git silk! git silk, honey!

"The only Don't I want to give you is about liquor. Don't drink like I always done; don't consort with drinkers. Seek out the men that keep their powder dry.

"It ain't likely that many men will offer you honest love or talk marriage talk unless they're beggars, too. Don't waste your lips on poor folks' cheeks, and don't give your kisses away for nothin'. You're too pirty, baby, to go dirty and cheap like I've always went.

"Beauty is your money, child, and beauty stays with the misers that knows how to keep it and make it work. So go on outen this mis'ble town and find a market where they'll pay for what you got to sell.

"But don't you go till you pass me that rum jug before your pa dreens the last droppy. I give you a nice face, honey, and now I'm givin' you the best advice I know. Kiss me good-by and don't believe anything I tell you when I'm ugly sober."

For once, a daughter took her mother's counsel to heart and built her life on it, with results that stagger the codes.

CHAPTER V

AND all this long while Betty has been waiting for the packet schooner to be off. The glum hills and ebon buildings of Providence stood piled about her like the heap of gloomy memories that made her past.

Henceforth she would unremember them. She must down them in her heart; deny them if they rose up against her; avoid or silence any witness who would not forget.

The need arose at once, with the approach of Betty's half-sister, Lavinia Ballou, who had come aboard with Betty and was more kin than kind. Lavinia came up from the cabin, where she had been dozing on the floor with a girl named Teal, also a bad one from Providence.

"What you standin' here freezin' and broodin' for?"

"Because I want to. I'm not askin' you to freeze with me, am I?"

And then the vinegar of Betty's look turned to sudden molasses, for she saw her Captain Dellycraw.

He had a black man to carry his trunk and his bundles, and he swung aboard as if he were used to bigger ships than this. He was warm and claret-cheeked in spite of the cold, and cheerful despite the dark. He must be a sea captain.

He saw Betty where she stood under a nodding lantern that painted her on the gloom in the few ruddy high lights of an unfinished portrait.

He recalled her at once as he had seen her watching the stage draw up at the inn an evening ago. He paused to say with elephantine playfulness:

"Pardon me, citizeness, is this your ship?"

"No, sir, but I wisht it was."

"I'll buy it for you if you want me to."

"You didn't even buy me the stage."

He loved her way of giving him the lie, and without delay or apology thrust around her a sleeve as big and shaggy as a cinnamon bear's arm and with almost as much muscle inside it. Betty's shoulders yielded as if her bones were of willow, and this pleased him as much as the iron of his brawn pleased here. They seemed to complement each other to perfection.

He growled gently:

"If I bought you a ship, what would you do with it?"

"Sail off to France."

The promptness of this startled him. He studied her with a less transient interest:

"I own a ship that sails to France every now and then. Will you accept a berth on that?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a quick one, I vow. Well, you can be my first mate. Er—no—I have a first mate that lives in France. You can be my second—or I forget what number."

This cynicism did not frighten her. She laughed so learnedly that he was impelled to bend and kiss her a hearty smack.

"I'll see you again when I've stowed my stuff below."

"All right, Captain Dellycraw."

He paused and turned:

"How did you know my name was Delacroix?"

"I heard a nigger call you that."

"Oh! And how do you like the name?"

"It's beautiful!"

"Want to wear it—on this side of the ocean?"

"That depends. I'm tired of my own."

"Well, we'll talk it over after breakfast. Keep this to remember me by till then."

He kissed her again. And she gave him a kiss like honey with a bee sting in it. It almost knocked him over. He reeled lurching down the steps, laughing no more, almost sighing with her beauty and her savor.

Betty stared after him so triumphantly that Lavinia, who had been watching from the shadows, cried out:

“Good Lord! Betty Bowen, if you’re a-goin’ to begin that business all over again, you needn’t expect me to speak to you no more.”

“That would be too much luck for one mornin’.”

“Lettin’ a man kiss you, the first time you meet him!”

“It wasn’t the first time! I met him last night. He pinched my chin then.”

“Lawd-a-mercy! but you are a regular hussy, ain’t you?”

“As long as he never kissed you, what you squawkin’ about?”

“Well, I do declare! If you ain’t the brazenest thing! But it’s all a body could expect of a girl who would run off and leave a little——”

Betty’s hand went out to Vinny’s throat and the word on its way up went back down her windpipe. Betty’s voice was low and murderous:

“If you speak of that again to me, Lavinia Ballou—or to anybody; if you so much as even look it—killin’ you is the least I’ll do to you!”

Vinny could only promise in dumb show and gurgles, her eyes apop, her knees so weak that Betty had to hold her up while she throttled her, snarling:

“Take your oath on that!”

Vinny’s hand went up like a witness’s, then came down and crossed her heart violently. She verified the oath verbally as soon as she was permitted to be articulate.

And she kept her promise as long as most oaths are kept; and for the same reason.

Frightened almost to death by this fierce and unsuspected Betty, she went below and stayed there until seasickness made her its very own. She left Betty breathing as if she had been running. And she was running—away. It shocked her to find that she had brought along as a companion a fool who was all for blurting out all of Betty’s secrets before the boat cast off its cables.

Betty was paralyzed with despair. Then in the sky where,

as Pierre had once quoted, "*l'humide nuict guide ses noirs chevaux,*" the black became a blush; the blush a long line like a red mouth pushing through a veil.

Poor Pierre! Must she forget him, too? Yes, she must entomb him with her other relics. She was done with him and she hoped she was done with "hunger, cold, and blows, disdain and obloquy" ("*Le faim, le froid, les coups, les desdains, et l'injure.*")

The drowsy sailors bestirred themselves. Captain Curley, the ship's commander, began to bustle and call, to smash his fist into stupid faces, to threaten the lazy with flogging.

That word "flogging" made Betty's white shoulders quiver. She had seen many a girl stripped to her hips in the public eye. She had seen the lash go up and come back hissing like a snake to slash the snowy shoulder blades and curl venomously round the post with a sharp nip at the breasts where they were squeezed against the wood. She had wondered how long she could escape the agony. But now, please God, she would never lift her chin in the market place and yelp like a dog, or slink away with a back all striped and bloody and sticking to her dress. The public of Providence should never see her pretty ribs crisscrossed with welts or gloat on her nakedness for nothing.

Make haste, you lazy sailors, and haul those cables in! Draw back the plank and let the boat go free!

The outgoing tide took the keel in its hands and drew it south. The helmsman was suddenly busy. The schooner came round. The booms swung across the deck with a broadsword slash that almost knocked Betty overboard in her father's footsteps.

Gloriously the sails outswelled the breasts of great swans and became the wings of angels heavenward bound. The water was lyrical; the schooner rolled over on her side like a basking white-bellied shark, then righted herself, and rolled on her other side, in sheer delight of sun and sea. The prow bored and twisted forward.

Providence fell behind until even the incoming tide of day could not make it more than a blur. It sank below the

water and was drowned from view. Betty spat at Providence and prayed that a tidal wave might erase it from the earth.

Captain Delacroix and the even more fat and florid sun came up about the same time and brought Betty equal cheer. Betty did not care now that the wind grew lazy and whimsical and hardly more than fondled the canvas.

She was devoting all the arts she had acquired in her only school to the conquest of Captain Delacroix; and it was really to her advantage that the thirty miles to Newport were not covered till the long day was long dark, till ten o'clock indeed. For this gave her a chance to be afraid and to require the Captain's protection.

She would not kiss him good night, however, when he set her ashore and found her a room at an inn. She said she had been wicked to kiss him that morning. Even the watchful Lavinia could find nothing to complain of in Betty's observance of the proprieties and the timidities. Lavinia was wretchedly disappointed, though she saw through the wiles of the purring cat and wondered that men could be such ninies. The Samsoner they were, the easier the Delilahs found them!

The next day being the Sabbath, the schooner could not sail, of course, and Betty went to church, of course. Betty always went to church. A visiting clergyman who came in on the same packet occupied Doctor Hopkins's pulpit and preached on the text, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Betty's victory would overcome the world, particularly our faith in righteous precepts.

In the afternoon, Captain Delacroix, who could not have been hauled to church with kedge anchors, asked Betty to take a drive with him.

She could hardly believe her ears. She was going for a ride in a carriage! It was an ungodly thing to do on the Sabbath, but the daughter of Phebe Kelley was on the way up.

Betty hardly saw the State House, still suffering from

its use as a hospital by the British and the French during the war; the old stone mill, or the mansions. She hardly noted the sea from the cliffs or the breakers pounding themselves to froth on the beach.

The pleasant surf of the rumbling wheels and the clop-clop of the horses' hoofs were music enough to her. She tried to assume a carriage face and to look as if she had never walked a step in her life. She even let fall a hint or two to the effect that she had Capetian blood in her veins.

She tested the Captain's credulity by saying that she loved sea captains because one had been mighty kind to her when her mother died on her way to the West Indies from France.

And the Captain swallowed it without a gulp!

Remembering that the heroine of Pierre's romance had been reared in Newport, she tried to fill her memory with scenes. She stealthily inquired, as if having forgotten, the names of houses; repeated to herself the names of prominent people—the Wantons, Wickhams, Cranstons, Godfreys, Brentons.

Captain Delacroix had been in Newport during the French occupation and he told her stories of D'Estaing and Rochambeau, whose headquarters in the Vernon house he pointed out, and of Admiral de Ternay who died in Newport and was buried in Trinity churchyard; and of Washington's visit there with Lafayette, and of the beautiful Miss Champlin whom Washington danced with so heartily, while the French officers played them a minuet; of the handsome Misses Hunter and the Quaker girl, Polly Lawton.

She learned of the amazing Viscomte de Noailles, who was to be Napoleon's superior officer later, and Berthier, who became his friend; of Lauzun, whose head had just been chopped off by the Revolutionists, and the Marquis Chastelleux; of de Broglie and Vauban, and of Talleyrand, the chameleon.

The child was so distraught by the bliss of riding in a carriage and discussing the famous and the rich with a captain who grew more and more afraid of her as she grew

less and less afraid of him, that she ended her first voyage on wheels with a prodigious headache.

She returned to her chamber, leaving the captain to puzzle his big thick head over what a contradictory creature she was.

CHAPTER VI

MONDAY is a bad day; November is a miserable month; and it is always darkest before the dawn. And here it was before dawn and Monday, and a November Monday, and a rainy November Monday morning before dawn. And yet Betty Bowen's heart was as full of comfortable song as a teakettle on a hob.

Two mornings ago and she was a lorn fugitive from Providence with a heart full of secrets and hates and as many despairs as a pretty young girl can feel.

Now she was traveled. She had already been to Newport. She had already ridden in a carriage. She had a rich old gentleman suffering agonies of adoration.

Betty was all for the old gentlemen now. She had had her fill of young love with no pence in pocket and little to offer but wild sweet perils, with wildly bitter perils in the aftermath.

Now she was happy, though she must dash from the inn at half past five in the morning with no galoshes and no umbrella. A strong, windy rain thrashed the black road between her and the dock, and there were her bundles to carry. But even while she cowered on the sill, Captain Delacroix sang out across her shoulder:

"You're not counting on risking those pretty little feet in all that mud?"

"How else would I get to the packet, *mon capitaine?*"

"Feet like yours, *ma belle*, were made for carriages, and I have one waiting for you if you'll do me the honor of letting me share it with you."

"Oh, Captain Delacroix, *quel plaisir!*"

She slipped that time, but at least she did not call him "Dellycraw" any more. She Frenchified it now as "Dullak-

wah" with the little rippling "w" that Pierre had taught her. It delighted the captain, though he was more American than French. But he knew his Paris and was on his way thither again after a brief necessary visit to Boston.

It was thrilling to huddle in the dark with a great man. What mattered it that they were shaken together like the dice in a dice box?

Her gallant whipped her from the carriage to the deck of the schooner under the shelter of his greatcoat, and though this implied his putting an arm about her, she nestled into it as shyly as if she had never learned how to take care of herself; as if she were indeed the helpless, inexperienced idiot a well-bred girl was supposed to pretend to be.

As she sat on the edge of her berth to wait for sunrise and breakfast she peeked out into the cabin lighted by a gloomy lantern, and saw Lavinia Ballou stagger down the steps. She was soaked through and homely as a drowned rat.

Lavinia's propriety had got her properly drenched and neglected, and Betty was so glad of it that she had to smother her giggles in her pillow.

Furthermore, Lavinia would have the pleasure of sleeping on the cabin floor upon what scant bedding she had brought with her.

Betty had expected to sail on the same terms, but Captain Delacroix had insisted on paying the captain of the sloop for a berth for her. He had a stateroom of his own and offered her that. She had refused, of course, with blank innocence, but had finally consented to accept a lower berth to quiet him.

And now she had a cubbyhole of her own, with a frilled red bombazette curtain for decency's sake. She fell back and stretched herself out, writhing deliciously as any warm cat on a sunlit sill. She fell asleep and was awakened by the call to breakfast.

There were several preachers of various denominations aboard—a Presbyterian, a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Universalist, a Burgher, an Anti-Burgher, and a Camero-

nian. And all of them wanted to say grace at once. Peace was made by Captain Delacroix, who suggested that they draw lots and take turns. Since nearly everything religious, political, educational, and civic was done by lottery, this was agreed on; and a Cameronian asked the first blessing.

But this did not affect Betty's appetite, though she kept her eyes down in all demureness. Their lids were as thick upon her eyes as clotted cream on blueberries; but she could somehow see through them that Captain Delacroix was staring at her—saying his graces to her. He was like most of the men of the day, a Deist or something terrible like that; but she knew that, however impious a man may be, he likes his women religious. And Betty was religious before she met him, so that there was nothing dishonest in her piety, though it always adds a bit of thrill to do a virtuous thing for a low motive.

When the blessing was asked and the food began to go the rounds, Lavinia shocked Betty by saying to the captain, "Mister, will you please shove the salt, please?"

Betty was beginning to tune her ear to nice diction and she could tell by the swift quirk at Captain Delacroix's lip that "shove the salt" was somehow wrong. She resolved never to use the expression. She made many good resolutions as a result of studying Lavinia.

Lavinia dipped her fingers in the shoved salt, but before she could sprinkle it on her meat she turned a sudden green and bolted up the steps on an important errand at the rail. Other passengers followed and none came back.

The schooner was riding now the long ground swell that borders the ocean. On top of these vast rollers there was a hubbub of little breakers. But Betty had never a qualm. The boat was somehow like a carriage and her heart danced with it.

Later she took a keen delight in watching through a port-hole how the waves raced past, as if in a panic to get away from the rain that stabbed their frothy crests.

The schooner went bravely ahead all day, "slicing the sea," as Marlowe said, and to Betty, who had never heard

of Marlowe, it was as if the schooner's keel were the long upper blade of a pair of shears, with the lower blade invisible. All day and all night the keel kept scissoring the endless green fabric of the waters.

Getting round Point Judith was terrifying, but the good thing was that the wind helped. It was not a following wind; indeed, it blew against the boat; yet by a clever scheme called "tacking" the schooner zigzagged forward. Captain Delacroix tried to explain it to Betty. She was much puzzled, but she learned a lesson she used to her profit thereafter: Even when the wind is against you, you can make its very opposition carry you to your destination if you will keep close hauled and keep on tacking.

Betty did not care how much the winds of life blustered so long as they carried her forward over no matter how turbulent seas. And she would tack when she had to.

It was too stormy to stay out on deck for conversation with Captain Delacroix, and the passengers filled the cabin so thickly and so odiously that there was no chance for any more intimate conference than could be held by two pairs of eyes exchanging glances that grew to stares. But Betty knew that she was more eloquent, more interesting to the captain in her silent beauty than she could have made herself by any prattle.

That night she slept in a rapture of adventure among the creaking timbers and the creaking passengers, the waves pummeling the ship in vain and the wind making the rigging a great harp of rope, in all the joy of sleeping in a strange bed that was going somewhere with her.

The other passengers flopped in their berths uneasily, or rolled about on the floor like loose logs in the hold of a lumberman wallowing down from Maine.

Betty, peering out for a last survey before she gave herself to sleep, noted that Lavinia was snoring with her mouth open and a singular awkwardness of attitude. Even in her sleep she kept twitching her blanket about her, as if anybody cared what she looked like.

Next to Lavinia sprawled a woman like a group of hills.

Across her fat arm was the head of her little daughter, who slept on a pillow of bright yellow hair. A pretty child it was, a little girl of seven. Her mother, Mrs. Pennery, was taking her to Philadelphia. Betty had heard her admit that she was a Quaker. Yet she had been in Boston.

These were the days of equality for you! Betty had often heard her mother say—her mother was a Massachusetts woman when she could not help herself—that Massachusetts people had once treated Quakers worse than thieves. They had stripped even the women and whipped them till they bled and sometimes died.

Rhode Island was more generous. It had only recently decided to let the ministers of the new church called Methodist perform marriage ceremonies!

And yet Rhode Island had persecuted Betty's mother and Betty herself, and driven them both outside her narrow borders.

Betty wondered what the future held in store for the pretty little Quaker girl. She wondered what the future held in store for herself. Something beautiful, she dared believe.

She fell asleep in hopes that were bettered by her dreams. She was just riding away from a remarkable palace in a gilded carriage drawn by fourteen white stallions when the carriage began to careen and the gilded coachman let out a yell of fright.

She woke to find herself, not in a ditch, but sprawling along the wall of her almost vertical berth. The schooner was on the lee tack and heeled far over. She could hear the water boiling right under her. The man in the berth above her (or rather alongside her, since the boat was almost on beam ends) was howling, "Lord God A'mighty, help, help!"

Betty heard Lavinia and the Teal girl shrieking, "Murder! Fire! Thieves!" She heard rather than saw a panic in the cabin.

CHAPTER VII

SUDDENLY the schooner veered and tilted the other way, and the people rolled about like a shifting cargo—a cargo of caged and frightened animals.

Betty was shot to the opposite side of her berth and almost over the edge. By the dull glow of the wide-swinging lantern she saw what made her laugh even in the face of death. But one of the sailors, who had run down with a bright lantern, ran up again to escape from visions that shocked even a sailor.

The passengers were sure that the ship was sinking or on fire, and they were making a mad scramble to escape without pausing to figure out where they were to escape to. Betty decided that if she must drown she would drown comfortably in her berth.

But from all the other berths, from the staterooms, and from the floor the passengers were girding themselves for flight to nowhere. It was odd that they were all trying to be as decent as possible in their last hour. While their minds were paralyzed, their muscles by separate instincts were pulling on clothes, blankets, anything. So much for a life of training.

One fat-legged woman was vainly endeavoring to step into her lean husband's too tight knee-breeches, while he was trying to find his head again in her fathomless petticoats. Others half naked, were holding their hands about them for costume and letting themselves be hustled in all directions for lack of hands to check their fall. Betty mocked at such a silly decency. But then she could stand disclosure better than most of the others. They were concealing their humiliations rather than their prides.

Children bawled, mothers screamed, and men cursed while

the lodger over Betty's head, wakened by his own noise and that of the other passengers, forgot the nightmare of his sleep and wondered if he were really awake.

He peered over the edge at Betty and called down:

"What's matter?"

"It must be Judgment Day," said Betty and stared at him without any waste of modesty. Then she saw that Captain Delacroix was in his stateroom door. He had torn off his nightcap and had no wig on. He was handsome in spite of it and had hair of his own in plenty. His blacksmith arms were hirsute, his chest was bearded.

He was not ashamed of his brawn, but began at once to cow the cowards, knocking the men about and handling the women with firm courtesy. He finally convinced the passengers that the schooner was in no danger of sinking, and order was gradually renewed. All the people at once grew so furiously angry at the man who yelled in his sleep that they seemed to be disappointed at being robbed of the expected death. Then they grumbled themselves to sleep as if they had never heard of danger.

The next day the rain stayed in a sky as full of dirty gray wool as if all the sheep shearing in the world had been done there. The wind was cold and razory, but Betty and Captain Delacroix enjoyed a lurching stroll until a Presbyterian minister struck up one of David's psalms from the quarter-deck. Whereupon the Universalist began to chant one of Winchester's hymns on the fore-castle. A Methodist commenced an exhortation from the lee of the caboose house. The passengers who had no other diversion divided themselves among the sects; but Captain Delacroix and Betty, driven below, found the cabin empty and began to get better acquainted.

Betty had the captain puzzled. He said, after many experiments:

"I don't know whether you're the knowingest witch in Christendom or just the poor little orphan you pretend to be."

"Knowing is such a big word," Betty sighed. "I know nothing, I've seen nothing, I am nothing! Nobody!"

"Well," said the captain, "I'll do my best to remedy your deficiencies."

Then he explained very bluntly: He was lonely; she was lonely; put two lonelinesses together and you have good company. If Betty cared to confide her fortunes to his hands, he would look out for her in New York and take her to Paris and back.

"In a word, *ma belle*, I'm offering to be your protector."

Betty rolled her sky-blue eyes at him and murmured:

"My protector? Is that the same as husband?"

"*Au contraire!* Well, hardly!"

Those limpid orbs baffled him. Like most men, he hated not to be as bad as a woman permitted, and he equally hated to make a woman any worse than she already was. He dreaded to let a minx fool him, and he hated to make innocence wise. He stammered:

"Well, a protector is like a husband except for one slight detail—there are no marriage lines, no ring, none of that sort of thing."

"Oh!" said Betty, having a hard time to keep her profound knowledge of life from exposure. "I'm not sure I know just what you mean, but if I do, I don't see why you call that protection. I should think it was just the opposite. Who's to protect a poor girl from her protector?"

"Well, I'm damned!" the captain groaned. "I beg your pardon! Forgive me, my child. We'll say no more about it, if you please."

He wandered away in a muddle, and Betty, watching him, wondered if she had not overplayed her cards and frightened him off.

Still, the voyage was not over yet, and she understood by instinct that it was clever to keep a man anxious. She went hopefully up the steps to the deck.

All morning the wind increased, grew colder and colder. With twilight came flocks of snowflakes. Frost flowered like

a pallid moss everywhere, incrusting masts and rigging with silvery foliage.

The sailors' hands and feet grew numb and they were of little help to Captain Curley, who bellowed his vain orders with a growing anxiety, multiplied in the breasts of the passengers.

The waves were swooping now and plunging under a wind of maniac rage. It was fearsome to see them rise out of the night as if from ambush, and run right over the frightened little schooner like French mobs storming about a rocking dump-cart full of condemned prisoners.

The sailors tried to keep the passengers below, but they stifled with the confinement and choked with anxiety. The fat Quaker, Mrs. Pennery, fearing that she would smother, lumbered up the steps with her daughter Susanna and ventured to set foot on the wet planks. Just then, as if her weight had determined it, the schooner heeled over till the deck was a precipice. Mrs. Pennery's hands were wrenched loose from their hold and she went sliding, bouncing, shrieking down the rail. Before she struck it a livid wave rose over the side, dipped down a green arm, picked her up, and raced away with her into oblivion.

The few passengers who watched and the captain and the sailors were struck dumb with horror. There was no hope of finding the poor soul. Even if the captain had dared to put about with his frozen crew, the icy waters must have dragged their victim down at once.

No one shouted, "Man overboard!" No one made a move to launch the small boat. Only the little daughter, who had peered from behind her mother's skirts, gave forth a cry of mad fear. She began to scream and beat her hands together and call: "Mamma! Mamma! Come back. Don't go! Come back!"

She put out vain hands to the sea and the world to return her mother, but the only answer she had was another wave that raged along the deck as if in search of the child.

Betty caught the girl in her arms and hustled her down into the cabin, and did her best to comfort her. The other

passengers gathered about with words of sympathy, but Susanna was afraid of them and drew closer to Betty, clinging to her with hands so tight they hurt.

There was a strange, sad delight for Betty in the supreme compliment of the child's trust, and she became a mother at heart for the first time.

For hours she soothed the orphan and whispered to her and got her at last to sleep in her berth. Captain Delacroix watched her with eyes unwontedly tender, and the other passengers praised her softly among themselves.

But Lavinia, creeping close under pretext of looking at the little girl, sniffed:

"Ain't it funny how much nicer other folks' children are than——"

"I warned you once!" Betty whispered, smiling for the benefit of the others, but making a claw of her right hand for the benefit of Lavinia, who felt those nails in her throat and fell back with a shudder.

She went on falling, for the schooner pitched forward like a diver, then sat back slowly on her stern as a mighty sea broke over her and wrenched the lifeboat away, splintered the caboose house, and, smashing through the cabin lights, poured in a flood of water that drenched the dismal people on the floor.

Lavinia swashed around with the other flotsam, and, having made the grand voyage of the cabin, brought up in a heap. Betty, high and dry, laughed aloud at the picture Vinny made.

That breaker was the final salute of the storm. The sea still ran high, and now and then a wave clamored along the deck; but there were no more disasters.

The cold, however, was by now so intense that the frozen sails stuck to the masts where they flapped against them, and the cordage was congealed in a tangle.

The passengers shivered and Betty was driven into her bed with her clothes on. Susanna cuddled close and slept sobbing. And Betty slumbered like a Madonna, dreaming

that the orphan was a babe of her own, feeding at her orphaned breast.

The next day the sky was bluely clear of snow and the sea as guileless as only fierce-tempered beings can look. The passengers went out and joined the various preachers in hymns of thanks to Providence for its gracious protection, though Betty mumbled to Captain Delacroix:

"If Providence meant to protect us, why did it have to give us such a scare and take so long about it? Why did it take that nice mother away from her child and leave that useless Lavinia Ballou?"

"You love riddles, don't you?" said Captain Delacroix. "But it seems to be your only vice. I like you very much and I'd like to protect you really from the world. I wish I could ask you to marry me; but there's an obstacle in Paris."

He gazed reverently down at her, and Betty realized that there are also rewards for being good. She did not know what to say, but he took her gratitude from her eyes and went up to the deck.

Betty would have followed, but the little Quaker girl would not let go of her hand. For a long while she waited in a turmoil of wraths at the way the world was treating her.

She had not, after all, left trouble behind her in Providence. It had come aboard with her, and new troubles sprang up to meet her like the waves that rose at the bow as fast as they fell away aft.

At last, when she could bear the repose no longer, she coaxed Susanna to mount with her to the deck. The child looked at the smooth sea and wondered aloud:

"Is mamma down there somewhere, do you think?"

"Your mamma is in heaven, my pet," said Betty, angelically.

Her mood changed on the instant, for she saw that Captain Delacroix was leaning on the rail, listening intently to Lavinia, who was gesticulating indignantly and gabbling away at full speed.

A puff of wind brought Betty the words she hardly needed to hear:

"I thought it only right and proper you should know them things."

Betty's right hand made ready to scratch and throttle, and she would have sprung forward to bundle Lavinia overboard. But her left hand was warmly engaged with the soft fingers of the child, and she was helpless.

It was a bitter thought that her devotion to this orphan had betrayed her into the power of her enemy. Betty was learning much on this voyage, but not much in favor of the rewards of virtue.

She turned and went back to her berth. Susanna was willing enough, for she was horrified by the bland mercilessness of the dancing sea.

Betty sat dejected on the edge of the berth, answering Susanna's eager questions about heaven with as much orthodoxy as her fierce mood permitted.

Captain Delacroix went by to his stateroom and paused only long enough to say:

"Mothering comes naturally to you, doesn't it, my little innocent?"

Betty turned pale and lowered her eyes. She did not see that the captain paused in his door a long moment to study her. She did not hear him sigh because of her exceeding loveliness, or note that he closed the door with as much tenderness as is possible with so rigid a thing as a door.

Lavinia did not come down. She stayed above near the rail, ready to leap over it to save her life. Betty, however, was flaccid with despair and nausea of the world. She could not have harmed even Lavinia.

It turned out that Lavinia had not really destroyed her, for that afternoon, when Susanna slept and Betty went up to drift along the deck, too numb to observe that Lavinia slipped down the steps at once, Captain Delacroix suddenly drew close to Betty where she paused by the rail and mused upon the big emptiness of the world.

"I know all about you now, missy. You're a clever one—what the Yankees call 'mighty slick.' But I like you none the less—a little more, maybe. I don't mind a girl's being

smart if she's pretty enough to make up for it. And you're that."

Betty stared at him in genuine innocence of what he was driving at. He groaned:

"What's behind those eyes, anyway? Damn it, but they're as deep and empty as that blue sky! And as reliable."

Betty's silence was bewilderment, but it looked like profound wisdom, and the captain groaned on:

"You're cute, but I'm liberal. I've traveled. You're so pretty I don't care what else you are so long as I can look at you. Come along of me and I'll show you the world, and no questions asked so long as you play fair. Will you?"

He saw Betty turn pale. He saw that she breathed fast, but he could not tell whether she were afraid of his Satanic insult or dazzled with the beauty of the temptation.

Before she could answer, the little Susanna came crying from the cabin and ran to her, seizing her arm and interposing herself between the two forms, pushing the burly satyr from the slender nymph.

Here at least was innocence of which the captain was assured. He could not bargain across that child, and he walked away. Betty could not hate Susanna, though she had wrought as much ruin as Lavinia. She stood caressing the arms that clasped her fiercely and straitly.

The captain made no further approaches. He avoided Betty all the long moonlit evening, while the passengers sang together in knots about the deck, hymn warring with hymn and the Congregational chant from the cabin making such curdling discord with the tunes above that the sailors at the forecastle set up a ribald ditty of their own to save their ears from the pious racket of the rival creeds.

The next day there was a doleful calm. The schooner could not find breeze enough to curve the sails; they wrinkled and slatted in peevish restlessness. Still the captain did not come near Betty, and she went almost mad with Susanna's eternal questions and amazingly unimportant gossip.

Nightfall led on a swift wind that got behind and drove the schooner ahead at such speed that the morning brought

Long Island abeam. Into the Sound the boat scudded with many other sail in company, strange vessels from all the seas, slipping into New York or away.

But the Gate of Hell was yet to pass. Here the wide waters must crowd through the narrow and twisted channel between Long Island and Ward's, and they were torn by sharp rocks, thrown every which way into whirlpools, and currents whose course no pilot could foreknow.

The preachers sent up to heaven much good counsel which for once was not contradictory, and whether it were God or Captain Curley that guided the course the *Swiftsure* flashed past the Hog's Back and, whirling round the Gridiron, worried through the maelstrom encircling the Potrock, while women screamed, children clung to their parents, and men repented their sins or regretted their virtues. But the *Swiftsure* got away without a scratch into the calmer waters below, and the souls returned to their habits.

By and by New York began to march forward with her superb horizons framing her Italian sky. The blue river was so untroubled by the light wind that the schooner seemed to stand still while the city swung closer and closer. Fields and marshes gave way to homesteads and stately residences. The buildings congregated together and gradually aligned till they made a long wooden parapet loopholed with windows in an endless row. Above the city four spires pierced the sky. Below and before the houses, wharves ran out in an endless serration of blunt teeth. The East River, as they called the Sound down here, was populous with shipping, with frigates flying foreign colors, with brigs and merchantmen, with fishing smacks and ferries, wherries, ketches, barges, and canoes. There was still danger at sea from the British and French privateers, but there were more vessels than at Providence to dare the chance.

At the end of the town stood a great garden of trees still graceful in their bare rigging of November. Farther down, like the dot under an exclamation point, stood Governor's Island, which had lately been fortified by volunteers, by col-

lege boys from Columbia, by Tammany Society men and others, in expectation of an attack by the British navy.

The majesty of everything overawed blue-eyed Betty. Here she was at last at New York, and it frightened her, a lone young girl bringing nothing from home except disgrace and disgust and nothing to sell but another pair of blue eyes, another pretty mouth, and another tall, slim figure. From what she could learn, the city was already oversupplied with such merchandise.

There was no witch to whisper her that one day she would own vast quantities of this city's priceless land, and inhabit a demesne more stately than any in the town.

She could only know that she was a stranger in a strange realm. There were forty thousand people here and she had not a friend among them all—nor on the boat a friend except the child that clutched her hand and waited for life to do with her what it might. And the moment the schooner was made fast to the wharf the little Pennery girl broke from her and ran to the dock screaming: "Papa! Papa!"

She flung herself into the arms of a Friend with a broad-brimmed hat and when he cast his eyes about in search of her mother, the child began to sob and to point blindly into space.

Betty bent to pick up her own luggage. It was no heavier than her heart. She had not even a child's hand to hold in her own.

CHAPTER VIII

AS the passengers flowed molasses-wise along the deck to the plank and across it to the dock, Betty was jostled among her bundles, with never a hand to help her.

She heard two New Englanders saying: "It tuk me two weeks to come from Prov'dence last time. Lucky to git here in only five days from Nooport this time."

"Lucky to git here at tall."

"If you'd 'a' minded me and tuk the stagecoach we'd a missed gittin' ourselves well-nigh destructed."

"Yes, and ben six days on the rud at best, not to speak of the li'bility of gittin' killed by hosses runnin' away. I come once by stage, and half of the time we was out in the rain tryin' to boost the wheels out of the mire. And a feller showed me one of the ferries where the hosses got restive and jumped off into the water and draownded every last soul in the coach."

"Well, anyways, we're in New York."

"Where you allowin' to stop?"

"Mrs. Loring's boardin' haouse up to number one Broadway is ababout the best place. They tell me they're buildin' a new huttel called the City Huttel with a slate roof onto it. But Mrs. Loring is high enough for me—seven dollars a week for board and lodgin'! Beats all!"

"Well, if you will have style, you got to pay for it. I'm going to King's Little Tavern next the Presbyterian church in Wall Street."

"Well, if you're so elegant as to lodge in Wall Street, you'd best ride. They tell me they got hackney coaches naow in Noo York that carry you anywhere you want to go. Ever ride in one?"

"Never did."

"I'm allowin' to try it once before I go home, just to have suthin' to boast on when I git back."

Betty thrilled at the prospect of taking such a ride herself, though she did not plan to return to Providence to boast. She was startled when Captain Delacroix shouldered near her and mumbled back of her ear:

"I'll be at the Bull's Head, if you come to your senses."

Before she could answer him he was flinging his things into a hackney coach. She might have gone with him if she had not been so slow in reaching her "senses."

It was bitter for Betty to see him ride away, and to go on foot—especially as she shifted from one heel to the other, wondering where she could go.

She and Lavinia had planned to share a room at the establishment of Major Rapelye, a veteran of the war, who supported his wife and children by keeping a boarding house in Cherry Street. But now Betty would not stop under the same roof with Lavinia. Remembering the name of King's Little Tavern in Wall Street, she resolved to try that shelter and trudged across the wharf to Front Street and down this noisy road reeling with drunken sailors and laborers, past the Fly Market, to Wall Street, and up to the tavern. Here she was regarded with suspicion aggravated by her beauty.

An old Frenchman in ruffles of point lace and a big wig stared at her with approval; a Southern planter ogled her and paid her the tribute of taking his segar from his lips as she passed. Foreign travelers of varied estate, cattle drovers and mariners from many a sea, paid the tax of a pleased regard.

The room she was led to by a slave had only two beds in it, and she hoped to escape the usual experience of finding a strange woman lying alongside her in the morning when she woke. In some of the rooms there were four or five beds, but lone women were rare and the inn was not crowded.

The prospect was dismal; her future as barren as the walls. She counted her money over, and the necessity of replenishing her gaunt purse was urgent.

She walked outdoors to escape the prison of her room. The sights of the strange city fascinated her, yet maddened her with envy, made her willing to venture upon any sacrifice to achieve pride. She had not been schooled to prudery or even to modesty. What she despised in her past was its cheapness. Her high resolves all concerned themselves with getting a high price. She offered herself at vendue in the slave market, but no common bidder should carry her off.

Many men bespoke her and were frozen with the blank stare of her slow blue eyes. They fell back ashamed, never dreaming that what pained her was not their invasion of her innocence, but the poverty of their attire.

She did not know that the modest home at 58 Wall Street was the domicile of General Alexander Hamilton, who admired but could barely endure the General Washington who adored him. She trudged dolefully across the road before the City Hall, which had been Congress Hall when President Washington had driven to it in a coach drawn by six white horses with their pelts powdered and their polished hoofs painted black. How Betty would have loved them!

Trinity Church barred the way before her, new-built since the fire and surrounded with graves. She heard a man say that there were a hundred and sixty thousand dead in that yard, including thousands of nameless patriots buried thirty feet deep in tiers of trenches dug for them by the British when they held the city.

She paused under the great tree at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street. To the south was Bowling Green, then the Battery, and then the sail-flecked bay. But she had had enough of water, and she turned north under the trees along the filthy cobbles where the swine wallowed and the cows browsed or meditated their cuds. Off to the west she caught glimpses through the leafless gardens of a wide river that she supposed to be the Hudson.

The yard about the big brick house of General Knox ran all the way to the stream. The red mansions in their flowerless closes were interspersed with taverns and a few shops,

for commerce was creeping even into this graceful lane of homes.

She stared at the house where President Washington had lived until they moved the capital over to Philadelphia four years before.

But New York was recovering even from that blow, hastening forward in business and in beauty.

Foreigners said that there was not a handsomer street in the world than Broadway. It was paved with cobbles now from Bowling Green to Murray Street, and Betty in her progress soon came to the new brick sidewalks that ran clear to the park. They were wide enough to let two lean men pass. A year ago the town had begun to number the houses, there were so many of them.

And it was barely eleven years since the British marched out, leaving only ten thousand forlorn souls in a region of ashes and ruins.

Now the streets were athrong with splendor. Liveried coachmen went by, lording it over the phaetons and the open chairs the poor rode in.

Betty could not afford even an open chair or the single sorry nag that pulled it. She had not a horse to ride and she stood and stared like a beggar at one of the great ladies who paused at the curb to chatter from her saddle with another in a chariot. The horsewoman was Mrs. Jay, just in from Bedford; and the charioteeress was Lady Stirling. But neither of them noticed Betty—yet.

The wide hoops of the ladies crowded her immodestly narrow skirts toward the gutter. Gentlemen, in three-cornered hats perched on snowy wigs with long beribboned queues, strode by like marquises, and probably were, for the city was swarming with foreign nobility. Many of the men carried on their arms baskets filled with their purchases from the markets. But they carried them grandly.

Mixed with the gorgeous gentlemen in blue-silk coats and yellow-silk breeches were the new republicans, the Jacobins in the new fashion of long pantaloons and short wigs and no powder. The crows were driving away the birds of bright

plumage, as usual, and trousers, being the ugliest garment ever worn since the drawers of the Trojans, had undoubtedly come to stay.

Betty felt herself a frump in her Providence best, which was hardly as good as New York's worst. She slunk along as furtively and as cravenly as any of the cats that scampered out from under the splashing wheels of a passing coach. They did not always escape for long; the town had recently been laughing at a poem called "The Dialogue of the Dead," made up of the conversation of the dead cats and dogs that cluttered the gutters of New York.

Trying not to stare and gape like a yokel at the grandeurs she beheld, Betty followed the sidewalk out past the new home Mr. John Jacob Astor had just finished near the park.

She would have liked to rest awhile, leaning on the railing about the green space where they were going to build a new City Hall some day, but she had known too much of prisons and workhouses to relish the gray walls of the Bridewell where the imprisoned debtors were picking oakum in expiation of the sin of poverty; the gray walls of the high-towered jail where the culprits of other sins abode; or the gray almshouse built above the old burial ground of slaves.

She sauntered on a little into Great George Street, which they now included as part of Broadway. It was unpaved and hilly from here out. She climbed to Catherine Street and looked down upon the Collect, the fresh-water pond where half-frozen men and women were fishing and children setting little ships afloat. Before long Mr. Fulton would be running a toy steamboat there, and making at last a success with the invention John Fitch had devised but failed to sell. Beyond were wide, ugly marshes and still beyond, the Lisenard meadows, and groves and homesteads.

Off there in the distance lay the beautiful country houses of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, two lawyers and politicians, alternately rivals and colleagues. No pull of fate yet hinted that Burr's and Betty's lives would be united in the dim future. She was a wandering wanton. He had been

already a soldier, a senator, an attorney-general, a supreme court judge, and he would soon be tied with Jefferson in the vote for President of the United States.

Just now he was mourning the recent loss of his wife, who died of cancer in spite of all his efforts to find a cure for her or even relief for her pain. If she had not died he might have had a very different fame, for he had adored her; he had written her while she lived, "It was a knowledge of your mind which first inspired me with a respect for that of your sex." And now he gave his soul to the training of her namesake, Theodosia, who worshiped her father.

Strange that such a man as Burr should come at last to a port in the life of such a woman as Betty, after two such amazing voyages!

Broadway ran on and on up hill and down for two miles more, but Betty turned back into the crowds, taking with her no premonition of her destined splendors.

How it would have quickened her leaden heart to know that the future held in store for her more wealth than Broadway could boast. All the lands and houses along that street had been assessed at less than a hundred thousand dollars the year before; and one day she would own thirty times as much.

But now the only land she possessed was the dust upon her, the dust so thick in her throat that she went to one of the pumps in the middle of Broadway and pushed through the slops about it to get herself a drink. She had to drive off a fat, swilling hog, but a neat and gallant Frenchman seized the pump handle from her delicate fingers. He was a handsome fellow of some thirty years and he spoke in a voice that reminded her of Pierre's. He said, as he handed her the cup he had filled for her:

"Pairmeet me, ceetizeness. Yes?"

"Thank you very *beaucoup*, m'seer!"

"Non, no, please; not *monsieur*, but *citoyen*, Ceetizen Genêt."

"Are you Citizen Genêt?" Betty gasped.

"Yes, I am it," he smiled with an apologetic lift of his shoulders, and, touching his hat, walked away.

He was a bridegroom of but a week's duration and his courtesy to Betty was pure philanthropy. Perhaps he understood her lonely humility, for he, too, had been brought low.

So that gracious gentleman was the archfiend who had torn the new republic almost to pieces when he came as minister from the still newer republic of France, with his liberty caps, his heroic diatribes against patricians, and his new fashion of calling people "citizen" and "citizeness," or "citess!"

His evil fame had even reached Providence, for he had almost brought on a civil war, splitting the country into two camps of ferocious enemies. Had not ten thousand people paraded the streets of Philadelphia, threatening to drag "the British tyrant, Washington," from his house and set up a new president because he refused to permit Genêt to raise troops for a war on England? Had not a dear old parson, hearing that the French women of the street had contributed part of their earnings to the Revolution, cried out, "I could hug the wicked sluts"? Had not all the styles been changed, till the wearing of knee breeches and powdered wigs was held to be a crime against liberty, equality, and fraternity? And yet when Genêt defied Washington he went too far. In a foreigner the insult was sacrilege, and the Americans gradually turned against him. Then his party in France, after swallowing the monarchy, was itself swallowed by the Jacobins of the Mountain, and the Citizen Genêt became a mere citizen afraid to go home.

Still, he had found solace in the arms of love and only a week or so ago he had married Miss Clinton, the daughter of the Governor of New York; and now he was an out-and-out American.

But Genêt's influence on the styles did not end with his own vogue.

The good old times were going fast, and Betty wondered if she had not been born too late to live beautifully. Even

the women were covering their legs (hitherto bare under their skirts) with the long loose horrors called "trousers." Which reminded Betty that she ought to be wearing them.

She drifted to the everlastingly fascinating art gallery of the shop windows. Pearl Street was one long torture for her. She reveled in it like a starved hermit in a cave, seeing visions of paradise.

The very names of the fabrics were forbidden music. She had a woman's intuitive scholarship in textures and models. She did not need to read the cards describing the visible luxuries just off the ships—cambrics, and long lawns, wide linens, velure and Barathee, changeable and plain mantuas, thread lace, thread of Rennes, Kerseymeres, Scotch threads and britannias, figured and stiffened satins, silk mercery, and colored Barcelona handkerchiefs, silk gloves, silk stockings, and red-rosetted shoes of celestial-blue satin, and silk and oilskin umbrellas, enamelled watches, perfumed hair powders and perfumed pomatum, shalloons, durants, dorsetseens, and moreens, taboreens, rattinets—what not and why not?

She stood by the shining windows that played her a doubly cruel trick; they not only reflected her own shabby image, but they transmitted the beauty of the wares they protected from the wretch they tempted.

Her heart filled with rage at poverty and the harsh precepts it enforces on the honest. Her soul cried out that she must possess beautiful things. The declaration of womanly independence gave all women an inalienable right to life, luxury, and the pursuit of gorgeousness.

She went back to her hotel and flung herself along her bed in a fever of longing. If anything could be better devised for driving people to desperate acts for the sake of companionship and distinction than a barren hotel room in a strange city, it is not on record.

But how could Betty gain prestige except by following the path her mother had trodden?—only with a more careful choice among the multitudinous fellowships awaiting a pretty woman.

After tea at the tavern, where she had given her name as Miss Capet of Newport, she went out alone into the dark streets, lighted only from the windows of the houses and by occasional oil lamps.

She found her way to the town's one theater. Unattended women were not numerous, but not unknown, and she had her first glimpse of that immoral world, the drama, which the preachers in town were trying to drive out of its sole refuge, the one theater in New York. Actresses, Betty had heard, earned great fortunes and sometimes married titles. But she had no gift of mimicry, not a jot of the dramatic sense, and she felt that this avenue was utterly closed to her. She could not sing or teach.

The only honest roads open to her were the dreary alleys and bypaths of the seamstress, the shopgirl, the segar seller, the cook, the chambermaid, the laundress, the crossings sweeper; and none of those promised more than a niggardly existence without future. Besides, the slaves did most of the tasks that the wives and daughters left undone. She could not compete with the blacks.

She stole back to her room and, in a cell as bleak as a nun's, fell on her knees and prayed—prayed!—but not for submissiveness, not for patience until a heavenly reward should be vouchsafed. She prayed for pride and material glory on the earth, and at once.

She wept, too, but not for benefactions omitted, nor for sins that she had done. She wept for the sins she did not know how to commit profitably.

She fell asleep when the passionate tears glued her eyelids together, and she woke in a cold mood of unimpassioned intelligence. Remembering the words of Captain Delacroix, she rose grimly, made herself look her best, and, after breakfast, inquired of her landlord the shortest way to the Bull's Head Tavern.

Fearing that he was about to lose a guest, he sent her in the wrong direction. There were four hundred and eighty-four taverns in New York that year, but at last Betty found the one she sought. And just in time.

CHAPTER IX

HER search for Captain Delacroix led her far up town, out along the Bowery Road to a district that reminded her of Providence, for a cluster of slaughter houses scented the air and wrung the delicate scrolls of her nostrils with a familiar distress.

Yet this was that famous Bowery where, as Doctor Francis wrote, "our graceless Knickerbocker ancestors danced around a maypole while the Puritan Anglo-Saxons burned witches at Salem."

Betty wondered why the captain should lodge so far from the waterfront in this haunt of cattle drovers and cattle murderers. But it was also the haunt of the horse gentry, the rat-baiters and cock-fighters, and the captain was a keen sportsman.

Every pleasant day at one o'clock the horses raced up and down the Bowery, with their owners straddling their hocks in light sulkies. The prize was bought by the total of all the sixteen-shilling entrance fees. After the run, the owners went down to the river bank, and at the Belvedere House, owned by a club of thirty-three gentlemen, discussed on the broad balcony their liquor and the stout hearts of their horses and the beauty of the scene.

Raw as this day was, Betty's path was blocked by a pair of squatting teamsters setting a pair of roosters at each other, while a knot of idlers stood about watching the feathered duellists fence with their beaks and make flying backslashes with their spurs in a little snowstorm of bloody feathers.

The cruelty nauseated her, but the spectators were too fiercely intent to move aside for her until they were scattered by the tempestuous arrival of the Boston stage making

a grand dash to its halting place at No. 17 Bowery Road. What a strange idea, putting numbers on houses!

Betty paused to see the passengers released from their week's punishment. This very stage had left Providence on the same fateful day that saw Betty take the packet.

The poor landlubbers had been called at three every morning and had been jounced along the billowy, ruddy roads till ten every night, except for such time as they spent waiting by the chill roadside while the boozy driver mended the harness with rope or pleaded for help to extricate the wheels from the mire. The coach was packed like a codfish sloop, for the commerce between New York and Boston was increasing so rapidly that the two stages and twelve horses now in use would not much longer suffice.

The passengers were dirty and lame, and so cramped that they groaned aloud as they straightened their tortured backs and limbs. They plainly hated one another and themselves, and the poor overdriven horses were such jades as even Betty could not admire.

Having beaten the stage passengers to town by a whole day, Betty looked at them with the amused condescension of an old inhabitant for a band of immigrants.

Then she dismissed the parvenus from her mind and moved on to the Bull's Head Tavern, a homely building of two stories and a garret pierced by dormer windows stuck out of the slanting roof like spyglasses.

She glanced into the barroom fitfully lighted by the leaping flames in a great fireplace, almost hidden by a semicircle of cattle-drovers of all ages, of stablemen, farmers, and butchers, facing outward as they warmed their posteriors, and spat tobacco juice and comment on the thieving worthlessness of the politicians and the insults the country was tamely enduring from both the French and the British.

Betty slipped into the women's waiting room and beckoned to a fat old waitress, who went to find news of Captain Delacroix. She brought back word that he had gone to the Fly Market to buy a sea-going cow of Mr. Henry Astor, but he ought to be right back.

She was interested in Betty, but, failing to learn anything either by open cross-examination or artful traps, she talked about herself and the great people hereabouts—Mr. Henry Astor, for instance, who was so rich now and so poor once, and owned the beautiful house just up the lane a piece, and owned a stall in the Fly Market and bought no end of cattle; but a good man if ever there was one. Hadn't he set up a poor young brother of his in business, John Jacob, who had his house on Broadway now, and was buying furs from Montreal and shipping them to China and the good Lord only knew where else? But la! couldn't she herself remember the day when young Jakie Astor went with a basket of cookies and tea rusks and such like on his arm, selling them to sailors or anybody with a sweet tooth?

Why, she could remember the day when President Washington stopped right here at this very door of this very Bull's Head for a mug of Bowery ale—and wouldn't Miss like one for herself while she waited? No? Well, yes, the general stopped his horse in front of the tavern while he waited for the British to pull their flag down and get out of town. Somebody had greased the flag pole and there was a long wait, but General Washington waited, and praised the ale, too. That he did. And a fine tall man, too.

She and her father had been so happy when that grand soldier rode into New York after so many years. She and her father were patriots, of course, but they had to let on they were Tories. . . . But here's the captain now. . . . "Captain, if you please, here's the sweetest young lady ever I laid eyes on waiting for to see you."

She bustled out, and Betty turned her head with a shy readiness to be rebuffed as too late. But the captain had been mourning her more than he would admit, more than he knew. It was dull sailing across the ocean for forty or fifty days with nobody to talk to but sailors, and he had been dreaming of decorating his old boat with the charming Betty.

He wanted to shout with joy at her sudden return to his eyes, but he was afraid to give her the advantage of that

knowledge. So he frowned and drank her in as he would drain a glass of sherry, staring at her, savoring her bouquet; and then, as it were, tossing her off into his heart.

She did not need to act confusion, for he threw her wits awry as he stepped forward and caught her up from her chair into his arms, lifted her till her feet dangled above the floor; and crushed her till she gasped:

“And now you’ve broken the only pair of stays I have on earth.”

“I’ll buy you a dozen pairs to have by you as I break ’em on the voyage.”

“The voyage?”

“The voyage! What else have you come to talk about but the voyage?”

“Oh, I could never take so long a voyage!”

“And what or who’s to prevent but yourself?”

“Oh, but I have——”

“Nothing to wear?”

“Only what I have on and a few old rags at the tavern. But I wasn’t going to say that.”

“There are shops enough in town.”

“Oh, Lord! there are much too many, but the prices here are out of all reach of what few shillings I have left.”

“What a pilot you’d make! You brought that heavy old lumber barge into the slip as handsomely as could be.”

“I don’t understand you.”

“Well, I understand you. And I like you no less for maneuvering so cleverly. You’d have made a great figure at the French court if they hadn’t destroyed the court. But there’s always a future for a pretty girl with a cunning brain. Would you have dinner here with me or would you make your foray on the shops before you eat?”

“My foray on the shops? Haven’t I just told you that I am a pauper?”

“And haven’t I just told you that I am going to buy you everything you want, and damn the price?”

“Oh, Captain!” and she came as near to swooning as ever in her life.

And so their treaty was made, and, like most treaties, had little or nothing to say of the all-important principles involved. She went back along the shop windows of Pearl Street, but not now as the outcast peering in and slinking by. She peered in only to make sure of what she wanted, and then hurried through the door to handle and muse upon the fabrics.

When she had to allude to the big man who stood back and let her hungry soul expand without thought of expense, she referred to him as "my husband." And that was all the ceremonial there was. The shopkeepers took her word for their relationship, and took his cash for their own satisfaction.

While she was prolonging the sweet anguishes of decision in one of the shops, Captain Delacroix hailed a hackney coach loitering along the street, and kept it for Betty's service. Being a man of the sea and the wind, he was used to long calms and he did not fume at Betty's delays. At last the coach was so laden with her purchases that when she had exhausted her courage and the daylight, she and Delacroix were almost lost to view beneath the bundles.

If she had any qualms of conscience, they were stifled instantly by the sight of her half-sister Lavinia Ballou beating out a broom on the steps of a home where she had evidently taken service. Lavinia gazed at Betty's cavalier and her trousseau as if she were bewitched. Triumph bred no forgiveness in Betty's heart for the foiled assassin of her reputation. She muttered:

"If only we could have run over that cat, my day would have been heaven."

Captain Delacroix left her at the King's Little Tavern as if he had escorted Lady Stirling home. She was so rosy with ecstasy in her new wealth that he felt sad for her because of the inevitable brevity of all joy and all joyous beauty. He sighed:

"I wonder what I am leading you to, my child?"

Betty could think only of what he was leading her away from. Anything was better than that, and whatever it was

to be, its preface was beautiful clothes and a voyage to another world. And so she answered his solemn query with a chirp:

“To paradise, I expect.”

“I wonder. The sea itself is dangerous in winter. The British and the French privateers are both on the hunt for American vessels. Not long ago the British captured an American ship and flogged the captain on his own deck for his impudence. I’d not like that.”

“I’d kill them if they hurt you!” said Betty, who did not believe in flogging. He smiled sadly at her pledge of protection, but he went on with the catalogue of perils:

“Even if we get to France without being sunk by a storm or a round shot, you may not be allowed to land. Americans are hated there now, because the French say that Americans betrayed them after they rescued America from destruction. And there’s another danger: My wife does not often come to port to meet me, but sometimes she does. And she—well, you’d better pray for a privateer to get you first.”

“I’m not afraid of women!” Betty laughed.

But he knew the hazards and he persisted:

“I wonder if it’s wise to take the chance?”

She answered with all the intrepidity of her soul:

“It’s always wise to take a chance—if you’re lucky enough to get a chance to take.”

She was as reckless a soldier of fortune, perhaps, as the fabulous Spanish Nun. The French half of Delacroix led him to shrug his shoulders. He lifted his hat high and bowed very low in deference to her gay bravery.

CHAPTER X

BEING a lady of wealth, Betty rode in a hackney coach to the wharf at the foot of Gouverneur's Lane. She was taken out to the ship in a rowboat and the ripples kept reaching for her, but they could not drag her back. She came aboard with the mail. The *Marie* was a monstrous ship—or rather a “snow” of nearly two hundred tons burden. There was only one bigger vessel in harbor.

As Betty watched her trunk come over the side—and it was a new trunk—she felt a queen. She had a stateroom of her own, too; and was so happy arranging her things in graceful security that before she had her trunk cleared she heard the anchor chains screaming. Her little world began to sway, the trinkets to slide about, the things she had hung up to swing as if in a wind. The floor beneath her eddied and she reeled in a drunken unsteadiness.

She scurried aloft to bid America good-by. It grieved her a little to see the sorry group of wooden buildings at New York's tip, and the gardens, and the high steeples of Trinity and St. George's and the new Dutch church slowly dwindle and retire into mist.

There was a sorrowfulness about the beautiful hills on either side of the bay retreating with their hamlets and spires, their groves, the coves and hills. Little islands fell back, too. Then the fleeing hills ran together again about the loitering ship at the Narrows, and made a lane along her path before they released her at last to the full sea. Now it was time to drop the pilot into the pilot boat that lurked between Staten Island and Sandy Hook and he and his boat slipped back into nowhere as if a rope drew them.

The captain had hardly spoken to Betty, for getting out of the bay meant passing the customs, the quarantine, the

shoals, and the whimsical currents and the throng of other ships at anchor or on their various tacks. It meant the proper stowing of the cargo and breaking in the new crew according to the gentle methods of the time. The captain was the little god and father of the ship and he did not spoil his children by sparing the rod or the fist.

When a negro steward fetching him a cup of coffee stumbled over a coil of rope, tossed the cup and contents overboard, and presented the captain with an empty saucer held out in a shuddering black hand, Captain Delacroix knocked him down, of course. When the fool got up the captain knocked him down again, set his foot on the fellow's neck, and stamped on it three times. When the steward, kneeling, begged for mercy, the captain kicked him down the sloping deck.

A passenger, whom she came to know as Quentin Haddington of Dalkeith, stood at Betty's elbow during this scene and commented.

"A trifle brutal, but somewhat national."

Betty, feeling that her nation was being insulted, answered.

"The captain is only half American; the other half is French."

"Indeed!" quoth Haddington. "Then we may soon expect to see a guillotine set up on deck *pour encourager nous autres.*"

Betty sniffed at this, but she was sorry for the steward and she hoped the captain did not treat his women the way he treated his sailors. She had known what it was to be knocked and kicked about by hot-tempered seamen in Providence, and she did not like it. In spite of all the proverbs, she did not like it.

Gradually the waves grew longer, larger, and of a more profound voice; the wind took on an oceanic purity and a strength in gentleness; the sky deepened, the world enlarged, and the sea swallowed the earth.

The lighthouse on the long sickle tip of Sandy Hook was

ahead, was abeam, was astern, was a little finger stuck up in the waters, was no more.

Everywhere only ocean and heaven, the heaven a mob of clouds, gathering to some ominous meeting place; the waves anxious and tumultuous, a vast populace throbbing with an irresistible emotion.

Watching the big captain and seeing him watch the sky, Betty realized suddenly that he, for all his power and authority, was only a tiny creature in a tiny shallop on an awful ocean with a number of other midges dependent on his skill in besting the universe.

What could he say or do to the sky and the sea to outwit them or persuade them to have mercy? The boat had looked a mountain when she came alongside in her skiff. Now it was a curled autumn leaf skimming along on waves that spurned it because it was contemptible. And she was only a gnat on that leaf. What did a gnat's vices or virtues matter? Yet she was afraid.

She wished herself again in Providence, in the old shack where her mother lived, or in the dingy refuge of Mother Ballou. She wished she were in a church somewhere, a church of stone in the shelter of a hill where the winds and waters could not reach it.

She wished she had been a better girl. She wished she could run back across those lengthening waters to the safety of New York built on the firm rock. She wished it were not too late to be a good girl now.

What if she told the captain that she could not go on with her wicked plan? He would laugh at her, no doubt, and call her virtue cowardice. And he would take away from her her pretty clothes. The very gown she wore must be sacrificed first, and the hat and the silk stockings, the silk trousers (hidden, but oh, so warming!) and the pretty shoes with the bright buckles, and all the gewgaws she had spread out in her cabin. The mere thought put a stitch in her heart.

She could not pay her fare across. Even if she gave up her treasures, she could not work her passage as a man might do.

No, she was committed to her fate, to the sea, the storm, the captain, and to whatsoever future awaited her in stormy France.

She would be as good as she could, and try to save money so that she could afford to be really good hereafter.

This thought comforted her and she said to Fate and the captain, "What becomes of me on this voyage is your business, not mine. After the voyage——"

Well, the end of the voyage was on the other side of the horizon. And the horizon, like to-morrow, kept always just a little ahead. The stern of the ship might as well make plans for what it should do when it caught up with the prow.

The captain gave her hardly more than a nod all day. He would not come below for any of the meals; but his battered steward had a place for Betty at the captain's table, and told her to ask for any wine she wanted—not excepting champagne. He whispered this last, for champagne was not given to the other passengers, though they had any other liquor they asked for, and the popping of corks was like a distant battle.

Next to Betty sat Mr. Haddington. He complained of the extravagance of food and the number of meals—four a day! breakfast at eight, luncheon at twelve, dinner at four, and tea at eight. He called it "abominable sensual gratification."

The smoking annoyed him, too, and he told Betty that on his voyage to New York he had had a neighbor who smoked a hundred and fifty segars in a fortnight. He kindled them, when there was sunlight, with an elegant burning glass. Mr. Haddington abominated tobacco, whether smoked or chewed. But he snuffed it up his nose and made queer grimaces before he sneezed and sprayed the air. Betty noted that people who were always complaining of other people's vices usually had worse ones of their own, in addition to the ultimate vice of complaining of other people's vices.

Of the one hundred passengers aboard there were eighty wretches in the steerage and thirty in the cabin. Eight of

the cabin passengers were women. And all of them by some instinct avoided Betty.

Though the captain had not been seen with her, the women scented a something about Miss Capet that the pious Haddington never suspected. And of course they could not be brazen enough to warn him.

But Betty was used to the disdain of women and she rather welcomed it now. She much preferred the company of men, and took the scorn of women as a tribute of fear.

All that day and all that night the captain did not come below at all. There was business enough above for him. He kept all the watches of the sailors on the run up and down the decks and up and down the masts.

There were thunder and lightning and there were buffets of rain that came down in breaking waves upon the broken sea.

But Betty had gone through a baptism of storm in the little sloop, the *Swiftsure*, with her captain as a passenger. Now her captain was the captain, and she lay in her berth and sang softly as a mermaid adrift, until she fell asleep.

The first morning out showed her a world of water and sky, a bottle-green sea frothing everywhere with the suds of the beaten waves. For all their frenzy, they seemed to plead for respite, flinging up white hands of appeal, then bowing their shoulders and running from the yelling flagellation of the merciless wind. The sea aft was myriads of shoulders, shoulders whipped, fugitive. The oncoming waves were a horde of green dragons roaring, charging. But the ship slipped through them with her sails trimmed down and taut as steel, and the rigging shivering.

When the captain spoke to the sailors in his voice of thunder they were more afraid of him than of sea or wind, for they leaped to their posts, dived into the very waves, monkeyed up the masts, sidled out on the yards, and fought the canvas though it struggled like roped pythons.

The captain's eyes were wild with lack of sleep, and when he glanced at Betty he was almost too weary to feel her beauty. At last she defied the stewards and the sailors

and the captain's own fierce gesticulation, and, gripping at whatsoever handholds she could find, made her way along the deck to where he stood.

He watched her fighting toward him and let her make her fight, just to see what mettle she had and how much of it. At length she reached an open space with nothing to cling to, and the waves swept it.

He thought this would stop her, but it did not. She fell back before a torrent of water that drenched her, but when it passed she must pierce a gust of wind that threatened to tear her clothes from her, and so pressed them against her that she came toward the captain as good as naked in her striding sculpture, with all her draperies swept back of her in a torment of wrinkles.

There was a grandeur about her that stirred him. He was transfixed a moment; then, as he saw a comber pour over the side like a rush of pirates to seize and carry her away, he leaped to save her, caught her in his arms, and held her while the flood raced with them toward the waiting sea.

Luck swept them against a backstay that went up to a careening mast, and with his free arm hooked about the ropes, he clung till the water was gone and the ship tilted the other way and almost flung them into the opposite depths.

He hauled her with him to the safety of his post, and hugged her tight while he cursed her for the imbecile she was. Only, he called it in the French fashion "ambayseel" and that made it gentler. When she laughed with a desperate joy, he kissed her full and fair on her salty mouth, and she made no pretence of maidenly alarm. She gave him a siren's kiss of equal courage and all the immortal challenge of grace to power.

None of the passengers had dared to be abroad to see this courtship of two eagles defiant of the storm. None of the sailors dared to seem to witness it.

But thereafter the captain made no secret of his alliance with Miss Capet. And the passengers were afraid to pro-

test, for the captain was the Cæsar of all the waters; he was their ruler and their one safety.

Betty's pride rose faster than her station. It was not long before she became almost unbearably domineering. The captain ruled the ship, but she ruled the captain. She walked the deck as if she owned it and the masts, the cordage, the servile crew, and the uneasy passengers.

She sat and mused upon the very ocean with condescension, her chin so high that she looked down across her lower eyelids upon the horizon.

Behind her was a welter of flat, drab water like her sordid past; ahead of her was a sea of baleful glare under a sky of murderous intent.

A tall cloud towered above a wall of cloud like the French prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville, in his crow-black hat with its hearse-like plumes leaning over his desk to search a prisoner with fatal questions.

The ship went forward as solemnly as an *émigré* returning for trial, afraid of doom, but determined to meet it gracefully.

The storm would wring the ship with questions and do its utmost to condemn it to death.

Even if the ship escaped the lightning and the wind and the fangs of the waves, it must conduct her to that France where the air was electric with every danger. And yet Betty never had felt so happy in her life. She, the little pauper brat of a small-town prostitute, was out in the face of the hurricane in the middle of the wide, wide sea. If she died she would die in a glorious storm. If she lived, she would see tremendous further peril. She was going into the very core of the fiercest tumult the world knew.

She was so exalted in her exultance that she looked down on the captain now. The bulky brute was fond of her because she was pretty and cunning and pleasant to pet. He thought he was carrying her off like a purchased slave. He thought he was helping her down the road of destruction.

But he was carrying her to some high destiny. The fool

was nothing but a porter, a crossing sweeper to lift her over the mud.

She would give him kisses and all her favors like the tips one gives a stage driver. And she was not robbing herself. She would have plenty of kisses and favors left for future servants of her destiny.

Let Delacroix sail the ship well; for it was her ship and he was her captain. When she tired of him she would get another.

There might be something, after all, in the story that she was a Capet of the royal line. The other Capets were in hiding—Philippe Égalité had just been beheaded for all his groveling before the mob. The little Dauphin Louis XVII was wasting away in a dungeon. And his fat, gouty uncle, who would one day be Louis XVIII, was waddling about Europe begging other frightened kings for shelter.

What were the humiliations Betty had known compared with theirs? Why should she not rise as high? She remembered a motto she had heard somewhere:

“Rather than be a glowworm twinkling in a hedge, I would be a skyrocket. Let me perish so I be exalted!”

CHAPTER XI

THE breeze one day whistled a half-remembered tune against the sails, and the sea carried the hull along like a child perched on a friendly shoulder. The air was crisp enough to keep the flesh a little thrilled with cold, and yet it stirred the heart to keep the blood alert. The crimson simmered in Betty's cheeks, her bright ringlets whipped about her throat and lips, and her eyes were keen with many ecstasies.

A quick, rippling breath agitated her white breast, where regret and terror and hope and contentment made a turbulence that both delighted her and hurt.

To have left New York so soon, and before she had more than learned to love it, was her one distress, and yet, though New York had forty thousand people to Providence's miserable six, she was bound for Paris, where there were five hundred thousand people!

And, busy as New York was, it was a graveyard compared with Paris, where revolution after revolution had finally reached a climax of climaxes in the frenzy of the Terror.

When she grew too cheerful, Delacroix tried to frighten her with pictures of Paris as he had left it on his last voyage. He said it was like a theater on fire; people were throttling and trampling one another to death lest they be throttled and trampled. It was a Protestant minister who had first proposed the Tribunal of the Terror, not knowing what demons he set free. The bewildered judges, feeling an apostolic call to duty, sobbed and wept as they condemned bewildered wretches to death. They got drunk on liquor to whet their stomachs for blood, and murmured "Guilty!" without knowing who was accused of what.

Once when Delacroix was sitting in a Paris café, a former tailor had come in and wandered among the tables, taking from his loaded pockets the cold ears of dead men and women. And he made the frightened women kiss them! He wore another ear in his hat for a cockade. In the south of France a gang of negroes and mulattoes, called "the American Hussars," raided the country, raping and slaying.

In Paris Delacroix had observed the serene old ladies who took their knitting with them to the guillotine square and watched the heads drop without dropping a stitch. He told of those other terrible women who were paid to howl insults at the victims in the tumbrils. They were called *les insulteuses* and earned their wages in the least beautiful trade that history records. But the victims usually died with patriotic calm, clasping one another's hands and murmuring, "*Adieu! courage!*" and crying up to the waiting ax, "*Vive la république!*"

All France was boiling with horror and glory.

Carrier, at Nantes, bound men and women together, and priests and children, and sent them down the river Loire in barges full of holes. He drowned nearly five thousand thus. The beast Lajeune had a toy guillotine at home, and humorously decapitated the chickens he served for dinner. Barras said that when the Marquis de Sade was released from the Bastille, the whole nation took up an orgy of Sadism. Delacroix, standing near the guillotine one day, had seen them execute a boy of thirteen. He was so small that his head could only reach halfway through "the cat-hole" to the ax. He babbled, "Will it hurt much?" The blade had to be lifted after the first hideous blow and let fall again before it clove his little throat.

The appetite for heads had increased with the harvest. The prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville, grew so impatient of the old-fashioned custom of calling witnesses to prove the guilt of the accused that he asked Robespierre to ask the Convention to pass a law dispensing with witnesses. And this was cheerfully done. And the guillotine flashed faster

and faster till Fouquier reached the proud score of a thousand heads in one month.

Paris was another hell on earth, and in the name of patriotism people had reached almost the fiendishness hitherto attained only in the name of religion. If something did not stop them soon, said Delacroix, they would put as many poor souls to death for imagined treason as had hitherto died in the name of heresy.

The poor were in power and were showing themselves nearly as indifferent to the sufferings of the rich as the rich had always been to the sufferings of the poor. The red caps had conquered the red heels. And yet they were not happy! In spite of all their massacres, the winter was bitterer than ever and famine prevailed.

That was Delacroix's one hope of being well received. His ship was laden far below the water line with things to eat.

One day Betty was glad to have his blood-chilling chatter interrupted by the one man authorized to break in upon his voice. A cry came down from the sky. The sailor in the crow's nest had descried a little open boat adrift across the course; and in it a man.

The castaway was too weak to signal, and when the ship ran alongside and sailors lifted him out, he was all but gone from starvation and thirst and exposure. They put him in a berth and the women ministered to him till Betty joined them; then they fell away and left him to her care.

She fed him with fresh milk from the cow that Delacroix had bought of Mr. Henry Astor and brought along. Just as the poor fellow was growing strong enough to cling to Betty's hands and pour out his gratitude, Delacroix came down, ordered her away, and questioned the stranger roughly in French, learning that he was another of the many victims of the black insurrection in San Domingo. His name was Élie Laloi. He had been hiding and making his way slowly homeward to France through an Odyssey of misfortunes and delays.

In the storm that had lately harried the sea, the fishing

ship that was taking him to Newfoundland had foundered, and he was the only survivor of the boatload that had put away without provisions or water casks. The others had gone mad and leaped into the sea, but Laloi's madness had been a resolution to live until he could return to the old grandfather and the young sister he had left in France.

When he fell asleep, moaning with homesickness, Delacroix left him and went to tell Betty what he had learned.

"I leave it to you to find out more," he said. "He may be useful to us in France, so you can be pleasant to him—but not too pleasant, remember! I'd hate to have to throw you overboard."

"Would you, if——"

"Without a moment's hesitation—or regret," the captain answered.

She knew he meant it, and took it as a compliment with a smiling, "Thank you, Mister Monsieur."

"Don't use that word 'monsieur' in France. It has been erased from the dictionary. It is dangerous."

The captain's jealousy gave Betty a little anxiety, since it is hard for a woman to be pleasant to a man and not be too pleasant, especially when she must satisfy a jealous lover. Sometimes, too, in being pleasant to a man, one grew so fond of him that promises and loyalties went down the wind with wisdom and caution.

She would have felt safer if Laloi had been huge and handsome and tyrannical, for she already had one lover of that sort.

But Élie Laloi was wan and afraid and poor and shabby.

Pierre had been like that and her heart had gone out to him with her alms. She felt her heart tugging toward the newcomer. Her affection was all she had to give and she was spendthrift of it. She was in danger of forgetting her mother's warning.

CHAPTER XII

DELACROIX hated to carry a passenger who could neither pay his fare nor work it. This man he had plucked out of the midocean had never a penny aboard him, nor strength enough to pull at a hawser or peel potatoes in the galley. Betty pleaded:

“Let him rest! He has had so hard a life! He may help us to get into France and to be safe there!”

“That depends on the way the wind blows, the day we land,” Delacroix grunted. “As like as not he may destroy us.”

“But he has a cousin who is a deputy in the National Convention.”

“And the National Convention may be all condemned or chopped to pieces by the time we arrive.”

“It never hurts to be kind,” Betty persisted.

“That’s a bad motto for a woman.”

There was only one thing certain. France had had a bad harvest and was in need of the food Delacroix carried. Other ships in New York harbor had loaded their holds with wine cask staves for Bilbao, with barter to be exchanged for slaves, with things that they might sell in Singapore. The captain ahead of him at the customs was clearing for Surinam and told Delacroix that he might try to smuggle spices out of Batavia, though it was death to be caught and the Chinese who ran the spices were racked on the wheel.

But Delacroix carried flour and cereals and was on his way to Le Havre. His foodstuffs ought to be passport enough for any government, provided only that the men in power would trade and not confiscate.

And so, since he could hardly throw Laloi overboard, he

took him along "for ballast," as he phrased it to Betty. Even when he was generous, he liked to pretend an evil or a flippant motive.

There came a doleful period of fog when everything was dank and veiled in murk and the *Marie* seemed to be pushing through tons and tons of wet woolen blankets that swaddled the ship and made all the sea a mystery of invisible menaces.

Betty tried to drive her eyes through the pall as if they were gimlets, but she could no more pierce it than she could peer into her future.

There were always fogs off the banks of Newfoundland, Delacroix said, and there was nothing to do but push on and trust to luck.

At last they emerged from the world of sea smoke and they had once more an horizon, forever far away, forever crinkled with tumbling waves.

There were rainbows now in strange abundance; sometimes five or six a day, and beautiful to a ravishment of the eyes.

"It's lucky we're out here to see them," Betty said, "or they'd be wasted, the poor, wonderful things! I can't bear to think of beauty going to waste."

She did not intend to waste her own.

Then in spite of the ancient perjury of the rainbows, there came rain: silk threads of rain on docile waves; arrows of rain on a large sea running; bayonet charges of rain driven by head gales that brought the waves down upon the deck like sledges.

One afternoon there was a scare, indeed,—a fleet of nineteen sail forging long in a squall—war vessels, too, from the line they held. Delacroix kept the *Marie* away before the wind to avoid these ominous birds of prey, and thought he was free of them.

But when night fell he saw a false fire made, the usual signal of a war fleet. He wore ship at once, but saw the flares repeated here and there—everywhere, on all sides. He did not know which way to dodge, but put out all his

lights and pushed on. At last the flares ceased to blister the dark, and he went below and undressed only to be called above again after midnight by wild voices on the deck: "She's close aboard of us! We're gone!"

He dashed aloft in mad haste, and Betty followed him barefoot and in scantiest garb.

She arrived in time to see against the dark a vast, mournful ghost of a ship bearing down upon their own. Captain Delacroix flailed the air with a lantern and yelled at the top of his lungs. With his free hand he reached back to seize Betty's arm and her flesh was black for days from his grip; but the ship swung off just in time and the night took it.

Delacroix told Betty afterward that he had planned to hurl her aboard of the other boat as they crashed, because his own ship would have been cut in two and sunk.

"Would you have come aboard with me?" she asked.

"Certainly not! A captain sticks to his own timber."

Betty wondered at the queer ways of men. And she wondered what would have been her fate if she had landed in that dark vessel and been carried to its destination by its forever unknowable people. She never found out what ship or of what nation it was, but she often regretted the other life that might have been hers. It might have been stranger than the one she drew. She had been cheated. She was a glutton for life and the wonderful persons one never meets.

The next day the wind rose to such force and kept the decks so loaded with water that the captain had to heave to. This was humiliating and maddening. The voyage was long enough without pausing in midocean for the wind to go past.

A little of everything the sea has to show was displayed on the counter for Betty's inspection. The gale grew tired of its own bombast finally and the waves came down from their high horses and the ship sped on.

But the pendulum of life is forever aswing from too-

much to too-little, and back. Just enough is a mere point of transience.

By the next evening the wind was so sickly that it died, leaving the ship as good as aground in a midnight sea as smooth as a mill pond.

Morning revealed another ship becalmed at a distance. She hung with flabby canvas, but she had guns aboard and looked to be trimmed for war. Delacroix had guns, too, but not enough for a battle with so big an enemy. The range was perfect, the vessel steady as a fortress, and Delacroix could not retreat. There was no wind to run away with.

When the other ship broke out a French flag he hesitated. She had a French cut, but captured ships were constantly kept at work by their captors. She might be a Britisher trying him out.

He dared not fly an American flag, for, whether the challenger were English or French, the young emblem of the new republic would be despised and ignored. So he ran up the still younger flag of the still newer French republic, and thanked his stars that he had named his boat after his French wife, Marie.

He saw that a boat was leaving the side of the ship, its oars giving it the look of a great water spider. His glass told him that it was manned by Frenchmen. He called Laloi and bade him earn his passage by his ingenuity. Then he issued cutlasses to his sailors and to such of the passengers as were willing to try to fight, but cautioned them to keep back until he needed them.

Laloi leaned far out over the rail and hailed the oncoming crew with a cry of:

"Vive la republique! Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!"

The watchword was already old-fashioned, but the accent was convincing and the grim look of the officer in the stern-sheets softened.

The women watched with all the anxiety of their helpless sex. None of them thought of attempting self-defense. Better be dead or defiled than unwomanly. Betty, however,

found herself instinctively calculating the value of her charms. Her bright beauty might prove more persuasive than a company of swords. She might be carried off to the other ship for yet another destiny. She was Fate's plaything; but she was willing to be played with.

The French officer swung over the side with that defiance of the whole world that marked the French republic and gave her an irresistible *élan* against all the other nations, everywhere except at sea. The mediocrity of France upon the water seemed to make this fellow a little over truculent with this helpless civilian ship.

But Laloi embraced him, called him "brother," and poured forth a furious stream of words. Betty could catch little beyond an impression that Laloi was asking more questions than he answered. Then the officer spoke with a gentleness not to be expected from the bloodthirsty pirate he looked.

He spoke a long while, Laloi growing more and more excited. He trembled so that the passengers gave themselves up for lost. Then suddenly Laloi shrieked, fainted.

Delacroix ordered a sailor to dip a pail into the sea and throw the water in his face, but Betty ran like another Pocahontas and protected his head with her own.

She took command of the ship long enough to have Laloi carried to his berth. While Delacroix talked with the visitor Betty stayed with Laloi till he came back to life. He stared at her vaguely, then seized her hand and fell to sobbing like a girl.

Betty had not known one of these easy-weeping heroes before, and she was a little contemptuous of Laloi until he grew coherent and explained in broken French and English. The gist of his story was:

"My poor sister!—my poor old grandfather!—they are dead!—killed—murdered by that Robespierre, who pretended to bring God back to France after the others drove Him out.

"The officer up there asked my name, and when I gave it he told me that he had heard it before. He asked if I were related to old Victor-Paul Laloi and his granddaughter,

Violette. I cried, 'They are my grandfather—my sister!' He said 'They were! they are not!'

"You see, when I left France my father was dead; my grandfather lived, but very old—deaf—poor. Eighty years old he was when I left, and his mind was all but gone. There was a young man we knew, the Marquis de Chabrillan, an aristocrat before the Republic; but good, a patriot. He could not help being born a marquis, but he forswore his title. My sister loved him.

"After I left France that devil Robespierre had him killed. Then somebody found a box of de Chabrillan's papers at my grandfather's home. They arrested him and my sister for traitors.

"So they are brought before the Tribunal. The old man is so old, so innocent, so deaf, he does not know he is in court. He sleeps while they denounce him. And my sister makes no defense. That is not permitted. Fouquier-Tinville does not allow witnesses to be called. The jury votes 'guilty' before it hears the names of the accused. My sister tries only to keep my grandfather from waking and being afraid.

"When they are dragged away, my sister does not cry out, for fear she should wake the poor old man. They are placed in the death cart at once for the horrible ride to the guillotine. All the way my grandfather sleeps, his white head on the shoulder of my sister. She does not even complain. She does not ask, 'Why do you kill me? I am young! I have not lived! I have not known love or life!' She says only to the crowds that stare, 'Hush! Hush! Do not wake my poor grandfather!' She puts her fingers to her lips and keeps saying, 'Hush! Hush! Please!' to the crowds along the street. They are amazed. They are silenced. They shake their heads. There are tears in their cruel eyes. Even the insultresses are quiet. Another daughter of Jephthah dies.

"And so the tumbril goes through the streets and my grandfather sleeps as if he were a baby, as if his granddaughter were his mother. That officer up there was in Paris that very day. He saw them pass, and he told me

of it. He followed and saw them bound fast to the board before the guillotine. He watched the see-saw dip to the knife. He heard the drums roll—twice!

“He saw—oh, name of the name of God! my sister’s beautiful head, my grandfather’s venerable head! Can you see them, mademoiselle? Shall I ever see anything else?”

“O, Robespierre! O, Fouquier-Tinville! I shall find you, and I will kill you! Slowly! God will give me that solace. He has left me nothing else in this world but my sacred revenge. He will not deny me that!”

Betty had heard much gossip of the Terror, both distorted and veiled by distance. But she had known of it only as of a far-off ancient tragedy. Death was an almost inconceivable thing that had never touched her close. Now she could feel herself in the place of Violette Laloi. She felt herself fastened to a plank and swung forward under a knife that dropped with an intolerable slish.

She could see the plank fly back with her headless body spouting blood, like a bottle whose neck has been cracked. She could feel her own head thump in the basket and roll, a mere cabbage, its blond hair mingling with the white hair of the old man Laloi, their faces lolling together, their lips perhaps meeting, then parting as another cabbage plopped upon them from above.

Before this nightmare, she grew more afraid of France than of any fear she had ever known. Her long, soft hand ran to her long, soft throat and made sure of its integrity. Suddenly a whole throat became a miracle to be grateful for. It was very pleasant not to have one’s throat cut.

She could give Laloi no help in such an anguish except the help of her warm palms and her soft bosom and her fellowship in sorrow. She let the desperate child cry until he was so exhausted that he fell into a kind of sleep in her arm, with his head on her shoulder as his grandfather had slept against his sister’s shoulder.

And there Delacroix found them when the officer had gone. He glared at Betty in rage.

But, like Violette Laloi, she put her finger to her lips and whispered, "Hush!"

Delacroix motioned her roughly to come away, and she lowered the head of Laloi to a pillow. He slept on and she tiptoed out.

The hot jealousy of Delacroix changed to a surprised respect as she made him understand that she had been only a sister of mercy to a stricken wretch. When she explained that Laloi was determined to kill somebody named Robins-prayer or something and another man named Something—Danville, Delacroix smiled.

"He wants to kill Robespierre, eh? He's been dead for months. Last July it was. I suppose the news never reached Laloi in San Domingo. Hadn't you heard?"

"I don't know those French names," Betty said. "I hear always of French people being killed, but I don't know one from the other."

"Well, the hyenas turned on themselves at last. Nobody knows whether Robespierre tried to kill himself and missed, or was shot by a soldier. Anyway, they found him with his jaw broken and his teeth shot loose. He spit out his teeth and tried to talk, but couldn't and they wouldn't let him write. No one will ever know what silenced that great gab of his. They took him to the ax on a stretcher; and no doubt Fouquier-Tinville followed him soon after."

He was surprised when Betty sighed.

"Poor Monsieur Laloi!"

"Poor Laloi?"

"All he has to live for now is the hope of killing those two men, and somebody reached them first. It's too bad. Don't tell him or he'll die."

Delacroix laughed savagely and gave her a cuff on the shoulder. Then his hand slid round her smooth back to the opposite shoulder and he squeezed her till she thought her collar bone would crumple. But that is a kind of pain women easily endure.

Betty was eager to question the officer from the French ship concerning the state of France, but Laloi had con-

vinced him of the loyalty of Delacroix and he had consented to let him sail on to France with his cargo of grain. The rowboat was already being hauled up on the davits of its mother ship when Betty reached the deck. And a breeze was changing the sea from slate to satin. A wind came trundling great rollers before it, and the two ships went their separate ways behind their tumultuous horizons.

CHAPTER XIII

BETTY protected Laloï from the truth and encouraged him to take sustenance from his revenge. It was gruesome, listening to the gentle spirit brooding aloud upon the hideous deaths he would make those dead men die, who had destroyed his family with such obscene haste.

Betty wondered if Robespierre and Fouquier-Tinville were not now in hell, wallowing in vats of fire and shrieking to Laloï's gentle sister to bend down from heaven and wet so much as her finger tip and lay it on their brows.

Laloï never ceased to describe how he should enter Paris and force his way to the citadel of the tyrants, and drag them from the very tribune of the Convention, executing them there with his hands, though the rest of the pack tore him to pieces.

This drama kept him busy through the storms and the pleasant gales that sped the ship. He grew strong against his day, hardened his muscles, and finally replaced a sailor who fell from a yard into the sea.

He told Betty, "God sends us good winds so that I may not wait too long for my holy office."

And indeed the voyage was not overlong. It took only forty days from New York to Le Havre. They escaped the prowling privateers and slipped through the English frigates of war that patrolled the coast. They came in while Betty slept, and when she woke it was to see before her solid hills with houses on them. It was comfortably confusing to gaze at hills that were not liquid, elastic, and restless. The river looked a quaint, thin thing, trickling into the harbor.

The tide was high and they sailed right up into the brown stone basins among the black slate houses. When Betty went

ashore the land swam under her feet, as if she were still at sea.

She was fascinated by everything around her, from the rattling wooden shoes of the people and the tall peaked muslin caps with the long lappets on the women's pomaded heads, to the quaintly worded legends on the signs that swung in the edged winter wind. Some of the citizens still wore red cotton liberty caps, though they were out of style and dangerous in Paris since the Terror's end.

Everybody seemed hungry and cold, yet there was a gayety in the general misery; and Betty breathed, in the very air, that vivacity which is France.

She was so much absorbed in staring about and listening to the peculiar language of the natives that she left to Delacroix all the necessary lies required to pass her through the customs.

Suddenly Delacroix seized her with one hand and Laloi with the other and, dragging them together, gasped to Betty:

"You are the wife of Laloi for a while. For there's Marie, my wife!"

Leaving the two of them stupefied, he ran forward with all the meekness of a sailing man ashore to greet a great female with a mustache and a tufted mole or two.

She was one of the new rulers of France, as different as possible from the mellow beauties who had toyed with the royal scepters under the old régime. Madame Marie Delacroix had been an early member of the women's clubs that terrorized the terrorizing men. She had marched with the soldiers and stuffed her hair into a liberty cap. She had helped to strip the monks and force them into the second-hand civilian clothes snatched from the hangers in the Halles. She had invaded the dove cotes of the nuns and howled at them that babies would look better at their breasts than rosaries.

She had yelled with the other harpies for the lives of the princesses who had been dragged before the Tribunal, but she had not been one of those who turned against

Fouquier-Tinville when he permitted Marie Antoinette to be asked that infamous question about her little son.

And now Madame Delacroix had come to Le Havre to meet her husband and learn if his heart were in the right place. She would cheerfully denounce him if it were not. She brought the Terror home to him and he quailed so perfectly before her that Betty felt herself freed of either obligation to him or hope of him.

Laloi was too solemn to laugh. He hastened with the snickering Betty to secure a place in the first coach for Paris. They called a coach a "diligence" over here. Even the horses were foreigners, five shaggy little nags that waited trembling in anticipation of the heavy load and the heavy blows they must bear. In front were three abreast; behind them a pair, and one of these bestridden by a postilion in huge jack-boots, a tight jacket, and a greasy red liberty cap.

Laloi tried to find Betty a seat in the inside of the monstrous wagon, for here there were six chairs and warm leather walls, and great pouches in which the passengers might carry their snuff, their nightcaps, handkerchiefs, and anything else—they had carried bread there in the good old times when there was bread in France. A net hung from the roof and was convenient for swords, hats, parcels.

But the interior of the diligence was packed, and the hooded cabriolet in front already held four of the three it was supposed to hold. There were four passengers already crammed into the *rotonde* at the back. So Betty and Laloi must climb to the *impériale* on the roof. They would have what view there was, and all the icy air.

As the *conducteur* was pointing them to their eyrie, Betty felt her hand seized and a bundle of papers thrust into her palm. Instinctively she accepted the gift first, then turned to see who made it.

Delacroix stood close to her, pretending to be looking for some one else. Without glancing in Betty's direction, he mumbled:

"I forgot to give you any money. If Marie, my wife, sees us together, she'll murder both of us. If I don't find

you in Paris, come back here in thirty days and I'll take you to America on my ship. Good-by."

Then he advanced frankly to Laloi and made a hasty speech to him. As he talked, Madame Delacroix hove in sight, looking as fierce as the privateer they had encountered in the calm.

Delacroix presented Laloi to her with nervous enthusiasm and ignored Betty completely. She stood gripping the money and smiling contemptuously at the back of this Goliath who was afraid of his wife.

Betty smiled at the wealth in her palm, but she would soon learn that its bulk was greater than its value, for it was made up of the *assignats* which the revolutionists were printing in vast quantities, playing the ancient game of keeping money up and prices down by law. And, as usual, in spite of all that the jail and the guillotine could do for political economy, the money fell and the prices rose.

Laloi helped Betty to mount to the roof, whence she gazed down in lofty scorn at the big Delacroix heeling his truculent wife.

When he felt brave enough to turn and wave her a surreptitious farewell, she was so weary of him that she let Laloi answer it for her.

The postilion shattered the air with his whip, the horses plunged, the diligence lurched like a grounded schooner sliding off a rock. They were on their way to Paris.

Down the stone-paved streets the horses charged, scattering the beggars, the wounded soldiers, the shivering citizens. Betty was cold, but her lips laughed, though her teeth rattled.

She was riding again, and riding high! She imagined this to be her own private coach. She was young and free and on the noble road to Rouen.

She looked haughtily down at everything except a regiment of soldiers plodding through the snow. Most of them were barefoot, and there was blood along their path, as there had been at Valley Forge, where her stepfather had frozen his bleeding feet as a sentinel.

The soldiers' legs had hardly more covering than their ankles, for most of them were draped from the middle in straw, bound about them with bits of rope. It looked as if all the scarecrows in the world had been blown together. But a gale of fury carried them along and they were scarecrows indeed to the hostile armies they overthrew on every side.

After a moment of pity for the poor winter-wrung heroes, Betty's thoughts went back to her own affairs. She did not hear what Laloi was saying to her or to the passenger at his other elbow, until one fatal name caught her attention. Laloi was asking:

"But Robespierre—tell me of Robespierre."

The stranger laughed. "That was the grand day when I saw him and his brother and the others rolling about in the tumbril on the way to the national razor! Their bandages were bloody and their clothes filthy. They did not go like the dainty *émigrés* with their chins held high. They rolled about like slaughtered swine."

Laloi stared across the bleak fields and groaned again and again.

"Robespierre escaped me!"

Then a little bitter smile tormented his pale mouth. "But he did not sleep on the way."

Suddenly he woke from his dark reverie to demand:

"And Fouquier-Tinville? He is gone, too?"

"No, not yet; the last I heard of him he was still in prison, waiting trial."

"Then I have something to go to Paris for." And Laloi's head nodded hopefully.

Betty's mind recurred to its own musings.

She was thinking of Madame Delacroix, the burly, the hairy, the brutal; thinking of her with envy. The exquisite, the young, adorable Betty envied the old grenadier; not, alas! because she longed for the holy sanction of the name of "wife," but because she wanted the mystic power it seemed to give a woman over a man.

She had seen Delacroix, who was afraid of no other

human being and of none of the elements, cringe at the very sight of a wife. She resolved to be one, just for the dominion of the word.

She had never heard of the Wife of Bath who said:

“Deceite, weeping, spinning God hath given
To women kindly while that they may liven.”

Betty did not care for spinning and she was poor at weeping. But the remaining method of gaining a livelihood was to her liking.

The next step was to find a victim worth her while. He ought to be a Frenchman. France was the woman's paradise.

CHAPTER XIV

THE long voyage in the crow's nest of the diligence was a chain of wonders to Betty. Her heart beat so fast that it drove the winter chill from her ruddy cheeks.

The first marvel was the solidity of the ancient roads. The very barns and cowsheds were venerable. The little stony towns that walled the street close in multiplied the music of the horses' shoes; the humblest, plainest, most frozen things in France were a delight to her gleaming eyes.

The lofty cathedral that overawed Rouen, the winding pathway of the Seine, and finally the walls of Paris and behind them the home of all splendor and all terror—here she was, come all alone in the greedy eagerness of her nineteen years to conquer France.

Miss Capet had come back to her ancestral domain, behind five galloping chargers. She soon found that the name Capet was a good one to forget, but she did not lose the zest of her crusade. Paris did not know when she came, did not know when she went. She made no impress on its agonies. But she did not mind that. Whether it were aware of her or not, the town was hers. It was her playground of sensations, and it was her teacher of many things. In a sense she made it work for her, though it knew her not.

Betty was never a writer. She kept no diaries and would have been content to leave her doings unrecorded. They were but the humming bird's stabs for nectar as it stands in air before the richest flowers, then is instantly elsewhere, silent, exquisite, enraptured, all but unobserved.

There was nothing that Betty did in France to get her name in the papers or in the minutest chronicles. But then there is not much chronicle of the months she spent there.

For she arrived when the nation hung in the doldrums between the collapse of the Terror and the rise of the Directory culminating in the sudden explosion of Napoleon.

Even the lengthiest historians skim across this period in a paragraph or two. Fouquier-Tinville's magnificent record of a thousand heads chopped off in a month fell to a dull total of forty-six in four months.

Napoleon had not yet come up to Paris, and was indeed so obscure that old General Junot wrote to his son: "Who is this Bonaparte? Where has he served? Nobody ever heard of him!"

His family, who would soon be all kings and queens and princesses, were now living in such misery that they shared a mattress in common and were glad of a pot to boil vegetables in when they had the vegetables to boil. If Betty had been invited to dine with the Bonapartes and had joined them as they sat round that pot, dipping into it from all sides, she would have felt that she had slipped back into her old Providence poverty.

The fall of Robespierre, with whom he was entangled, threw Napoleon into jail and he would have lost his little head if the guillotine had not forgotten its monotonous clop-clop. It was not hard for young Junot to get him released, but when Napoleon joined the expedition to rescue his native Corsica from the British, the project was a dismal failure.

Napoleon had never heard of Josephine de Beauharnais, nor she of him. He had not even fallen in love with the soap boiler's daughter, nor tried to marry the old theatrical manager, Mademoiselle Montansier.

Betty, of course, did not hear of him till long after. But she heard of Josephine, who was one of the wild group of gamblers at the home of Barras, the real ruler of Paris for the nonce. Josephine, whose real name was Joseph, was looking for a husband, never dreaming that she would find one in the little runt from Corsica, who was fully five years younger and five inches shorter, and no end poorer than she.

But Josephine was seeking for a mate in the ancient modes

of allurements that had gone out of style in France for a few years and then come back to stay. She was going about in transparent draperies with emerald rings on toes Grecianly bare.

At the outset of the Revolution the women of France had grown suddenly deadly serious. They cast aside for a time the immemorial weapons they had used with unequalled skill—the tyranny of withheld caresses; the brutality of frailty; the resistless drip-drip-drip of tears; the now-you-see-me-and-now-you-don't of fashion; the whole box of weak, saintly, swooning, lascivious tricks.

For four years the women were male. They fought with the troops, invaded the assemblies, talked politics, held *salons*, sat in assemblies, demanded equality in divorce, in property, in voting power. They formed clubs with and without men, "*sociétés des deux sexes*," "*patriotes de l'un et de l'autre sexe, de tout âge et de tout état*"; clubs for old women only, for girls, for children, for servants, for ladies, for divorced women, for the "friends of truth."

Women were "membresses" of the men's clubs and orators everywhere. The fierce Théroigne de Méricourt harangued the Jacobins, and once when she was insulted jumped across the barrier and had to be thrown out with force. The men began to fear that their wives would get out of hand with their demands for equal suffrage.

The cleverer, quieter women began to protest, to petition for the closing of the noisier circles, since the sly saints saw that they would soon have to work for their livings instead of posing for them. Suddenly all of the women's clubs were suppressed by Robespierre. Yet a little while and he was suppressed; and then all the men's clubs were closed, too. But the men's clubs reopened, while the women gave up the struggle and left it for other nations to secure the equality and the suffrage they dreamed of briefly and forgot.

The fiercest of the priestesses of woman's freedom was Olympe de Gouges, who so aroused the hate of Robespierre

that he had her noble head chopped off. She died womanly; her last request was for a mirror.

And that seemed to remind the whole womanhood of France suddenly to ask for a mirror. Once more the looking-glass became the feminine well of truth, wisdom, power.

If Betty had arrived a few months earlier and gone home a few months sooner, she might have been the first of the American martyrs in the cause of woman's rights.

But now she saw about her the ancient devices of her sex in full sway.

Once more the femaledom of France was absorbed in the quaint and ancient game of setting traps for men by the disclosure of portions of their skins, by curious arrangements of their hair, their limbs, their draperies. They found once more success of a sort in dragging men down and pretending that the men had overthrown them; in conquest by apparent surrender. They chose to earn their money by playing the beggar, not in rags and malformation, but in jewels and perfection. When they could not blush from within, they laid on the crimson from without. When youth slipped from them, they filled their wrinkles with chalk and painted their mouths scarlet.

The men, too, returned to the primeval sport. Dandies reappeared. Old gentlemen put adhesive tape under their wigs to draw their wrinkles taut. The *émigrés* poured back across the borders. The "gilded youth" became the rage. Delicate manners of speech drove out the words of blood and war. The letter "r" was dismissed from the alphabet. The fashionable byword was "*parole d'honneur*;" only they called it "*pa'ole d'honneu'*." A pretty woman whom one might love to death was "*femme cha'mante à fai'e mou'i' d'amou'*." Men flaunted their relationship with those who had been beheaded and wore their hair *à la victime*.

Betty's friends and her brains were too humble to guide her into the *salons* of the de Staëls and the other intellectual women. She would not have known what they were talking about.

But the glitter all around her captured her fancy and she imitated the shimmer and the posture and the allure as best she could. Little money was left her from Delacroix's gift after she paid for her lodgings in the third story of an old house on the rue de l'Arbre sec; so she had to go to work.

France was almost as strange to Laloï as it was to Betty. He had left it when King Louis the Locksmith was hardly so much the prisoner as the pet of the mob. He came back to find that the king, the queen, princes, princesses, priests, and all the nobility had lost their heads or saved them by flight. The early patriots had been slaughtered by the later patriots and tens of thousands crowded the dungeons, though the Bastille, when it fell, held only seven prisoners—the unspeakable de Sade, four forgers, and two maniacs.

In the place of the old aristocracy was a new, made up of adventurers, murderers, and speculators. Barras ruled France and Tallien's wife was his mistress. This Spanish beauty had spent an anxious time in jail and Robespierre wanted her head. But Tallien loved her so that he dared to stand up, dagger in hand, and denounce Robespierre. To everybody's amazement, it was Robespierre that was ruined. Tallien married the goddess he had loved so wildly. But matrimony somehow ended the romance. Perhaps he felt that he had done enough for her. Perhaps his love chilled because, after all, he was not democratic enough to enjoy sharing all his wife's beauty with the public.

She paraded the streets in dresses of gauze over pantaloons of flesh color. She spent twelve thousand livres or twenty-four hundred dollars for one almost invisible robe, though the poor froze and thousands of ragged women languished in line for hours, waiting for the half portions of bread, and thousands starved to death.

Meanwhile the gambling at the palace of Barras was wilder than at the tables where Marie Antoinette had unwittingly staked her head. All night Josephine and

the others played at vingt-et-un, at faro, bouillotte, and a game of dice called *creps*.

Poor Laloi's days were spent in asking for old friends, only to find that they had been carried away from the guillotine in the long basket, or had fled to other countries, or perished in the armies.

He could not even find his enemy.

Fouquier-Tinville was inaccessible behind great walls. They had jailed him first to save him from the mob, then changed his jail to save him from his fellow prisoners. His children had disowned him; his mother left her life-long home and hid from the disgrace of his name. Only his wife remembered him and kept him somehow in food and wine and clothes.

There was no way for Laloi to reach him even to denounce him, and it seemed that his trial never would be called. Laloi was so poor and so morose that Betty abandoned him and sought more profitable society.

CHAPTER XV

IT was not hard to find companions. There were French soldiers and sailors and numberless officers on leave and eager to find beauty for rent. There were beardless colonels and major-generals of twenty-four or twenty-five. Some of these had risen from the dregs in the complete overturn of society. There were rich swaggerers of high rank and wealth who had not had time to learn to spell, but had money to squander.

But Betty preferred her fellow countrymen. She could understand their language and they, too, had money. Paris was full of them, and the French, weary of hatred, forgot that the United States had recently declared war and had treated Citizen Genêt as an enemy. Americans had free passage through the streets now and the American flag was draped with the French colors above the chair of the president of the Convention.

The American minister would have been Aaron Burr if Washington had not disliked and distrusted him so intensely that he refused to appoint him in the face of three delegations from Congress. Once more Burr was thwarted in a worthy ambition, denied an honorable avenue for his genius—and deflected for a long while from his acquaintance with Betty. Mr. James Monroe was sent over in his stead.

Betty fell in with two young gentlemen from New York who kept an English chariot left behind by a fugitive. It was one of the few private vehicles in Paris, and Betty reveled in the glory of it. She paid her fare by her pretty complaisances and her childlike delight in the sights they went about to see. They lived at the Maison de la

Grande Batelière and had plenty of leisure, since they were waiting to collect money for cargoes bought by the government.

They whiled away dull hours with the gambling games in vogue at the home of Barras. Betty could not gain admission there, but she learned to gamble. The young men were her bankers, and paid their losses in livres while she paid hers in kisses. And since her lips were apt at that coinage and she grew miserly as she grew rich, she began to find herself a woman of independent means. But she did not abate her industry.

She laid out heavy sums for her wardrobe and cast aside her New York finery as flummery out of date. She went abroad in transparencies that would have got her whipped in Providence. She bought jewels cannily, and costly sandals and cothurnuses. But then beauty was her business and fine raiment her stock in trade.

She studied the affectations of the Citoyenne Tallien and the Veuve Beauharnais and the Grecian elegance of Récamier, and watched her speech so that she could say "pa'ole d'honneu'" and "pa' ma foi!" with the best of them.

The famine did not trouble Betty. She had been used to scanty food and she had not been brought up on bread like the French. The restriction of a pound a day, which was almost starvation here, was more than a feast to her. Meat and poultry were in great abundance and Betty's young gentlemen were in funds.

Eighteen theaters were open and the ballets at the Opéra enchanted her, though the dancing and the undressing startled the Americans.

The churches were open, too, and it was again permissible for anyone to worship as he pleased, though the effort to suppress Catholicism had cost the nation three hundred thousand lives in the Vendée alone, and priests had been massacred in droves.

But Betty went to the Presbyterian church, which Robespierre had closed for nearly a year. She heard American

talked there and could be as pious during a sermon as she could be pagan at a ball.

The streets swarmed with soldiers. There were twenty thousand keeping the peace in Paris, and regiments of national troops were forever coming and going to and from the wars that foamed along the whole frontier.

So fascinating was the eternal parade before her eyes of a strange people in strange moods in strange scenes, that Betty had almost forgotten her Captain Delacroix and her debt to him for all this experience.

One afternoon when there was a savor of spring in the air, and her young men were engaged in besieging the Committee of Safety, she rode about in her chariot, draping herself elegantly upon the seat and looking down at the crowds.

She was suddenly caught in an army of sullen women marching as of old against the Convention to break in the doors, swarm the benches, and protest against the reduction of the bread ration to a quarter of a pound a day.

In spite of all her efforts at mimicry of the manner of Tallien and Madame de Beauharnais, the Amazons recognized her as an American and let her live. Old women and young, fat and lean, strode by, commenting on her in slang she could not understand, though she had reason to guess that not all of it was decent.

The tide had passed and she was about to order her coachman to follow, when she heard a roar and saw a man grasp her horse by the bit.

Betty leaned out to see who had checked her queenly progress and stared into the wrathful eyes of Delacroix.

"What are you doing in a chariot?" he stormed. "How do you come by it, you——"

"*Prends garde, mon cher*, or Marie your wife, will hear you!" she answered with an impudence that surprised her almost as much as him. He looked around with automatic timidity before he could check himself.

He was infuriated by his own poltroonery even more

than by her wild laughter. But she no longer feared him since she had learned that he also had his fear.

"Get in and I'll give you a ride," she said, and he surprised himself again by obeying. She called to the driver in practiced French and told him to turn out of the crowd and drive along the Seine to the Pont-Neuf.

Delacroix tried to redeem himself by bluster, but his prestige was lost forever.

"You've gone to the bad, I see."

"No," she laughed, "I'm all to the good."

"Where did you get the price for this turnout?"

"Have you forgotten all that paper money you gave me? It pays for this carriage and for my palace at Versailles."

"Where's Laloï?"

"Where's Marie, your wife?"

"She has a lung fever."

"It couldn't be from yelling at you, because you need only a look."

He gave her a fierce one of his own that would have chilled her blood a few months back. But now she was not at sea. He was a sailor ashore and she was a lady in a carriage. And there was something about being in a carriage that transformed this girl, made a very queen of her. Delacroix felt called upon to excuse himself.

"I've been all this time trying to collect money due me for my cargo from the Comité du Salut Public. As soon as I get it I'll be ready to take you back to America."

"Ain't you—aren't you—*comme vous êtes gentil!*"

"You haven't told me what became of Laloï, or how you came to get this chariot?"

"Oh, he's just waiting for Fouquier-Tinville to be brought to trial. I see him now and then."

"And the chariot——"

"Yes, isn't it nice?"

"Who pays for it?"

"I won it playing cards with Citoyenne Tallien and the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais."

He cursed her as he had cursed his sailors, and his hands twitched to beat her. She laughed deliciously.

"Don't you wish you had a rope-end in your hand? How'd you like to tie me to a mast and flog me?"

"I'd love it! It would do you good."

"When I'm on your ship you can try it. You're in my schooner now, and I must ask you to jump overboard. I must not keep Josephine waiting," and she called to the driver: "*Georges, arrêtez-vous! Monsieur veut descendre.*"

She took Delacroix by the hand and, under pretext of shaking it, deftly pushed him to the curb, and left him glaring as she sang out: "*Au 'voi,' mon capitaine. A bientôt!*"

He was suffocated with wrath and, hiring a loitering public hack, followed her, saw her get down at her shabby address in the Street of the Dead Tree. She saved money for her public appearances by spending little on her retreat.

He felt better when he watched her climb the rickety stairs three flights to the lofty lowliness of her abode. He did not follow, but made a note of the route to the obscure place, and drove off, vowing that he would forget her.

But there is no surer way of remembering than trying to forget.

CHAPTER XVI

ONE morning Betty, on her way to the bakery for her little loaf of daily bread, encountered Laloi. He was chuckling, rubbing his hands. This was so remarkable that she guessed the cause at once.

"Fouquier-Tinville! His trial has been announced?"

"How you find that out?"

"You are smiling."

"You have right. The trial begins. Come with me so that I make sure of him if the lazy law lets him escape."

"As soon as I've collected my bit of bread I'm with you."

She was a little fatigued with the gayety of Paris and there would be a thrill in watching the best-hated man in France fighting against his own favorite medicine, the guillotine.

Laloi went with her to the bakery and stood with her the necessary hours in the mob of women gaunt and cold.

They wondered at Betty's splendor and the warmth of her well-fed youth, but they were too used to misery to resent her.

She was touched by the bony children with the hungry eyes. She amazed Laloi by sighing that she longed to adopt them all. He had not suspected the mother in her soul.

She was saved from the temptation by the multitude of little tempters and took none of them home with her. But when at last she received her packet of bread and had paid for it, she broke it in two and gave it to a *gamin* and a *gamine* who had had no practice in saying "Thank you!"

But they attacked the bread like the cubs of a wolf, and the look in their wild black eyes, the voracity of their little teeth, were gratitude enough for Betty.

And Laloi sealed it with a kiss on the back of her hand and a pretty speech:

"I thank you in the name of the people. And now to see the people eat that execrable Fouquier!"

Everybody was talking of Fouquier to-day. The streets resounded with his name. It was not whispered, as once, with anxiety. It was not praised aloud, as once, for the sake of the listeners. The fashion had changed and the voice of the street was all for revenge upon this Herod who had slain the innocents. Yet only a year ago and he had been hailed as the useful scavenger who wrought for the public health!

Betty and Laloi made haste to the Quai de l'Horloge, where the Palace of Justice aligned its crazy roofs and its towers like thick candles topped with snuffers.

The card of admission Laloi had secured enabled them to get in, but he could find no seat for Betty, which distressed him acutely.

Betty strove in vain by straining on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of Fouquier. The crowd hid him, but she was thrilled to the marrow by the occasion.

A new president was enthroned, the gentle-eyed, white-haired Liger de Verdigny. A new jury filled the benches and new prosecutors stood where Fouquier had launched his thunderbolts. Somewhere behind the wall of the spectators, in the place where the hopeless accused had waited briefly for the scant formalities of their assured doom, Fouquier and the twenty-three members of the old Tribunal, judges and jurors, sat and waited for the law to have done with them. They had taught the law not to delay; they had dispensed with the stupid business of witnesses, examinations, cross-examinations, rebuttals, and surrebuttals. They might well have wished that their procedure had been retained, for the fate of most of them was sealed and delay only increased the public wrath.

Betty listened impatiently to the droning ceremonies in a language she could not understand. Suddenly Fouquier's voice rang out as he leaped to his feet to protest that he

was not to blame for what he had done. Betty could see his pasty face when he stood up to remind the world that the dead Robespierre was to blame for the law of the 22d Prairial. Wasn't Fouquier compelled to enforce the law as he received it? The rest of the accused began to clamor in chorus, that they had wanted to resign, but had not dared.

President Liger hushed them all. But Fouquier was soon on his feet again, fencing for his life with his fierce voice. Once more he was the accuser, always the *accusateur-général*. Now that he had no prisoners to arraign, he denounced the tribunal, the treacherous Republic.

He frightened Betty by his shrill invective, though she caught little of it. He had the genius of wrath. Eight months in prison had made him lean as famine and wan as death. He was no shrinking culprit shivering before the evidence of his guilt; he was the innocent, the faithful patriot about to be murdered for the fidelity of his stewardship.

Expecting a brief and fatal trial, he had already written to his wife, the letters of a martyr to the world's disloyalty.

That which was a virtue six months or a year ago is to-day an unpardonable crime. . . . All these frightful cries and odious names: "execrable conspirator," "tiger engorged with blood," though they have no basis in fact, are the prelude of my doom. It is the trick of the liberticides to destroy me more surely.

My conscience tells me I do not merit this. If the jurors were honest men, as they are not, my innocence would triumph. . . . I shall die for serving my country too zealously and for conforming to the orders of the government with clean hands and heart.

But, my darling, what will become of you and my poor children? You will be left to the horrors of the most frightful poverty, which will be at least a proof that I have served my country with the disinterestedness of a true patriot. But what will become of you and of them? . . .

If I have one ray of satisfaction it is that you believe me

innocent. At least this trust gives me the hope that you will not fail to teach our children that their father perished unfortunate but innocent, and that he always had your confidence and your esteem.

Forget the little quarrels we had; they were the fault of my restlessness; my heart has never ceased to cling to you. . . . With tears in my eyes and my heart choking, I bid you good-by for the last time. I kiss you. I kiss you a thousand times. Good-by, good-by.—Your faithful husband to the final breath.

The people did not know that he wrote such love letters, or believed such belief. The people forgot that less than a year ago they were themselves as bloodthirsty as he and equally furious against the citizens he sent to the ax.

But since he had closed his butcher shop they had suffered a change of heart. The prisons had opened to let out those whom a sudden shift of the political wind had saved from death, while the ex-prosecutor had gone from prison to prison, from the dungeon once known as "Fouquier's Storage Warehouse" to the jail where he had kept the young women whose execution had been postponed because of their pregnancy.

Fouquier had regarded them with suspicion and had taken care that as soon as they were "delivered" they should be packed off to the guillotine.

And then it was his turn to lie in the dark while new officials searched his home, broke the seals, and rifled all his possessions, in spite of his protests at the illegality of the procedure.

They brought out memorials of the dead, of women, priests, soldiers, aristocrats, peasants—memorials that cried aloud like Abel's blood from the soil; a knife and a seal ring tied together with a garter; a packet of letters fastened with a ribbon of hair; a portrait of a woman and a baby; a censer chain; a chalice; a silver Christ; snuff-boxes; handkerchiefs—little souvenirs left by the dead to be sent to their dear ones, but never delivered.

These petty things were more damning than words of accusation. They wrung the heart of the people unendurably,

for everybody understood the love we bear for the little things that dead hands have touched; trinkets and knick-knacks the more pitiful for their unimportance.

Fouquier stood for the embodied sins of the public. He must die. But he must not be lynched. He must have all the attention the law could give him.

At half past three in the afternoon the court adjourned until the next morning. Betty and Laloi went out into the keen sunshine. Betty was impatient of the law's delay; she had read only the first page of a serial and her curiosity was already on fire.

The next morning she was awake and dressed so early that Laloi found her in front of her door by eight o'clock. They were seated in the court room before the crowd and were ready for the opening at nine. The procession of witnesses began with the jailers, who told how the prisoners came and went; the spies followed, who had been locked in with the prisoners to eavesdrop upon them and who saved their own skins by denouncing the suspects. The confusion and the confessions of these loathsome animals made the court and the spectators shudder at the ugly business done in the name of justice.

Fouquier sat and made notes, broke in with clever questions, with angry protests, his shrill high voice nagging and irritating.

In whispers Laloi translated what Betty could not grasp. On the way home after the sessions he explained at greater lengths; he told her how the people of France had borne the tyranny, the scorn, the exactions of the nobility and the churchmen who paid no taxes; how the poor had paid all the taxes, had dropped dead of starvation in the very wheat fields, had perished for lack of the very flour that powdered the wigs of the dandies; and when at last the frantic victims rose and seized the government, the other nations of Europe gathered at the borders to force them back into slavery. Naturally the citizens were maddened with suspicion of the aristocrats who had fled and of those who remained among them, and of the friends of the aristo-

crats who were feared as spies and who would denounce the patriots if the emigrants returned. The only safety had seemed to be destruction, destruction. If the French had been cruel, it was from fear of ancient cruelties. But now remorse had set in. The republic was aghast at its work. It threw its own guilt on its agents.

For six days the witnesses against Fouquier followed one another. Then Liger asked the jury if it had made up its mind. The answer was, No! Only twenty-four witnesses had been called, and nearly four hundred remained.

One day a witness submitted this letter, which he had been asked to deliver to Fouquier:

Man of blood, cutthroat, abominable man, infamous cannibal, monster, villain, vile and foul assassin, you have destroyed my family, you will send to the scaffold those who will appear to-day before your tribunal; well, you can subject me to the same fate, for I tell you that I share their opinions and their sentiments.

LE COMTE DE FLEURY.

The witness told how Fouquier read this desperate defiance, called it "a little love letter," and said, "This gentleman seems to be in a hurry. I will send for him." Forty-nine suspects were already before the court. The Comte de Fleury was hastily brought in and sent to the guillotine that very afternoon with the others, as an accomplice in the assassination of Robespierre.

Fouquier had pretended to blame Robespierre for his own misdeeds. Yet here was a man he killed for opposing Robespierre!

Then an usher of the Tribunal told how a marquise who had been accused asked that some one be sent to her house for a letter that would prove her innocence. The judges consented and this usher was dispatched for the letter. He found it and, hurrying back, passed the guillotine only to learn that the head of the marquise was already in the basket.

The audience blanched with horror.

Fouquier cried, "I demand the documents."

They were produced. They proved the innocence of the marquise. Fouquier protested:

"If you attack the court's procedure, I am not answerable!" But the president answered: "Your haste was in itself a crime."

Still he protested that the laws of the day were to blame, and the judge replied:

"Severe as the laws may have been, you ought not to have added to their cruelty. You should rather have laid your own head on the block."

The audience cried out, "Bravo!" Fouquier howled back: "You are making me responsible for the verdicts of the court."

That was his eternal plea. Lawyer that he was, he pleaded the law, the law, the law.

Now he was ferocious, now he was gentle, now he was desperate. "It will soon be over. We must be condemned. Go on, condemn us!"

The witnesses filed past, each unloading his grisly burden, a tale of innumerable corpses of men butchered in mad haste like cattle driven to slaughter and with no more thought.

Suddenly Betty's arm was gripped by Laloi till his nails sank into her flesh. A witness was telling of a suspect he had seen called forward—the Marquis de Chabrillan. This was the friend of Laloi's dead sister. The witness told briefly how Fouquier had demanded of de Chabrillan, "Are you a nobleman?"

The Marquis had answered with a little smile: "Well, the title was handed down to me. I did not choose it. I gave it up." Fouquier simply snapped, "Next case!" And that was all the trial the marquis had. His head was lopped that afternoon.

Betty's heart ran away like a frightened animal. All the other horrors had been vague. This came home to her. Laloi sat by her side and groaned. She put her

arm about him. Yet her eyes were filled with the imagined marquis who smiled, who was dead. Her fancy made him very beautiful. No wonder Violette Laloi had loved him.

Another witness told of a business man in the dock. Fouquier snarled at him, "Were you the agent of the ex-Princess of Marsan whose children emigrated?" The wretch replied, "No. I had charge of the affairs of a Madame Morsan, but she had no children." He died the same day.

An old curé was asked, "Did you visit Countess So-and So?" Her name was mentioned. He said: "I have had to visit all sorts of people. I visited especially the rich because I was begging alms for the poor." "An aristocratic evasion," was all that Fouquier said. And the curé died the same day.

The ex-judges and jurors were dazed by the spectacle of their own haste, their ignorance. They had sentenced to death two thousand six hundred suspects and could not even remember the details.

A woman in black told of her arrest; her sixteen year old boy had accompanied her to prison. He had not even been arrested, yet he was tried and beheaded. Fouquier gave her the lie and searched madly through his papers to find disproof of such ruthless murder. The mother handed up to the court the slip the police gave her when they turned over to her her boy's body.

A young man of twenty-two told how his white-haired father had calmly answered the call of his boy's name and been executed in his stead.

A witness mentioned a deaf old man named Laloi and his young granddaughter.

This name went like a saw through the heart of Betty, and she felt Laloi shiver at her side. As the story went on of the old man's drowsy inattention to his own doom and the granddaughter's meek acceptance of hers, Laloi's grief was drowned in the sobs of the court and all the audience.

Laloi rose to his feet to cry imprecations upon the

ashen, cringing Fouquier, but his knees gave way and he sank back, resting his head on Betty's shoulder and drenching her breast with his tears.

Fouquier's only comment was:

"I am a little fatigued. I have a bad cold."

The court rose and excused him for the day, him who had condemned paralytics brought before him in litters, and wretches so ill that they had not been able to open their eyes or their lips!

Betty helped Laloï down the steps and went with him to his rooms. His shudders of grief turned into the shudders of an ague. Fever scorched him and chills froze him.

She put him to bed, undressed him, fetched a doctor for him, paid for his medicines out of her own purse, and nursed him for days and nights.

When at last he was well enough to spare her for a while, she hastened to her lodgings. She found there a note from her young American friends:

BETTY DARLING: We looked for you in vain. We have finished our business in Paris and leave for the frontier at once to take a ship. We were going to make you a present of the chariot, but could not find you; so we sold it. We were tempted to leave you some money, but feared that it might never reach you, so we shall have to spend it ourselves. We shall never forget your blue blond beauty. You made Paris more Paris for us. If ever you come to Boston, look us up. Blessings on your golden head!

HARRY AND QUINCY.

This was irony indeed! Her Samaritan devotion to her friend in need had been rewarded with the loss of a fortune. If she had only neglected Laloï or ignored him she would have had a carriage of her own! Ah well; it all went to prove that soft heart and soft head never won fat purse!

CHAPTER XVII

WHILE Laloï's fever carried him through screaming deliriums, the citizens of Paris were tortured by fantastically cruel pictures of the murders committed in the name of the Republic. It was the 1st of May before the last of the four hundred witnesses had told his story. The prison spies had been taken from the line of witnesses and put on the benches of the accused.

Laloï was too weak to go to court, so Betty went alone.

The final speeches began. While Cambon denounced Fouquier the ex-accusateur-général pretended to sleep. At eight in the evening he woke and rose to defend himself. He raged for two hours, and then the court adjourned till the next morning, when he began again and harangued the jury for four hours more—he who had not permitted the prisoners to speak at all. He kept insisting on a truth that had lost its meaning:

“It is not I who ought to be brought here, but the chiefs whose orders I executed. I never acted except by virtue of the laws passed by a Convention with full power to pass laws.”

His lawyer repeated the same argument.

The theme was so harped upon that even Betty understood it without an interpreter. She interpreted its meaning for herself. It influenced her whole future attitude toward life.

She had spent her youth in fear of the law and in awe of the judges. She had cowered before them and felt that, however they hampered her freedom, however cruel they were, they represented justice.

But now she learned to scorn the law and to realize how little it has to do with justice. She had heard men demand

that the law of the land must be revered; that justice was upheld only when the law was administered swiftly and sharply.

Yet Fouquier, who had obeyed the law as it was given him by the legal makers of the law, was now, for that very reason, an odious fiend whom all men abhorred. The law itself had been changed.

Suddenly Betty felt that all these attacks upon the law's delay were unjustified. The delay of the law was the people's safeguard, as the disobedience of the law was often the highest duty of the citizen.

Fouquier had received the benefit of leisurely justice. He and his codefendants were within an ace of being acquitted. Fifteen were actually found not guilty, but for the other sixteen the judges yielded to the popular hatred and after seventeen hours of deliberation found them guilty of "evil intentions!"

Fouquier's comment on the verdict was this:

"I have only one word to utter: I demand that you kill me at once and that you show as much courage as I did."

A week later, on the 7th of May, Fouquier and his fellows rode in the tumbrils. Laloï was so weak that he could hardly totter, but he would not be denied this last page in the volume of his emotions.

Betty supported him along streets so crowded that he could hardly have fallen if he had tried. She had never seen an execution before.

All Paris was in a festival mood, far gayer than Providence had been on the great day when Washington visited the town. As the three tumbrils rattled over the cobbles, the terrible judges and jurors in them learned for the first time how the ride had felt to the thousands they had sentenced. It was their turn to sit with hands tied behind them and hair cut short. All the women and men were *insulteurs* and *insulteuses* now, without pay. "Is your conscience still clear?" one cried. Another, "In two minutes you will be out of order!" Others shouted, "Give me back

my brother, my father, my wife, my mother, my sister, my husband, my children."

One young and beautiful woman clung to the tumbril all the way and like a mad thing heaped maledictions on the assassins of her husband.

Fouquier, clammy as a corpse and with bloodshot eyes, answered the famine-stricken rabble with hate for hate, taunting them with their hunger, "You vile dogs, go hunt for bread!"

At last the carts reached the Place de Grève, where the scaffold stood. The windows were alive with heads. People had paid as high as fifty livres for a window. Hundreds of women stared down upon the arena and waited impatiently while the new *accusateur-général* rode into the square in a coach, followed by a strong guard of cavalry which surrounded the platform.

Then came the three tumbrils. As they rounded the corner, the passengers all craned their necks to see the guillotine where the ax waited for them in its lofty nest.

The carts backed up; the prisoners stepped down, some of them almost with gayety, and all looked up at the towering machine and studied it coolly.

The first to be executed was the former Marquis Le Roi, who had had his name changed to August-Tenth (*Dix-Août*). He wanted to speak, but the crowd howled him down and the two executioners seized him. Marie Antoinette, the queen, when she mounted the scaffold, had trodden on an executioner's toe by accident and murmured, "I beg your pardon!" But August-Tenth cursed and fought.

They stood him up, tipped him over, and sliced his throat in a flash. One lifted his gore-streaming head, the other flung his body into the long basket.

The ax went up and came down when the next head was in place.

Fouquier watched fifteen heads snipped. He saw one basket, filled with the corpses of his colleagues, hauled away and replaced with another. It was a supreme test of his mettle, but he stood it magnificently—as had thou-

sands of other men, as had old ladies, and young lads, and little girls.

His time came. He stepped up. He called out briefly words that were drowned in the uproar. Then his head went over and thumped the copper basket as the triangle of bright steel shot into its socket.

The throng demanded a last view of him, and one of the executioners thrust a red arm into the loathsome basket, pursued that rolling, once terrible head among the others, seized it by the hair, plucked it forth, and hoisted it dripping scarlet. Fouquier looked for the last time on Paris. He still sneered at the ungrateful ones who had destroyed their savior.

The people applauded, and then broke joyously homeward, while the executioners lingered to wash down the reeking machine. The sixteen heads had been severed in fourteen minutes.

Betty stood paralyzed. She was amazed at herself, more than at the incredible spectacle; for she realized that she had been less and less horrified as each head fell.

She shook Laloï, who stood as one who had died but did not fall. He stared at her, then nodded, sighed a little, and remembered his weakness.

She supported him home. For most of the way he kept silence, though all the crowds about him were talking still of Fouquier. The voice of a man floated across their shoulders, "And now that monster knows how my poor father felt when they cut his throat!" A woman laughed nervously: "Three days more of him and I'd have seen my own body in the basket!" Once more Betty felt that it was lucky to be able to keep one's head and shoulders together.

When she had helped Laloï to his home he paused on the door sill to say:

"Paris is finish for me. I think I go to America so soon I can."

Betty left him. The word "America" smote her heart suddenly like a hammer beating upon a gong in the night.

Her heart rocked and hummed. Her whole body quivered like a belfry.

Her dull and stupid country suddenly grew wonderfully dear to her—a safe and beautiful realm of peace where hard words broke no bones and heads might wag without falling into a basket. She had no home, but she was mortally homesick.

At her door she found Captain Delacroix waiting. And of all the things he might have said, he chose to say:

“I leave to-morrow for Le Havre. If you’ll pack your things in a hurry, I’ll take you back to America with me on my ship.”

“America!” she gasped, “but——”

CHAPTER XVIII

GETTING out of Paris was the first problem. Betty had not finished with Paris, but she was impatient to give New York a glimpse of her new self. She packed her trunks with zest for a campaign of revenge against the Americans who had ignored her; had dealt her that most intolerable of insults, neglect.

Captain Delacroix was hurried, too; because, as he explained, his wife was temporarily unable to prevent his flight or to accompany it.

Madame Delacroix had been a trifle too terrible at a time when terribleness had gone out of style. She was one of those unwomanly women who are always far ahead of the fashions or far behind. Betty kept just to the fore, in that first froth that runs ahead of the great billow, at the top of its forward-falling arc.

The wife of Captain Delacroix had complained of the idleness of the guillotine. She had been heard to call Fouquier-Tinville "*le pauvr' homme!*" and she was gathered in with the enemies of the new mercy. Her head was in no danger, which was not entirely good news to Delacroix, who would have borne it bravely if they had sent her tongue to the guillotine. He was secretly advised that he might be accused of sharing her opinions and had better escape while he could. This was an irritating irony, as he had never shared her opinions, but he was ready to go, since he had received at last the moneys due him for his cargo.

He sent his wife a letter of mock pathos and fled, rather from her than from France.

Élie Laloi was in funds, too, to his great surprise. Under the Terror his family estate had been confiscated, with the family heads. The repentant government, unable to restore

the heads, gave back the estates. But they were too gloomy with memories to attract Laloi, and he offered them for sale.

One of the patriots who had come up from the dregs and grown rich by speculation in grain offered him a handsome price for his property and he took it at once.

The sum was not large enough to support him even in his meek ambitions, so he cast about for a business to embark in. What trade could sustain a heart-broken backward-dreaming man like him? He wandered about, reading sign-boards and conning shop windows. Everything seemed to require an energy and an alertness that were no longer his. But along the walled lane where the Seine river ambled he found bookstalls whose owners stared into the quiet current or gazed nowhere while the wind fluttered yellow pages or idling wanderers lifted old books and mused upon them. The books did all the work. They were their own salesmen and cried their own wares tacitly. The stock was brought to the shop by unfortunate wretches glad to surrender literature for bread. Buying from them was more a charity than a business.

This was the trade of trades for a quiet man. So Laloi resolved that he would become a bookseller in New York. He set about with an unusual zeal to gather up a stock and knew that he had chosen well from the pleasure it gave him to select his merchandise. He purchased mainly the books he wanted to read himself in the lotos leisure of a bookseller. And that is doubtless the best standard of choice a bookseller can adopt; for he who honestly pleases himself is like to find that he best pleases the multitude; while he who truckles to an imaginary taste finds that he has only the snobs to deal with, himself the worst snob of all.

Laloi kept out enough cash to pay his fare to New York. Betty as before, paid hers with the priceless currency of her charm. Her trunks went with her to Le Havre on the diligence, and Laloi's books came lumbering after in slow wagons. They arrived just in time to be hauled aboard before the vessel cleared for America.

The voyage was the usual mixture of divine and infernal weathers, of waves that crooned cradle songs and shrieked murder.

In just the time that Noah's Ark spent upon the waters, Captain Delacroix's ship made her voyage. And as the Deluge subsided and revealed the earth again, so the ocean seemed to evaporate and uncover America.

The old lighthouse at Sandy Hook rose out of the deep, a tiny exclamation point on a vast page. By and by it was a stalk of sparrowgrass, and finally a high tower.

The wind died down as if it would never blow again. Reluctantly Captain Delacroix ordered the anchor overboard. It smote the water with its flukes and the rope ran sawing down and down, then slackened.

Betty went ashore with the captain to feel earth under her feet again. The only inhabitants of this desert headland were the keepers of a public house; the landlord and his weathered spouse, two parched daughters, a slave and his son.

While dinner was making ready, Betty climbed the lighthouse and gazed between its lamps at the world. She breathed deep of the lofty air and filled her lungs with ambition, wondering when she would return across the seas again and what might be waiting for her on this vast continent whose finger tip she stood on. Then she skipped down the long stair and ate with relish of landsman's food.

A breeze began to flicker her curls and the captain bade her hasten. A last toss of the wineglass to her wine-red mouth, and she ran with him to the strand.

The mate on the ship had already hove short and loosened sail. Delacroix was bawling orders before he reached the side and the moment Betty's feet touched the deck the anchor came out of the sea with the floundering splash of a caught porpoise.

In less than a year Betty had had three names and three souls. She was hardly the same girl at all.

In November of 1794 a shoddy, bewildered thing from

Providence had drifted into New York—into New York already famous for its beautiful women beautifully dressed. Abigail Adams had found the London women dowdy in comparison even then. A new wardrobe always gives a woman a new soul, and Betty left New York another person quite; a greedy adventuress, afraid of everything and of nothing.

And now, back up the bay she came, no longer pretty—beautiful now! And learned in life! sophisticated in world-politics, revolutions, crimes, slaughters, cosmic scandals, fashions! She came to provincial New York as a princess visits a colony. Her style and title now was Madame Delacroix, though the name was only assumed. She had not been Mademoiselle Capet really. And yet she was certainly not Betsy Bowen.

Who was she? Who wasn't she?

The afternoon was blown away before they reached New York, lurking mysteriously in a silhouette of charred embers against a revel of twilight scarlet. From a British frigate swinging lazily with all sails furled came the dreamy roll of sunset drums as a flag was brought in like a lassoed bird.

In the care of a gentle wind Delacroix brought his vessel straight to the wharf at the foot of Gouverneur's Lane. Betty hopped to the dock before the ropes were fast, and fell on her face. The sailors had an interesting glimpse of silk stockings below the high-furled skirts, and then a burst of new French profanity that inspired their respect.

Betty had no such presence of mind as William the Conqueror had shown when he embraced the soil he fell on and called it his. She brought up with her only a few splinters and a glorious blush of rage at her mishap.

Captain Delacroix infuriated her by his loud laughter and she would not wait for him to have done with all his business at the Customs. She went with Laloi in a hackney coach to the City Hotel.

The captain had thought it better not to return to the Bull's Head with Betty as Madame Delacroix, and she did

not think it wise to return to her Wall Street lodgings at King's Little Tavern.

The hackney coach rattled off the wharf, raising clouds of dust as it bounced round the corner of Water Street and then into Wall Street past the little inn and the City Hall and on to where Trinity Church reared its vast barricade. The swirl to the right into Broadway narrowly escaped a few belated pigs and a cow to whose frisking tail hung a barefoot lad.

Then they drew up before the biggest building in town, the new City Hotel. A year ago Betty would have been overawed by such a monstrous structure. Now she found it nothing to what she had seen in Paris, for all its five stories of height. Its famous new slate roof was the first in America, but slate roofs were common in France; and novelty was a thing to be despised—in buildings, that is, though not in clothes and hats.

As Delacroix had instructed him, Laloi engaged a handsome room for Captain and Madame Delacroix, and slaves carried Betty's luggage to her quarters. She was fairly installed and at home by the time the captain came in, hungry as a bear.

The sight of Betty's cozy beauty softened him and they had supper together in their room. She was too tired to venture out into Broadway that night and contented herself with gazing down at the crowds and listening once more to a language that she understood without translation.

The next morning, after the captain had gone out to see to the unloading of his cargo and its sale at vendue, Betty made herself ready to dazzle New York. And she did.

As if fate had already made her its darling, whom should she encounter but Lady Stirling, once more in her same old chariot, talking now to a merchant who stood taking her commands. Betty on her previous visit to this city had envied Lady Stirling the stiff brocaded skirts that spilled over the edges of her chariot. But now Betty was slimly garbed in the narrowest of draperies, a faint heliotrope-tinted crêpe that caressed her curves and hung about her

calves and knees as if she were some Grecian nymph floating out of mythology and making the creaking silken armor of the day ridiculous before the sempiternal beauty of the human form. Lady Stirling, being a woman, recognized at once that straitness was the next destiny of women's covering, and that Betty's clothes were the prophecy of the future. Betty was the latest news from the home of women's news, and Lady Stirling twisted her haughty neck to watch her where she went like a sapling moving.

Without knowing just who they were, Betty realized that great ladies were studious of her. Lady Kitty Duer, and "La Marchioness" de Brehan, the Ladies Langdon, the Mayoress, and Mrs. Chancellor Livingston and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, all admired her.

Nobody had noticed her when as Betty Bowen, alias Capet, she had crept along the street. Nobody failed to notice her as Madame Delacroix. A whisper trailed her like the rustle of an invisible train:

"Who is she? Whooo isshe?"—a kind of sneeze politely smothered.

There was an exhilarance about this vague triumph that redeemed in Betty's soul any remorse she might have felt for the false name she bore. But she almost burst into a flame with too much bliss when she saw approaching her Lavinia Ballou, shabbier than ever, homelier than ever, and all lopsided with a big pail of water she was lugging away from a pump to the kitchen where she evidently worked.

Lavinia did not recognize the sumptuous Betty till she was almost upon her. Then she gasped so wildly that the pail spilled water everywhere. Betty wet her little slipper tips and had to cross the puddles, clogging on her high heels and catching the flounced hems of her skirts above her ankles shamelessly.

"Why, Betty Bowen, if it ain't you there ain't no snakes in Virginia!" cried Lavinia, who had picked up the rude language of her class.

"Madame Delacroix, if you please," sniffed Betty over the round of one almost naked shoulder.

“Why, sister! You don’t mean to tell me you’re honestly married to somebody!”

“I don’t mean to tell you anything!” said Betty. “And don’t call me sister, you—” the rest was French, fortunately for Lavinia’s modesty. But the tone was so crushing that she meekly took her pail back to the corner pump and filled it again while the very black wenches mocked her awkwardness. Betty marched on, cursing Lavinia under her breath for dampening her crêpe but really aglow with her success in putting such a distance between her inconvenient relative and herself in less than a twelvemonth.

A little later she must make a sidelong leap to escape a pail of slops flung from a stoop into the gutter that ran alongside the walk carrying the town sewage frankly if not fragrantly.

An even more harrowing adventure waited for her at the next crossing, for an army of several hundred cattle had just been driven up Broadway by noisy herders, and one of them, robbed of her calf, went mad with the torture of not being milked for an unendurable time. Her poor brain declared independence or revenge or something, and, breaking from the drove, she began to plunge, bellowing, through the scattering throng. A bus driver whirled his team aside in time to save his horses, though he turned his passengers into the street through the shattered windows. Lady Stirling’s chariot driver sent his horse on to the walk, knocking down an old applemoan and splintering a wooden fence.

The cow made for Betty’s heliotrope and she ran behind a pump. A boy, squat on its ledge, fell into the trough and splashed Betty well, but she was so glad of the shelter from the cow that she made no outcry.

Silently she watched the beast cleave a winding passage through the traffic. One poor fellow trying to frighten her aside leaped away too late and was gored horribly.

As the cow stood blinded and bewildered by the heavy burden on her horns, a butcher ran from a shop and slashed her throat with a long knife.

A crowd hid the spectacle from Betty's swimming gaze and she went back to the hotel dizzily, more shaken than she had been by what she had seen done to Fouquier-Tinville and his fellows on the scaffold in the Place de Grève.

CHAPTER XIX

A LONELINESS descended upon Betty after a while, when she realized that in suppressing Lavinia she had cut herself off from the only woman in town whose name or face she knew.

And she knew no men, except Captain Delacroix, who was away from the hotel all day, and Laloi, who was seeking a place in Pearl Street for his bookshop.

But that night Delacroix brought Laloi to supper, and afterward the three of them went to the Indian Queen, far out on the Boston Road, where, under the twinkly lights of the gardens, Frenchmen and their vivacious women discoursed above their tea and coffee cups.

Here Laloi hailed many old acquaintances driven out of San Domingo by the fierce, rebellious slaves. They had poured in in all the ships from the southerly waters and the town was crowded with *pensions françaises*, and garrulous with those who talked and thought French.

In the gardens were dusky *mestizo* beauties, creoles like Josephine de Beauharnais, with skins of snowy pallor, hair of jet, and eyes inky with love.

A few old Bourbons dared to wear powdered wigs and knee breeches, but they carried gold-headed canes in self-defense against the revolutionists with their hair bobbed Brutus-fashion, their pantaloons with feet to them, and silk laces instead of silver buckles.

The French were still disputing the town with the British and dividing the very soul of the nation. The cotillons were driving out the English dances. French double-barreled guns and bird-hunting were supplanting the British fishing rods. Soups, salads, ragoûts, fricassees and ices, were reforming the country of which the exiled ex-Bishop Talley-

rand was even then complaining, "I find here thirty-two religions and only one sauce."

Talleyrand had shocked Philadelphia by parading the streets with a pretty negress on his arm. New York was disturbed by the Frenchmen and their half-white West Indians, and yet more by the all-black women who flaunted their white dominoes and their madras turbans at the side of white gentlemen.

Fair-haired Betty, just up from the dregs herself, had no mercy at all upon her darker-hided sisters, many of whom were aristocrats in their own jungles.

But she made friends at once with the white ladies and gentlemen whom Laloï hailed as old friends from Saint Domingue. The men clustered about Laloï and Delacroix as if they were living gazettes from France; and many an old *émigré*, hearing that the Terror was indeed ended, wept to think that he might perhaps live to go home again.

The women almost smothered Betty with compliments and with questions about the styles. But the men were in a turmoil, and after their first toasts to Laloï and Delacroix they fell into a fierce discussion. The word "Jay" was constantly heard and always with wrath.

"And who is this M'sieu' Zheh?" Betty asked the women. They hardly knew except that he was some terrible traitor to America and France. One of them dragged a young man to her side and asked him to explain.

Betty gathered from what he said that Justice Jay had been sent to England to negotiate a treaty over many disputed points. He had remained abroad long enough to sell his people to England. He had kissed the hand of the queen, and his lips should have been "blistered to the bone." When he came back, Washington kept the perfidious treaty from the public—and with good reason, for it was an outrageous surrender of every American right and dignity.

A fortnight ago a copy of the treaty had reached New York, and the people had gone mad with rage. Once more Washington was the target of abuse. He shared with Jay the horror of the people. Washington was another Benedict

Arnold, an English hireling. There was good reason to believe that he had stolen money from the Treasury for his own use. The guillotine should be his fate. Guillotines were indeed set up and effigies of Jay had their stuffed heads cut off. Other straw Jays were hanged or burned all over the country. In New York a great mass meeting was called for the morrow in front of Federal Hall to denounce the treaty, dethrone the tyrant Washington, and send Jay to hell.

Betty understood little of politics and treaties, but she adored Washington. She could not believe him wrong in anything, or treacherous, or ambitious for himself. She dared not challenge these violent Frenchmen who had studied the matter, but she pinned her faith to Washington.

At last the assembly dispersed, the men rolled down the moonlit street singing "Ça ira" and "La Carmagnole." Delacroix set out for the hotel. Betty was sorely troubled. In the street before the hotel she picked up a handbill or two fluttering along in the midnight wind and she was terrified at the denunciation of Washington. It could not be true.

She shuddered to think that perhaps the great gentle soldier might be taken prisoner as the king of France had been. The mob might visit Philadelphia as the French had gone out to Versailles, and Washington's head might fall as the head of the sixteenth Louis had fallen.

"To the guillotine!" had become a byword here as in France. For all she knew, the gleaming blade would soon be rising and falling. Great men and pitiful women might be rolling up in tumbrils to the scaffold and rolling away in long gory baskets. She told Delacroix her fears. He laughed at them, but she whispered:

"Remember! I saw sixteen heads chopped off in fourteen minutes!"

She fell asleep at last and went to the guillotine herself, but woke before the keen steel struck.

The next morning Delacroix set off early about his business. Betty was called to her window late in the forenoon

by a racket of drums and cheers. She looked down upon a line of old soldiers marching. They carried a banner with a rudely painted face labeled "Jay." They carried French and American flags, and also the British flag upside down. They would burn and bury it later.

Betty ran into the street and followed the crowd. It was like being among the mobs of Paris again. People were bandying jokes, each man laughing only at his own: "Do they think we don't know the difference between the eagle and a Jay?" "A pip to the Jay."

The tide set toward Wall Street and carried Betty along. Quiet men of earnest aspect said that the treaty must be the best that could be wrung from England, or Washington would not be for it, nor Hamilton. But rough-clad fellows who carried hods or hauled ashes or peddled clams yelled for blood.

In front of the City Hall the throng was thickest. On the stoop of a watch house stood a little man whom somebody pointed out as General Alexander Hamilton. He was pleading with the citizens, but they jeered him.

When the chairman of the crowd appeared in the balcony of the City Hall, Hamilton went forward to the steps of a shop where iron birdcages were made. He appealed to the chairman for the privilege of speech. Another man tried to talk. The crowd drowned all the arguments. At last a group that had gone to Battery Park and burned copies of the treaty marched back with French flags flying and French sailors under escort.

Little Hamilton went on wasting his eloquence until the mob silenced him with a volley of cobblestones. One of them caught him on the brow and drew the blood. Hamilton laughed. "If you use such striking arguments I must retire." He wiped the streaming red from his face and withdrew to his own house in Wall Street. The meeting broke up a little later after a wild resolution to burn some more copies of the treaty. Down to Bowling Green the citizens ran and danced about the dancing flames.

That night there was rejoicing at the Indian Queen, and

Betty made more friends. The ladies introduced her to their men, and she felt more interested.

But she was lonely all day long and she fell into her old habit of making acquaintances—only with more caution and more selection than of old. Very grand ladies accepted her as Madame Delacroix and chatted with her in the shops and at the hotel. She also somehow contrived to get herself accosted by polite Englishmen and by Americans from all of the fifteen states. With some of them she would saunter the beautiful park at the Battery. She ventured next to accept a phaeton ride to Aunt Katey Mintz's garden on Windmill Hill, where she drank mead and sipped syllabub, while her escorts quaffed mint sling or pigtail.

Sometimes she had narrow escapes from discovery. She found Delacroix unexpectedly waiting for her at the hotel, and she had to lie fast to keep his jealousy from boiling over. Her stories had not only to be improvised on the moment, but varied as well. Like all people, only more so than most, she had to carry on several existences; real ones, imaginary ones, pretended futures and pretended pasts. And like all writers (especially this one) she found it hard to mix fiction and fact so that they made a convincing emulsion. Both memory and invention had to be ready for emergencies.

One evening when Betty came in simmering with the delight of a flirtation, Delacroix regarded her from a chair as darkly as ever he had scowled at a sailor from his deck.

"Well?" he growled, and did not rise.

"I was—I was with Mademoiselle Artigue and Madame her mother, and with La Marquise de—de Pourras and some other ladies."

"It's odd that you never meet any men in your wanderings." He said no more, but his brows were as somber as his tone.

The next time she threw in one or two harmless old gentlemen for verisimilitude. Still he was not satisfied. He watched her as a boarhound would a kitten; suspicious,

able to destroy, yet afraid to wreck so pretty and so defiant a creature.

One afternoon she was very late. She had gone four miles out on the Boston Post Road to Cato's Tavern with Simeon Leesen, a gentleman who loved horses as well as Betty did. Ladies were not supposed to join the brandy-drinking racing gentry in such a resort, but Betty could not resist the adventure. Mr. Leesen bet another horse-lover that "No mare could show him her tail to Harlem." He proved it. But this demonstration kept Betty out till after nightfall. She ran up the three flights of hotel steps dusty and disarranged, her heart doubly quickened by fear and breathlessness.

The room was dark, but she knew that Delacroix was there. His cigar was a live coal.

He had not lighted a single candle. He sat in the shadow, enlarged, gigantically a part of the gloom. His voice was the growl of a crouching lion: "Where have you been? and who with?"

"You see—poor Mademoiselle Artigue was ill, and she sent for me, and——"

He caught her glib throat in a grip so big that, long as her neck was, his wide hand threw her chin far back. She felt herself in the clutch of the man at the guillotine. He tore her hat off and trod on it. He threatened to brand her with his cigar. Her flesh winced. She could not scream—or even breathe. He dragged her to the window.

"I told you on the ship I'd throw you overboard if you looked at anybody else. Well, I saw you looking at one slick fellow that you'll never see again."

He straightened his long arm and it took her head out into space. She gazed up at the sky with starting eyeballs. The early planets seemed to leap from the dusk, shivering. The moon swung like a silver pendulum. She twisted this way and that and saw the high spire of Trinity whipping like the mast of a storm-flung ship.

She could not see below her, but she felt a hollow abyss of space waiting to let her through. She was tilting over

the edge of a precipice, and when she struck she would be pulp. The ledge of the window cut her hips; her knees clamped the sill, her feet kicked wildly.

Delacroix did not toss her forth. Even then she was too precious a diamond to be hurled away. He dragged her in a little and turned her so that her knees hit the floor. He set her throat on the window sill; her face rolled on the stone ledge with Broadway glittering far below. Her hair poured down across her cheeks.

He laughed. "The guillotine for you!"

He brought the window down on the nape of her neck, not forcibly enough to break it, but enough to hurt her. He twisted her hands up behind her back and held them while she groaned with agony and wondered if she were to receive a degrading punishment.

In France, women, and nuns among them, had been publicly whipped, and not on the shoulders. Betty almost died of confusion lest she suffer the same ineffable ignominy. And she did. It was no comfort to her that saintly women torn from the convents had had to submit to the same degradation before the jeering mob. She was not spanked for being a saint.

Delacroix could not hear her prayers and she could not hear his voice, now that the window was all but closed. She could hear only the clamor of the street, the busses, the carriages, the night patrol far off and far beneath. Nobody looked up at her.

At last she felt her wrists released. She waited, loathsomely pained, afraid, and ashamed. Receiving no more torture, she brought her hands forward awkwardly, squirmed and lifted the window high enough to release her throat. She slid and sat crumpled in a miserable heap on the floor.

Delacroix was laughing at her. He was lighting candles to illuminate his victim.

She hated him forever after that. She was glad to be alive, but that was all.

She would not fight him. She dared not kill him. But she would deceive him until she could find a better man.

For she must never be poor again. Better any shame than poverty.

She glared at Delacroix as a fox might at a trapper. He was not afraid of her. But he was afraid of his wife because she was his wife. Oh, to be married to somebody, anybody! anybody, who was not poor. Just not to have to pretend to be married! to have some paper that would prove her a wife!

There was a knock at the door. A slave brought up a note conveying Mr. and Mrs. Vansinderen's most respectful compliments and would Captain and Madame Delacroix honor their home by an informal call to partake of some choice Madeira just received.

Mr. Vansinderen was an eminent merchant and his wife had been Miss Annetje Shipboy. They lived in a beautiful yellow-brick home and Mr. Vansinderen had often waited on Betty with a flourish when she priced the vanities he sold in his shop on Pearl Street. He had introduced her to his stately wife.

Betty had found both of them pompously tiresome, but she had cultivated them because they were respectable, and respectability was an adventure with her. A peaceful, polite home was an almost unknown land.

She had even gone one Sunday to the Dutch church in Garden Street where Dr. Gerardus Kuypers still preached in the aristocratic language of old New Amsterdam to the lessening number of people who understood it. Betty did not catch a word of the sermon, but she kept as pious a face as any Catholic hearing her God addressed in sonorous Latin.

To-night the one place she could have wished to visit was a quiet home where a wife queened it in her holy franchise.

But Delacroix thought he would humble her further by compelling her, so he growled:

"We'll go. Wash your dirty face and put on something decent. They think you're genuine."

It amused her a little to pretend reluctance and make

him drag her to her pleasure. She sniffled awhile and was maliciously meek.

She knotted a velvet ribbon about her throat to conceal any fingerprints he might have left; but it was not black and blue until the next day.

They walked to the Vansinderen home, which overlooked the moonlit paradise of the Battery almost audibly murmurous with lovers. A liveried negro admitted the Delacroix couple to a parlor Orientally splendid. It had a red Turkey carpet on the floor, and three sofas, slippery but elegant, with pillows as hard as the marble mantle-tree or the China vases filled with impossible but permanent flowers. The room even boasted the novelty of a forte-piano, which Mrs. Vansinderen could play on. It was almost as hard to get her to play as to stop, once started.

Lord and Lady Stirling and the Mayor and Mayoress happened in and Betty was on her best behavior. She used all of the newest expressions. Their novelty made the grammarians wince, but they were fashionable. She said she had "made up her mind" to stop in town as long as her dear Captain Delacroix was compelled to remain. He had "hurt her feelings" by suggesting that she go out to the seaside at Rockaway, but she knew that she should be "bored" away from him—"infinitely!" "Bored!" such a silly word! offensive, too, but fortunately of a brief vogue.

When the Madeira was brought, and negus in golden cups, she sipped as daintily as if she had never been Betty Bowen.

The eldest daughter, Marietje, now fifteen, and the young man she was expected to marry, came in and Betty envied the girl her training. Miss Vansinderen went to a school where she was forbidden to leave off gloves even at meals, and where she was warned not to touch the banister when she walked up stairs, lest it broaden her hand. To handle a pair of coal tongs would be ruination.

Two little children were permitted to appear for a few moments and kiss their father's hand as well-bred children should. They were dressed like grown-ups; the girl of five wore stays under her heavy damask linen skirts that trailed

on the carpet, and the boy was in silk breeches and a blue-ribbed silk coat with silver buttons, disclosing a long, flowered waistcoat. He even wore a little powdered wig.

The infants drank half-glasses of Madeira with gusto and were sent off to bed. But the eldest daughter Marietje, remained. Betty studied her pallor, her thin veil of innocence over a keen suspicion of the world, her mitts idly relaxed in her lap. Betty thought bitterly of her own youth, of the jail and the workhouse, of the yarbs she had cried in the streets of Providence, and the many tarry-thumbed sailors' hands her own hands had had to clasp.

She vowed that for all her bad start she would distance Miss Vansinderen before the goal was reached. As a matter of fact soon to be disclosed, little innocent Marietje had been clandestinely married to another young man. She lived with him only a year and then her father had to get the legislature to grant her a divorce. It was said that her husband was bribed to furnish evidence and that peculiar pressure was brought to bear upon the state legislators. This was something for a sixteen-year old girl to have achieved, but Marietje was to go still further. She married an Englishman and he found her guilty of such misconduct that he was enabled to disgrace and divorce her by Act of Parliament. Then she went to Paris and married a French marquis who was a gambler and broke her heart and purse. But she was tired of divorces and lived out her long life in sweet docility.

And that was what the future held for this demure, this carefully bred Miss Vansinderen. Our fates deceive us so, it is no wonder that we deceive one another.

On the way back to the hotel Captain Delacroix paid Betty a bungled compliment:

"You played your part so well you ought to be at the John Street Theater in place of Mrs. Hallam."

Betty said nothing, but vowed to play him off the stage.

"I might say," he said, "that we'll be sailing back to France in a few days, if all goes well."

"Yes?"

CHAPTER XX

BETTY did not care to sail back to France. New York had taken hold of her heart, and Captain Delacroix had lost his hold on it since he shifted his grip to her throat.

But she was afraid of his hands if she refused to go, yet afraid to flee from him, since she had no means of support in the style she had come to accept as her birthright.

What excuse could she give to make him leave her in New York and yet leave with her funds enough for her maintenance?

The yellow fever had been terrifying the city, not so badly as before, not so devastatingly as it would a few years later. Yet there was alarm in the air. People were seen "with foreheads as yellow as gold dust from North Carolina." Then they were no longer seen.

It occurred to her that she might have a light attack and be miraculously saved by the "thieves' vinegar" that was to be had at all the pharmacies.

So she pretended a lassitude. She mentioned a dread. To her amazement, Delacroix was genuinely frightened, not for himself, but for her. An unsuspected love of her companionship revealed itself in his alarm. He threatened to give up his voyage. Which was not Betty's desire at all. He called in no less a person than Doctor Anthon, an authority on yellow fever, who was completely perplexed by the symptoms Betty alleged.

Nobody knew what caused the plague, but Doctor Anthon served as Betty's unwitting ally, for he calmed the fears of Delacroix. Betty had to get better, but not well; just enough better to encourage Delacroix to sail, but not quite well enough to sail with him.

When he left at last Betty rose, dressed herself in her

best and made ready for a sally to a tea garden. She glanced down from the window and saw the captain crossing Broadway to the hotel door. She had barely time to strip herself and pop into bed before he was in the room again.

He had been unable to sail without one more farewell. She gave him the palest of kisses and the smile of an invalid who hovers undecided between earth and her home in heaven.

She promised to get well and to be true to him, and he floundered out again. She kept half of her promise.

This time she watched from her high window till she saw his ship sail down the bay. Then she went forth to shatter the other half of her promise.

His voyage was long, but she made no complaint except in her letters. She had a definite sum of money to keep her for an indefinite time. She learned to be a miser in necessities in order that she might be a spendthrift of splendors. She guarded herself so well that she was accepted into more and more homes and yet ran with the most reckless. There were many women of her sort, aristocrats by birth and reared with every care, yet constantly involved in scandal, feeders of gossip, inspirers of sermons in which New York was called another Gomorrah. These women were such rivals of the European coteries that the most reckless gallants from France remembered Paris as a trifle conservative compared with New York and Philadelphia.

Delacroix wrote as if he found Paris a graveyard. He told of the sudden rise of a young fellow named Bonaparte who had whiffed a mob to pieces with admirable calm. But mainly he talked of Betty. His real wife was out of jail again, to his great regret. He said nothing of his return, and the canny Betty suspected that he was preparing to surprise her.

She watched the bay day and night and wished that there were some means of warning people in advance of the approach of ships.

For all her vigilance, he did surprise her; but she had been with the Vansinderens and could prove it. And did

prove it as indignantly as if she had never been with less sedate society.

To buy peace with her he gave her jewels, and she loved them so well that she almost forgave him her immortal humiliation on their account.

Their life ran on as before, and again he sailed, again without her. She had always some excuse. And this went on for many voyages. They moved from the City Hotel to a house. He sincerely longed to marry her, but there was that transatlantic wife whom he could not divorce and who would not die.

His absences were many and prolonged. Storms delayed him; commerce was uncertain. Once he was shipwrecked and picked up by a captain bound for China and unwilling to change his course. He was gone for a year and Betty was pricing mourning materials. She thought it an ideal solution of her riddles to play the widow for a while. He disappointed her by turning up, but atoned by bringing her wonderful silks from Shanghai.

In time he secured another ship, but went out on her not as owner, but as a roving agent for the firm of Sweeting & Kilton.

He gave Betty his letter of instructions to read. As she skimmed its romantic pages she was calculating her probable sea widowhood.

CAPT. JOHN DELACROIX of brig *Panther*.

SIR—Your brig being now ready for sea, our instructions to you are to proceed from hence, with all possible expedition to the Pacific Ocean, and touch at such islands as you may think proper for the purpose of taking seals. Kerguelen's Land we think you will do well to stop at first; and from thence to St. Paul's and Amsterdam, or any other islands you, with Mr. Peron, your chief mate, may think best.

As the success of the voyage depends altogether on your unremitted exertions to procure seals, we do not doubt you will use them on all occasions. We put a great plenty of provisions on board your vessel; but we calculate upon your making use of fish and seal flesh occasionally for your people, and that

your beef, pork, and bread will be used with the utmost economy. . . . Good treatment and tenderness to your crew will do more than can be effected by different conduct. . . . Should you be able to purchase prime sealskins at one-quarter to one-half a dollar, payable by drafts on us, we authorize your doing it on account of those concerned in the voyage. When you have collected as many skins as may make it an object for you to go to China with them, you will proceed there, and lay out the amount they may net in such articles as you may think best, being governed in this by the capital you have to invest. . . . Then proceed to the islands again, or go to the Northwest Coast for sea otters, if a favorable cargo can be had in China. . . . Next season there will probably be a great glut of skins in China; whereas the present season . . . the sealers will not have arrived. . . . We think, if you should purchase skins to go to China with, and find them sell well,—that is, if you should get twenty thousand to thirty thousand, and be able to sell them at one dollar and three-fourths to two dollars each—you would raise capital sufficient to load the brig with Nankins; and it would be best to proceed home with them. We agree to allow you five per cent. upon the sales over and above the commission you will be obliged to pay to the merchant you may employ to do your business. . . . Captain Delacroix is allowed five per cent. privilege in the ship, estimated upon what she carries under deck. To Mr. Peron we allow three tons privilege. . . . It being impossible for us to provide for contingent events, we finally leave you to exercise your discretion; and wishing you success in your operations, we are, in behalf of the owners of the ship

Yours &c.,

SWEETING & KILTON.

As Betty read, Delacroix studied her and it hurt him to leave her for an era so long at best. She was very beautiful, and he would miss her beyond telling. This voyage would not be like the long ferry trip between such pleasure-haunts as New York and Paris. This would be an everlasting cruise across two oceans among dismal islands with only stupid, crabbed sailors for companions.

If Betty could be with him, how she would glorify the ship. But the owners would not consent to that. They

saved Betty the trouble of making up an excuse. It was safe for her to wail and regret and even to threaten to stow herself away.

He sailed in a dreary mood and took out of his sailors' hides the grudge he owed the world. Later he was harried with jealous imaginings of how Betty passed the time. He grew almost maniac with the scenes his lonely frenzies invented. He suffered incessant nightmares with his eyes open.

The dreams were different from the facts, but the facts would have given him hardly less torment if he could have known them.

Betty forgot him almost perfectly. He had provided for her as liberally as he could, but she was stingy with her expenditures and prepared for a long, long widowhood.

Womanlike, she invested what money she could in diamonds as the most reliable of securities and then she sought friends, a possible husband. This last was perplexing. If a gentleman should love her enough to marry her, he would not dare propose to her, since she was supposed to be the wife of Delacroix. If she confessed that she was not the wife of Delacroix, this imaginary suitor would probably withdraw his suit.

She could not declare Delacroix dead for sure, without definite news, for he might return and confound her.

She was in a fearful bother, and could find no solution. It is rather cruel that our sins should have so many inconveniences on this earth in view of the eternal punishment that is also waiting for us. It would seem that this double penalty ought to have put an end to sin long ago.

While Betty waited for the incalculable date of Delacroix's return, she passed her time as best she could in New York. She was admitted to the best homes in "Quality Row." She was invited to a noble country seat when the yellow fever of 1798 drove half the town out of town. When she came back her gaieties increased. In the winter there were sleigh rides, the theaters, dances, dinners. In the summer she went to the deep groves of Hoboken, or drove in a chair

to the waterside and hired a canoe, or went in the ferry to the wilds of Brooklyn village.

There were golden afternoons spent on the banks of the East River when a score or two of gentlemen and ladies would take tea together, then go out in canoes to fish, land again and dine "picnic" on turtles; then drive home by moon in Italian chaises, a couple to a chaise.

There were sailing parties on the Sabbath, and nearly every Monday's paper told of some fatal ending to such a pleasure voyage.

She traveled once to Philadelphia and once went on as far as the new Federal City which was to be named Washington and made the capital as soon as a few more houses were built on its freshly cut avenues of mud and dust.

In Philadelphia she met the limping Talleyrand and the Comte de Noailles and Mrs. Bingham and many another person of high lineage. But everywhere she found wickedness at work. Boating on the Potomac for a glimpse of Mount Vernon, her escorts were hailed and invited ashore by naked girls swimming breast-deep. On the streets of Philadelphia, she was told, the Quakeress of evil trade would stop a man and ask him to read the address on an envelope. It would be her own address for his information. That was a trick they had not known in Providence.

But the respectable and the wealthy had also their codes for mischief, their signals and their piracies. Women roved like privateers and preyed on domestic commerce. Betty found that, daring as she might be in her costumes, there was always some aristocrat who would outstrip her. As Mr. Harrison Grey Otis of Boston wrote home to his wife, the young ladies "did not disguise their delight nor their bosoms. Miss B—— walked in a dress you will hardly believe it possible for a lady to wear at least at this season (January). A muslin robe and her chemise, and no other article of clothing upon her body. I have been regaled with the sight of her whole legs for five minutes together, and do not know to what height the fashion will be car-

ried. Mrs. F——assures me that her chemise was fringed to look like a petticoat.”

One great lady was proud of a gown so flimsy that it was called “the fig leaf.”

In Philadelphia, still the capital, the audacity was greater. The ruler, Mrs.——, swore and told smutty stories like a duchess. Mr. Otis was startled by the grossness of much of the chatter. And yet they draped the Venus of the Medici in green.

Sometimes Betty, sitting at a table with people who were, as the saying was, “used to company” and of elegant manners, would imagine herself once more in Providence listening to the sailors and Mother Ballou’s girls.

But she found nothing more difficult than to be reckless with security. Almost anybody could be elegantly correct; but to be riotous and not betray one’s origin—there was the rub! To be “disguised with liquor” and yet disguise the past, that was difficult. So Betty kept sober for safety’s sake.

She aped the quality, and wore mourning for Washington when the great man silenced his traducers by the awful revenge of death. She carried black-bordered handkerchiefs stamped with his portrait and his praise, and she cried real tears into them, for there was a sacredness about the man to her, and his death brought back memories of a deadly past which was not quite dead, in Providence.

But she aped the quality, or the livelier portion of it, in her dissipations as well. There were numbers of gentlemen who flirted with her all the more desperately from their belief that she was truly Madame Delacroix and could not force them into marriage.

She was amazed now and then when something brought to her attention the day of the month and the year. She would pause like a frightened doe to realize how long it had been since she had seen Captain Delacroix or heard from him. She had no means of guessing at the conclusion of his uncharted wanderings. She expected him to come back poor and sea-beaten and forlorn.

Then she would forget him again, and plunge into life, pausing now and again to try to ponder out the probable date of his return.

She had many narrow escapes from dangers nearer than Captain Delacroix or the Pacific Ocean. There was one terrifying experience that almost frightened her into the straight and narrow path.

One day as she left a Pearl Street shop she was hailed by a loud voice calling:

"Betty Bowen! Betty Bowen!"

She had not heard this name for a long, long while and it gave her a fright. Instantly, without looking, she remembered who it was that called her, for the voices of childhood memory remain longer unforgotten than the faces, which change more profoundly.

This voice so bellowed her name that she must stop to hush it. The clamorer came toward her with a rolling gait and a roaring laughter that proclaimed him of the sea.

He continued to yell at her even when he had her slim soft hand in his rope-tough palm, until she quelled him with a hinting softness:

"Get out your trumpet. I'm so thick of hearing I can't understand you, Mister Carpenter."

He lowered his voice a trifle and said:

"Captain Carpenter, if you please, Miss Bowen."

"Madame Delacroix, if you please, Captain Carpenter."

He avowed that he would be blowed. So she was a Frenchy, was she? Well, the French were good choosers; and where was the lucky fellow?

"Still on the Pacific Ocean, if I'm lucky," Betty smiled.

"Haw! haw! haw! and a good place for him," and the captain thumbed her in the ribs. "I'm just off that sea myself. I'm captain of an Indiaman out of New York and fresh from the land of the old gawd Buddy. From Buddy to Betty, haw, haw, haw! Are you with me for a pint o' grog?"

Betty almost swooned. Since she could not shake him, she took him home with her to get him off the street, with

his uproarious reminiscences of the good old days in Providence when she was the pet of the sailormen at Mother Ballou's.

She had tried to forget those days and keep them forgotten, but Captain Carpenter could still recall that he had held her on his knee and drunk good Rhode Island rum out of the same mug with her. He yanked her to his knee now to remind her and held her so fast that she could hardly breathe.

He was dripping money at every pocket and was all for a cruise among the taverns, but she made him eat his dinner at her table, lest he go about the town calling her past aloud as if he were the town crier.

In behalf of her good name she kept him prisoner for days, varying her appeals to suit his moods. Then one night, all at once, he began to snatch at his heart, to grow black with suffocation. When she tried to break from his arms in mad fear he clutched her and smothered her with his weight and went on dying. His last gurgle was a pitiful, boyish appeal:

"Betty, m'girl, I want—I want you should take me home and bury me alongside my father and m' mother. Don't you fail me! It's the last prayer of a dying—a dying—God! I'm dead!"

And he was. Betty could hardly escape from his arms as they froze to a last rigor. She cowered away from him in a palsy of utter fear, shrieking madly for her black maid to come to her help; but the girl was abroad on her own mischief and Betty must run bareheaded for a doctor.

The nearest was a fashionable physician named Ketelkas. She caught him reeling up the stoop of his home and he almost fell into her arms as she clutched his coat tails. Long training carried him through the necessary duties with the cunning of a sleep-walker. He found that Captain Carpenter had died of heart disease and he did not dispute Betty's explanations.

He gave her a certificate of death and told her the name of a man to take care of the remains and prepare them

for shipping. He forgot all about it before he reached his home again, and Betty never reminded him.

A superstitious dread forbade her to neglect the sailor's deathbed wishes, however hateful. So she went aboard a packet with the coffin and made the return journey in six days of rough weather.

Her weariness and pallor, her solemnity and the dignity of her errand, commanded a certain respectfulness from the people on the wharf. She went at once to the home of Captain James Mason, whose family she had known, and who took care of the formalities necessary to the interment. The father and mother were waiting in the cemetery at Rehoboth, and their son was tucked in beside them for a long rest from his far wanderings.

The town looked small and shabby beyond remembrance to the Betty who had known New York and Paris. Some of her old street cronies were dead; some had gone forth into the world; some had married; some still plied the street. She took a distant glance at Mother Ballou's, but did not visit the odious rookery where memories clustered like bats and ravens all too ready to be set a-wing.

One of her fellow craftswomen came to call and was tactless enough to ask if Betty would take back to New York with her a certain stalwart infant. Betty flushed and recalled the woman's genius for asking confusing questions. But she answered with a forced smile:

"I don't think I'm going to take him, but I may go up to take a look at him."

She decided not to run even that risk. She was afraid not only of the confrontation and the stirring up of gossip, but also of her own affections. They were easily won and unstable. If she saw the child and he looked pretty or threw out his hands to her, she would as like as not be fool enough to seize him and carry him off.

Imagining the burden, the inconvenience, and the difficulty of explaining him to Captain Delacroix, she postponed the visit to another occasion. As the occasion arose, she found always some good excuse to defer again.

She hurried away from Providence, feeling that she had done enough for the cause of righteousness in restoring Captain Carpenter to his family.

When she reached New York she was sure that she had been solemn long enough. She thirsted for laughter and love, and she knew where to find them. Mr. Harmanus Evertsen, a man of high rank at the balls and the gardens, if not at the churches, seemed to be looking for the same things, and attached himself to Betty with such reckless cordiality that she could not believe in Captain Delacroix's return for a year at least.

She missed her guess by six months. Delacroix returned richer than he had dreamed, for he had sold his sealskins well and had dealt splendidly in otter-skins and brought back a cargo of nankins purchased at a low price and sure to command a high.

No one warned Betty that the captain was as near as the Atlantic Ocean. It was after dark when he reached the home at last.

Betty was surprised.

The neighbors shared her surprise. So did Mr. Harmanus Evertsen. He was not at all prepared to do battle with a ship captain who had been beating tough sailors senseless nearly every day for two years.

Mr. Evertsen was glad enough to be flung out of a window and permitted to dart through an increasing crowd. The men blushed and the women giggled, and he got safely away before the watch came up.

Captain Delacroix threw into the street such property of Mr. Evertsen's as he had left behind. But when he threw Betty into the street, he flung nothing after her except curses and threats.

It was a coldish night and Betty was suddenly as lost and friendless as on the day of her first visit to New York.

Then she bethought her of Élie Laloi, whom she had neglected utterly for more brilliant companions. She had never even found the time to visit his bookshop. She only

remembered the address he had given in Pearl Street. She floated along past darkened shop windows like an exiled ghost, shuddering and afraid.

A dim light fell from his window into the street and, peering through, she saw the dear man devouring his own stock in trade, though it is the virtue of books that they can feed a multitude as miraculously as the loaves and fishes and multiply with being consumed.

She tapped shyly on the door, and he dropped the book in alarm. And no wonder, for he was reading with difficulty the latest English novel, called *More Ghosts*.

He called through the panel; "*Qui est là?*"

And Betty answered; "*C'est moi!*"

He flung the door wide as his arms and gathered her in, murmuring, "Bettee!"

He led her to the fireplace and threw on fresh wood. He asked no questions. He knew that his good friend Delacroix was violent and that his dear friend Betty was frivolous; and he blamed neither of them for qualities they had not selected. He was not God and was glad of it, for it saved him from judging. His revered grandsire and his adored sister had been shamefully done to death by due process of law and he felt them martyrs. He carried in his breast no Tribunal of the Terror to condemn other people.

It was enough for him that Betty was chilled and lost and in need of tenderness. He counted it a privilege to squander the one wealth he had.

He spoke of the weather. "It makes cold to-night, not?" How well she looked, but a little tired. She should take some sleep. His bed was idle. He must work all night, unpacking those grand chests of books just come from England and from France.

To-morrow the ladies of New York would flock in to see them. He would be very rich soon. He read Betty the titles of the most popular. His pronunciations made her laugh. Hardly anything else could have relaxed the bitter pallor of her mouth. There was *Female Frailty*, or *the History of Miss Wroughton*. There were *The Cavern*

of Woe and *The Posthumous Daughter*, *The Devil in Love* and Mrs. Radcliffe's *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, and *Rinaldo Rinaldini*.

Little girls of thirteen would read some of these aloud to their grandmothers and bring blushes to the old cheeks, if not to the more daring young.

Laloi forced three or four of these books on Betty that she might read herself to sleep. He led her to the little loft where his bed was, and lighted candles for her, and stacked up books for a sleeping draught. He kissed her brotherly and bade her a good night, then slipped down stairs to sleep smiling in his chair before the dying fire. He was rich at last, since his roof sheltered wisdom in books and beauty in pain.

Betty slipped from her light clothes and drew the blankets about her, then put out one long bare arm and drew to her bosom the topmost book. It was a story of the recent suicide of a girl whose brother would not let her marry her lover before he sailed away to Guadaloupe, and who killed herself to hide her coming shame.

Betty's heavy eyes had drowsily conned the book as far as the flowery lines where "the lover unloosed the virgin zone of his yielding fair." She did not quite take in the heavily disguised thought, and the covers of the book closed on her fingers. The weight of the volume carried her hand down to the side of the couch and, escaping from the listless clasp, it dropped to the floor.

But Betty did not even hear the thud of the book. She had already turned her sharp little chin into her soft round shoulder and had sighed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XXI

LUCKILY for Betty, she had been wearing all her rings when she was ousted from the domicile and the name of Madame Delacroix.

She need not starve, therefore, for a while. She could not have lived with Laloi even if she had been as willing to play the cuckoo and crowd him out of his nest as he was willing to surrender it.

She went back to King's Little Tavern, which had a new landlord now. When he asked her her name, she mumbled, "Betty Bowen."

"Betty?—that would be Eliza. Eliza Browne, then?"

She nodded. One name was as good as another now. She went out to pledge one of her rings and buy herself some necessary raiment. The very shop doors seemed to know that she was in disgrace and, worse than that, out of sorts with wealth.

The shopkeepers treated her as if it were a harsh necessity and a generous Samaritanism to sell her anything at all. On the streets she found evidence that the story of her eviction had already spread everywhere.

The gentlemen who lifted their hats to her did not lift them very high. The ladies did not see her at all. Women who had thrown their arms about her at the turtle feasts and called her "dearest" did not seem to know that she passed by.

She could have told things about some of them that would have brought them down the steps of their homes as gracelessly as she had descended hers. But she was not eager to drag others to her level. She wanted to get back to theirs. And she vowed that she would, come what might,

One day she met Laloi hurrying along Broadway. Seeing

how dismal her humor was, and being unwilling to leave her and unable to saunter with her, he begged her to come along.

"I show you people more onhappy as you. That makes sometimes people happy to see somebody w'at is not so happy, yes?"

Having nothing else to do, she went with him, not learning that he was visiting the Debtors' Prison till they had crossed the park to the little square building of stone with its centred belfry whence the first fire alarm usually resounded.

On the roof, three stories up, prisoners were strolling to and fro for the air and the exercise. Others were just finishing the meal of half a pound of meat, the pint of soup, the two potatoes and the dumpling of Indian corn-meal that the Humane Society had been furnishing for a dozen years to wretches else doomed to famine. Others were driven back to their eternal task of picking oakum to calk the wounds of ships and people.

Bedding they still had none, and in winter only such fuel as they could wheedle by petitions in prose and verse, petitions for "Firing, Meat, and Pence."

At times one citizen in twenty was in the debtors' prison, often for a sum under twenty shillings. It was a ghastly irony to shackle a man so that he could never earn his own acquittance; but it was no more foolish or heartless than many another public habit.

Over in Philadelphia, had not Robert Morris spent three years in the Prince Street debtors' prison—that very Morris who had been the treasurer of the Revolution and had afterward made way for Alexander Hamilton? When the march against Cornwallis had been undertaken, Morris had issued his own notes to the total of nearly a million and a half dollars so that Washington's men might be fed. Yet when he lost his fortune in land speculation his own bail surrendered him to the sheriff, though his frantic wife, who had been the ruler of fashion, beat the stingy friend in the street.

If Robert Morris could be left to rot on a board in a cell, why should a French fugitive complain?

While Betty crossed "the Fields," as the park had been called until recently, Laloi explained that he came to secure the freedom of a man who had been good to him in San Domingo when his life was in danger.

Stephen Jumel had gone from France to the island as a young man and had grown wealthy speedily. Then the slaves had risen and overwhelmed the troops and the white citizens.

Glad to be alive at all, Jumel had left his warehouses to the marauding blacks and hidden in the canebrake. He had found Laloi exhausted there and dying of hunger; he had fetched him water at great peril from a stream, and had shared with him the food that a devoted slave brought him secretly every night.

Jumel had refused to escape in the boat with Laloi and had lingered in the hope of regaining his property. Failing that, he had sailed to St. Helena and thence to New York, where he had borrowed money to set him up in business.

His first venture crashed and he was put behind the bars by a hard-hearted creditor. And there he had languished until Laloi had heard of him only this day, and was hastening to the rescue with all the free cash he possessed to ransom his friend.

Betty had been in jail, too, but not for debt. She did not tell Laloi of this, and yet the memory of the noisome dens made her gorge rise and her heart stammer in its course.

The debtors' prison was like all the others, a foul and stinking human sewer where cleanliness was not possible, where only the vermin fattened, and where every vice spread by contagion.

The jailer's prosperity lay in the fees he might exact, and so his courtesy was for sale. While Laloi did not look like a merchant prince, he evidently had money aboard and the jailer escorted Laloi and Betty to the chapel on the

second floor where prayers were read but not answered every Thursday.

Thither Jumel was fetched from his rathole. He made a spectacle of such foul misery that Betty almost dreaded to take his hand when Laloï presented him.

Jumel had entered the prison a gentleman of excellent condition except for the vacancy in his pockets. The prisoners had immediately performed the traditional rite of "garnishing"; they had attacked him, tossed him in a blanket, then stripped him stark naked and offered to sell him back such of his own clothes as he could buy with drink money. Since he could buy none of his garments, they were sold for what they would bring, and his decency, thus transmuted, vanished down the gullets of his thirsty wardmates. A drunken carousal ensued that reminded him of the orgies of the Domingan savages. It was such scenes as those that led many to advocate solitary confinement as the only cure for prison evils. Many good people felt that it was a great evil to permit prisoners to see or speak to anybody.

Jumel had since collected just rags enough to make it possible for him to leave his cell under the jailer's care. And then he had waited helplessly for death or disintegration to end his predicament, for he could not get out till his debt was paid and he had no way of paying his debt.

When he saw Laloï and learned what errand had brought him, he wept with French enthusiasm. When he told the amount he owed, Laloï wept again—for the sum was beyond his reach.

Jumel was about to return to his grave, but the jailer intervened. He told Laloï that for two shillings and a proper security, the prisoner would be allowed to enjoy the "limits"; that is to say, he could dwell anywhere within a hundred and sixty acres of the jail.

Once more Laloï was a prince. When it came to two shillings he could do the munificent thing. And Jumel, a genius of a merchant, laughed at the world once more. Give him liberty and he would soon be rich, though he were freed in a desert.

The lesson of the debtors' prison made so little correction in his principles that he borrowed from Laloï all he had and invested in clothes first. These were ready to be donned, for a spendthrift had just been brought into the jail and was even now bald naked and going up and down in a blanket while the prisoners howled a chanty.

Jumel bought the wretch's extravagantly handsome wardrobe entire from the thirsty rioters, made the man a present of his own rags, and left the prison in a better suit and hat and boots than his creditor Laloï had ever possessed.

After a deep breath of the air of freedom, he abandoned Betty and his radiant savior flat and hurried to a barber's, where he spent two precious shillings more to have his hair cut and his jowls shaven. He even went to a place where baths could be had.

That night at supper he was voluble with the business he had already set afoot. He took Betty to the theater and strolled home with her, after.

He had dazzled her by the vivacity of his recovery from despair, and fascinated her by his immediate dash for cleanliness and elegance and generosity. For as soon as a tailor could build him clothes of his own he restored the suit he had worn away from the jail to the heir of his rags in the debtors' prison. He was already rushing skyward like a rocket and his sparks fell on Betty's cold heart and kindled it.

Fortune is an odious snob and is always licking the boots of the successful. So soon as Jumel had put himself in a fair way to prosperity and the payment of his debts, what should happen but a miracle? Or rather, a thing that should have been accepted as a stupid blunder received a false glamour by its deferred timeliness.

In his last golden hours on the island of San Domingo Jumel had shipped a cargo of coffee to New York—just before the slaves seized the island. He never heard of his cargo again and assumed that it was lost. He never thought to ask of it when he landed in New York. In the

great city of more than sixty thousand souls he was unobserved. Then one day, by accident he met the consignees and learned that his coffee had been delivered safely to them; that they had sold it and held in trust for him a sum that was almost incredible. It paid his debts, paid off Laloi, and enabled him to set himself up as a merchant with a warehouse all his own.

He celebrated his regained paradise by a dinner at the Tontine Coffee House, where the other merchants studied him gravely. Betty and Laloi were his guests and good wines so warmed them that when they left the restaurant at half past one the sunshine itself was more wine and the streets and buildings rippled pleasantly with a breezy oscillation that made every step a matter for lively consideration.

Laloi bade them a dizzy adieu and hurried away to unlock his shop. Jumel stood wondering how he could gallantly be rid of Betty and get back to the ledgers which were his books of poetry.

As they loitered, a chariot passed, carrying Mrs. Vansinderen, who looked at Betty as if she were transparent and only smiled when the wheels, dipping in a puddle, flung on Betty a pailful of muddy water, which expressed Mrs. Vansinderen's opinion of her exactly.

Jumel was grieved. He saw that Betty was crucified with shame. He said:

"Ma'm'selle should have a carriage and make mud upon that leddy."

"If I only had!" Betty moaned. "God! but I'd smother that——"

"W'at you geeve to somebody who buys you carriage and horses?"

"I'd give my soul!"

"I take! Your soul is good price for the most fine carriage in New York. You go see Meester Abraham Queeck. He is best carriage-beelder in thees city. You tell Meester Queeck how I tell him beeld you most beautiful carriage

in thees co'ntry. And tell him look out for two nice horses to pool those carriage. And then you breeng your soul to me, yes?"

"Yes!"

CHAPTER XXII

THE pricing of jewels and soft fabrics, of hats and slippers, had been the pleasantest of human occupations to Betty.

But there was something divine about ordering a carriage built to the measure of her pride. She was as exultant as Phaethon had been when he ran off with the chariot of horses of the sun—until they ran off with him. What Phaethon would have felt if he had owned the chariot was what Betty felt when she descended upon Mr. Quick, like an angel stooping from the clouds.

Mr. Quick loved his high career and practiced it in his carriage works in Broad Street. It thrilled him to find one who looked upon him as the artist he was. And he was artist enough to see that Betty would decorate his best achievement.

Poor Betty knew nothing about carriages, yet common decency forbade her to expose the nakedness of her ignorance. And Mr. Quick was so fine a soul that he pretended to be unaware of her plight and subtly informed her while apparently assuming her to be as profound a scholar as himself.

She began by saying: "Mr. Quick, I believe."

The great man was in shirt sleeves, but he nodded modestly, and she went on.

"I am Miss Eliza Browne."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Quick, who had often admired her as she passed, admired her fine construction of willow and rattan, upholstered in cream.

"My friend, Mr. Jumel——"

"Ah, Mr. Jumel—oh yes, ma'am."

“He wants me to have a carriage, the best there is. And of course that means that only you could make it.”

“And if I can make the best—as I don’t say I can’t—that means that only you could——”

“Why, Mr. Quick!”

“Er—ahem!—I better stick to my trade. Now what kind of carriage were you allowing to command—a coachee like Lady Stirling’s?”

“Pooh!”

“Just so! It is a wee trifle old-fashioned. But have you seen Mrs. Vansinderen’s chariot?”

“Humph! I wouldn’t ride in her old wheelbarrow to see a bull baiting.”

“No, nor me, neither. Now Justice Jay’s lady has a horsechaise with a leathern top and a seat over the shafts for the driver; and it’s swung on leathern thorough-braces and——”

“Burn it with the treaty her husband brought back.”

“Haw! haw! haw! Now there’s an idea for you! We’re making chairs with four wheels now for two horses. And a gentleman needn’t consider it effeminate to ride in ’em like he would in just a two-wheeled one-horse chair.”

She shook her luminous head. He went higher:

“How about a curricle, or, say, a calash, now—a calash coach. They’re importin’ ’em from England, but I make ’em as good and better. I could fix you one so’s the top would fall down front and back and make an open carriage when you want it so.”

This interested her. Her eyes gleamed and he felt that he could play with his caught fish:

“Of course, a coach like the President’s would be none too grand for you—with gilt carvings and little naked cupids painted on the panels and four horses to drag it.”

She shook her head, and yet a little wistfully. She was afraid of four horses at first and of the naked cupids in public. He went back to the calash, and improvised a poem in timber and leather.

“For the frame I’d use only the toughest ash, growed

in open places and seasoned for two years. And nicer joinery can't be done than what I do here. For the plank-ing, the stoutest ellum; and for the panels Spanish cedar with ornaments in mahogany and rosewood. You can have the upholstery in damask or plush, with coach-lace covers. The thorough-braces will ride you as easy as a cradle. And as for wheels! It's the wheels that tells, and your good wheelwright has got to be an artist.

"I'd give you felloes of ash, oak spokes, and an ellum nave, and tires of the best iron, with the plates breaking joints with the felloes as nice as can be."

Almost swooning with all this learning and the promise of wings to uphold her, Betty could hardly bear to descend to a question of money. But she must.

"And how much would all that cost me—or Mr. Jumel?"

"Well now, if it was me was making it for you, I'd say it was cheap for a kiss. But seeing as how it's Mr. Jumel, and he's a sharp one at bargains, I'd not dast ask more than two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds!" she cried. "To ride me around this little town that I could walk over in an hour or two?"

"But I can't make a carriage in an hour or two, and with wages rising so fast—Do you know what I have to pay a day for labor? Forty cents! and the lazybones only work from sunrise to sunset. Some of my skilledest men are getting as high as twenty dollars a month. And the rents—three hundred pound a year this place costs me."

She was not interested in his financial anguishes. She cut him short with a bewildered query. It was crass and vulgar to refer to "dollars" and "cents" when the genteel spoke only of pounds, shillings and pence, but Betty had to know the facts. She stammered:

"Two hundred pounds would amount to—how much in our money?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

This terrified her.

"What would Mr. Jumel say to that?"

"He knows and he don't care or he wouldn't have sent

you to me. And there's the horses to that—and a driver, imported from England, most like.”

Betty shuddered. She felt she would be bankrupting the nation. Then she remembered her Paris—Madame Tallien's one dress that cost more than two thousand dollars. Why shouldn't she have a carriage? Why should she walk and let Mrs. Vansinderen splash her skirts with gutter wash?

She nodded desperately.

“Very good. But you'd best make sure that Mr. Jumel will pay it before you cut a spoke.”

This reassured Mr. Quick wonderfully, and he bowed her out as if she were a bishop's lady. Then he slipped into his coat and hurried round to Mr. Jumel's warehouse. He found the portly Gaul in shirt sleeves, helping to roll the casks of wine to their niches. When Jumel learned the price of his gift to Betty, the sum startled him.

But when Mr. Quick told him how Miss Browne's eyes had brightened at the plan of the calash, Jumel sighed and told him to proceed.

And so the man who had lately hidden in the San Dominigan cane-brake now bade make a carriage for the girl who not so long since was trundling a cart of yarbs through the damp streets of Providence. Yet how better could they spend their wealth?

While the carriage was building there were the horses to seek. This was ever so much more exciting. You do not order horses built. You take them as God made them, as you take a husband or a wife. And they are as apt to prove intractable.

In her quest for steeds, Betty called upon the horse gentleman who had taken her out to Cato's Tavern on that dreadful day when Delacroix almost jettisoned her from the high window of the City Hotel for her flirtations.

Mr. Simeon Leesen was a large dealer in whale oils and candles, a rival of the great house whose head was Mr. Preserved Fish, and the junior partner Saul Alley. Mr. Leesen led Betty into his counting room and heard her story. He

consented to give her his advice, but exacted a few kisses for his fee. She paid him carelessly. Then he set his brows to work:

“You’ll want, of course, a pair well matched, genteel but mischievous—like your pretty self, thoroughbred but awake. It’s easy to get single animals; but to twin them—that’s the rub. The other day I picked up as pretty a Chickasaw as ever trod on four pasterns. I swapped a roan for her. But I couldn’t match her. A man was trying to sell me a Narragansett racer from Rhode Island for ninety dollars, but the beast had jumped overboard and swum ashore from the sloop and strained himself.

“You don’t want Conestogas; they’re too heavy. Canadians? No. I know a black pacer, about fifteen hands high, close-ribbed, roundbodied. He has been brought up on ale and porter, so he’s got spirit. I saw him drink a glass of wine as pretty as an alderman. If I could match him, he would do you proud—if you’ve got the money. I’d make you a gift of a handsome pair, but the gentleman who is buying your carriage for you would probably challenge me to a duel; and I’m not yet grown used to the ball in my shoulder from my last argument with a gentleman over his best friend. But I hear that Jumel is an amiable old man and I’ll risk helping you in your selection if you’ll come with me.”

He took Betty to the farrier who kept the black pacer. The man claimed that the horse was a son of Messenger, imported in 1792, and the best stallion ever brought to America. The pacer was called Baronet and his eye was like wet onyx. His great nostrils fluttered with a whinny of welcome as Betty approached, and when she stroked the black cascade of his mane he bunted her amiably with his nose, and she loved him.

The farrier had no wine at hand; but to prove the animal an epicure he fetched a glass of cider and the Baronet gulped it down with relish.

When Leesen explained that Miss Browne wanted also

the duplicate of this horse, the farrier scratched his poll and said:

"I know the very spit of him. He's one of Highlander's get, and they call him Barefoot. He's what I calls a hoss, and if you harnessed him alongside my Baronet you'd think one of 'em was the shadder of t'other."

So Betty called on Barefoot and her love was not divided, but doubled.

When she made her report to Jumel, he asked who had selected the horses for her. She stammered a little, and he flushed with jealousy when she confessed that she had gone horse-hunting in the notorious company of Simeon Leesen. But then she cried:

"Would you have me cheated? I wanted only to make sure that your money would be well laid out and that I shouldn't disgrace the great Mr. Jumel by riding behind a pair of sorry cattle!"

Jumel was pleased by her flattery, but he was more touched by the evident hunger of her pride. And his warm heart leaped to the delights of forgiveness and generosity.

He could pare the shillings and pinch the pence with other merchants, but where his pity was invoked or when beauty was the beggar, he grew spendthrift. He told her that she should have the horses she wanted and the best harness in town and a good stable, and any coachman that she preferred.

She stood one rung higher on her upward climb when she looked down upon the men who came soliciting the privilege of playing Jehu to her majesty. She selected a Londoner who had hitherto driven nothing less than dukes and countesses—to hear him tell it. A query as to how and why he had come to America set him to fumbling for words, and Betty did not press the matter. She did not believe in insisting too much upon a thoroughly explicable past. Suppose that people began to ask her why she came from Providence!

So she selected the ducal charioteer and learned that his name was Clarence:

"Same name as the duke's who was over 'ere during the war—and didn't he learn to skate on the Collect Pond? Only 'is name then was Prince Willium 'Enery, which is my father's name, save for the Prince, of course."

"Very good, Clarence. You may 'ave the post," said Betty, losing an "h" by pure contagion, though she tried to speak right royally.

The question of clothes was urgent. Clarence's raiment was threadbare and slept-in. A livery would be glorious. So Betty sent Clarence to a tailor and told him to select his own wardrobe.

Since she gave him an advance on his wages and he invested it in grog, when he went to the tailor he "walked by starlight" as the saying was. He was "as dizzy as a goose," and he ordered a costume that might have passed without ridicule in a Lord Mayor's procession, but was warranted to cause a wake of laughter in New York.

But Betty did not care. She was none of your violets. She wanted to make a noise and hear the echo.

She was possessed with devils of impatience till the day of her translation from a foot passenger to the carriage gentry.

On a day of grandeur she walked to Mr. Quick's and saw her gorgeous Clarence lead up her team of black pacers in silver-tipped harness. Mr. Quick and his aides rolled out the glistening calash with its colored wheels, and hitched the chargers thereto.

Clarence mounted the pulpit in front and Betty hoisted her dainty foot. The omens were evil, for her foot slipped off the step and she barked her shin on the sharp edge. She made it on the second try, and sumptuously disposed her skirts about her.

Her leg bled one long white silken stocking red, but she let it bleed and ache for her heart was aching with pride.

She whacked her head, too, against the frame of the top, for she was pitifully unused to riding in her own calash.

But she straightened her hat and nodded to Mr. Quick and murmured:

"Clarence, you may drive out Broadway to the hilltop, then back to Mr. Jumel's warehouse."

Broadway was full of ruts and toppled cobbles and of muddy sloughs about the pumps. But she swam as stately as if she drifted in Cleopatra's barge.

She gave the staring ladies no chance to snub her, for they were but window panes to her. She saw right through them—ladies, gentlemen, beggars, crossing-sweepers, all.

Then peril threatened.

She heard a yell as of raiding Indians, and down the street came whooping a gang of lads dragging a bouncing shed.

It was the watchman's box of one of the constables. The old "Leatherhead" who kept the watch had fallen asleep inside, and a crowd of scamps had flung a rope around it and were dragging it down Broadway while the constable howled and turned somersaults, rolling now on the back of his fat neck, now on his fat behind with his feet in air, and now on either ear or other.

Of course, the leader of the miscreants was the town's most mischievous scamp, a young fellow named Washington Irving. His elder brother, Peter, stood on the sidewalk and called to him to desist, but Wash paid him no heed, for Peter was known as "Miss" Irving, or "Sissie." But then he was literary, an editor, and a critic, and a knight of the tea table.

The clamor of the running youth and the clatter of the watchman's box sent the horses into a panic of fear. They plunged and swerved and Clarence was like to have been pitched into the street before he conquered them. Betty was rocked and tossed as if she were again at sea, and she learned how dangerous a life the carriage people lead.

Further adventures made her return voyage down Broadway memorable, for chimney-sweeps dashed across the path, and one drunken fool lurched out of a grogshop and em-

braced the Baronet to save himself from falling, while Bare-foot danced in terror.

But even death would have been preferable to the climax of that journey. Just one thing Betty prayed for to make her day perfect, and that was to encounter Mrs. Vansinderen and fling mud on her.

Her prayers were answered literally, for she saw Mrs. Vansinderen ahead of her, about to cross where Pine Street entered Broadway, and a beautiful mass of slime lay just in place—pat for the wheels to splash through and inundate Mrs. Vansinderen.

“Turn here, Clarence!” Betty cried, “Turn here!”

And Clarence turned. And just as he turned, a huge black sow swung past the wheels and rolled under them. And as they rolled over her they slipped on her sleek wet hide. And the calash careened with a lurch that shot Betty full into the mud. She slithered and spun and hurled gouts of dirty water upon Mrs. Vansinderen’s skirts.

But they were not a patch on Betty’s estate. She was a total wreck, foul of face and arm and gown. She thrust out filthy hands and her tears made runnels down her cheeks.

It chanced that Monsieur Jumel, knowing that Betty was to parade in her new carriage, had left his warehouse and gone across to Broadway to witness her triumph.

But, though the crowd that flooded about her laughed and jeered—even Mrs. Vansinderen forgot her own petticoats for Betty’s worse disarray—Monsieur Jumel felt no mirth in the occasion. His kindly eyes were filled with sorrow for her. - She was the child whose feast was turned to ruin.

He ran to pick her up and, slipping, fell with her. Blindly she struck at him in her wrath and clambered to her feet by grasping at him. Leaving him where he sat all muddied, she flung herself into the carriage, which had been righted by now, and screamed at Clarence to take her home at a gallop down a side street.

And only now Monsieur Jumel smiled. And not at all at her, but at the allegory he made of the man who stoops into the mire to lift a woman thence.

CHAPTER XXIII

HUMILIATION is a luxury that nobody escapes. From the first bewrayments of infancy to the last accidents of senility, we furnish contempt to one another by our discomfitures.

Betty was no more ridiculous than many queens had been. Saints and heroes had been pelted with dung and drawn through it and cut in quarters afterward. But Betty was satisfied. It was enough. She asked no more.

Huddled, dripping, and smeared, uncleaner than the chimney-sweeps that shrieked their smutty jokes at her, she was carried through the streets like a disgraced drab; her head bowed, her eyes in the crook of her arm, her knees hunched up in misery, seeing nobody and seen by everybody.

Once at home and out of the glare and snicker of the public view, she tore off her sappy finery and scrubbed herself red, threw away the slops, and dressed herself in her best; but dared not go abroad. She flung herself into a chair to brood upon the malice of this life, and wonder when she should reach that high plateau where failure and ridicule are no longer to be feared. There is no such plateau; or if there is no one has ever found it.

The first pleasant thing she had to do was to summon Clarence before her and discharge him. She made no pretence of grandeur at this time. She heaped all the blame on him and called him every short, hard name she could think of. "Gin-swilling swine" was about the prettiest of the terms, and, thanks to her education among the sailors of Providence, she was equipped with a vocabulary that shook Clarence's capacious ears. The terms that a rum-sodden slave-trader applied to one of his black passengers

were among those with which she scathed her ex-coachman.

He was glad enough to get away without the brand of her finger nails and he did not tarry to ask for his wages. Indeed, when she waved him out he murmured, "Thank you, ma'am."

She would not stir from the house by day, and before dark Monsieur Jumel himself arrived and tried to solace her. She abused him gloriously for buying her that abominable carriage and those Benedict Arnold horses, but he understood that it was only her pain that cried and he did not answer in kind. His soft words quelled her wrath and she consented to sit in his lap like a wounded child.

The presence of a sympathetic listener brought on a fresh supply of tears and wails. She leaned into Jumel's heart as if he were the father whose protection she had never known. And there was fatherhood in his heart. But much, much more.

For all her infantile misery and his pity for her, she was also a woman of peculiar grace and of a warmth that burned. Kissing her hair as one might kiss a baby's, he was drawn into a net of uncanny reticulation, woven for the capture of men.

Looking down into her eyes that looked up into his, he watched the tears vanish and only the gleam remain. The lashes and the mystic lids rose and fell and a new soul appeared in the depths of the blue grottoes behind her irises. The infant inside grew suddenly a witch casting spells upon him.

When his eyes wandered down the tiny ivory pathway of her nose, her lips waited in a flower of blood-red petals, quivering and silken and sensitive, revealing now and then white teeth that bit her lips or the nervous tip of her tongue. A strange life was in her lips as if a siren dwelt there contriving incantations and perils.

As she slowly changed from a weeping child to a nymph coiled up in his arms, he was bewitched with his long vigil. When his glance evaded the sorcery of her face it fell into the troubled pool of her milk-white bosom, where the tides

of grief surged and slowly calmed to the dreamy ebb and flow of her breath.

The beauty of her breast was an anguish to him, but beyond, as he studied her, were her arms, her loins, her long thighs, her cunningly turned knees, her slim feet with one slipper hung ludicrous on one toe—the little touch that rescued her from seeming divine and made her lovably human. And then her hands! conferring together, wrestling in a grief that seemed to be their very own, soothing each other, and finally reaching up to stroke Jumel's cheek or to cling to his hands where they clasped her and at last to pinch his thumbs foolishly.

For a long while he warmed this frightened serpent in his bosom and found her so wonderfully made, so complex, complete, entrancing, that just to own her and study her seemed to become his future career.

He half suspected that she was a snake, a Lamia revived for his damnation. But there was about her the ancient sacredness of the serpent and he felt a call to her priestcraft.

He had the Frenchman's clear vision in business and his genuine interest in the truth, but also the Frenchman's helplessness before beauty. He surrendered slowly to the conviction that Betty must be his, or he hers at whatever cost.

In their long communion there was time enough for him to ponder the dangers of this situation.

New York was not Paris. Alliances without the stockade of wedlock were numerous enough, but they were surreptitious and shady and carried on with a sneaking guiltiness.

In the older world, they were more or less sanctified by ancient custom. They were expected or assumed. Monarchy and peerage flaunted them openly. Royal "favorites" boasted of their shame, and their children were often ennobled in England, France, Italy, everywhere. The princes of the churches had their romances as well as the laity, and set their by-blows in high places, not only in the armies,

but in the temples. The middle class and the peasants carried on the fashion received from above.

So Jumel looked upon Betty with European eyes. It never occurred to him to marry her. Marriage was a serious step, a matter of family treaties, settlements, dowries. He despised the hypocrisy, the smug behavior of the New York merchant who kept his *chère amie* in hiding, or played the cuckoo in other men's nests.

He felt a distant reverent envy for those who dwelt together in honest love. But he did not credit Betty with honest love. She had so many other charms that he did not despise her for lacking that. But he refused to pretend that she had it or risk any trust upon her.

He was a merchant, an importer. He was about to buy a ship or two. He would look carefully into their seaworthiness and into the character of the captains he intrusted them to.

He did not consider Betty seaworthy for the transoceanic voyage of marriage. But he could not ask for a trimmer; jauntier little sloop for a short cruise not too far from shore. She would look pretty anchored in a cove.

He loved her dearly, with several of a man's many loves: first the love one feels for the beggar who stirs him to generosity and inspires a majestic charity. It had given Jumel a noble feeling to be able to toss a coach and pair into her beggar's palms. Second, the love one feels for the pitiful thing one bends down to lift from the ground, the bruised lamb, the hurt dog, the weeping child, that gives one the sense of a giant's power expended in mercy. She had moved Jumel to brave the laughter of the mob and shame it by protecting an evil woman in a Christlike way. He loved her, too, because he could do the decent thing and take her off the streets, rescue her from the degradation she was hurrying toward. And it is not every Magdalen that one can rescue gracefully and neatly.

Jumel was quite unaware of the self-gratification of any of these loves. He was neither self-conscious nor a prig.

None the less, Betty had established herself in his affections first by all these means.

But beyond, above, and encompassing all the reasons was her self. She had the immemorial power of certain women to render themselves indispensable to certain men.

She had that physical genius which enthralls, reaches out for conquest, fills her scene with perfume and contentment. Poets, painters, architects are forgiven for the havocs they cause in their ruthless search for the precise word, the pre-eminent color, the supreme site.

Parrhasius was admired for crucifying the slave to perfect his painting of agony. Bernard de Palissy is forgiven for starving his family and burning his furniture in his desperate battle for the ideal glaze.

Columbus is celebrated with statues, though his discovery cost the lives of countless wretches who would have lived longer and died happier for not being discovered. Even at that moment in France a young man named Napoleon was being caught up into the skies like a Ganymede by the eagle of fame. He was beginning to destroy all nations, including his own adopted people, in his relentless gluttony for power. And the nation he ruined would make a god of him for all time.

So why should beauty be denied the prerogative of its genius for conquest?

As for Betty, she also had her high purposes. She was eager to import into America the classic ambitions of Aspasia, Rosa Vanozza, de Maintenon, Jane Shore, Nell Gwynne, and the rest of that ambitious sisterhood.

There were difficulties in her way. She was importing velvet to a homespun community. She must toil in the unromantic atmosphere of a small city, in a Dutch and Puritan atmosphere, and she had to begin with a visiting Frenchman. But she did her worst. Devils can do no more.

She had had poor luck with her first efforts. Delacroix had been a dire failure. She had not begun very brilliantly with Jumel. But she was on her way to his utter conquest.

And he was no more the victim of her ambition than she

was herself. For she herself was under the imperious spell of her own appetite. She was the priestess before her own beauty and would sacrifice everything to it.

She could hardly believe her ears when Jumel haltingly unfolded his plan.

"You stay here no more, *ma p'tite*. Thees room he is not nice for you. You are like a diamond in a coals pail. You did promise me you geeve me your soul for a carriage. Now I ask you. Geeve! Bring! You come to my house, yes?"

"Yes."

"W'en you come?"

"Now!"

Her gay promptitude made him laugh till the tears sprang from his eyes. And he kissed her heartily. And she, clenching him in her arms, kissed him till he was dizzy.

She bounded from his lap and began to fling her things together, snatching gowns and hats from hooks and rifling bureau and closet as if the house were on fire.

She acted on impulse, as when she had made her sudden voyage to France. She never kept an invitation waiting, or held back from a gift. It might be withdrawn in the face of coquetry or delay.

While she packed like mad, Jumel asked the landlady for her bill. He let her cheat him well. After all, she had a hard life and her tenants were difficult and fleeting.

When Betty was ready to depart he paused to warn her:

"In my house you go to find perhaps an enemy—Albin Bernard, my old valet. He loves me and he is my tyrant. Maybe he likes not to have you for the queen."

"Oh, I'll manage Albin all right," said Betty, who feared nothing just then.

But when she encountered the valet as he opened the door and Jumel made a rather shy explanation of the new guest of the house, Betty felt a chill.

Bernard bowed and let her in, but his eyes had the murky glint of a wolfhound's that will not make friends and promises some day to spring and slash.

CHAPTER XXIV

FOR the moment the valet's truculence merely amused Betty. She had cried herself out, and could suffer no more of shame or fear until the exhausted reservoir of her soul had filled up again.

She pretended not to see the jealousy or the hurt pride of the swarthy servant, but thanked him cheerily for bringing her candles and her trunks, and giggled when he closed the door on his somber stare.

She roved about the house, a mere child in a new garret. She was bursting with delight in her new toy.

She was actually established in a home of her own; and in the fashionable quarter of Pearl Street, right on the corner of Whitehall! Only one narrow block of houses separated her from the Battery with its pleasant walks alternately beaten upon by the sun and the stars, and its seawall where the waves beat eternally.

She wandered from room to room carrying a silver candlestick with four bright flames dancing. She lighted other candles everywhere and made plans for rearranging all the furniture and buying more and more.

She repaid the purring Jumel well by leaning upon him with her arm about him, by frequent thrusting of kisses upon his cheeks, by little exclamations and cooing praises in his own language:

"Magnifique! comme c'est joli, ça! Comment j'admire cette chose-ci! D'un goût exquis, cela!"

Soon she had the whole house lighted up as if in honor of Evacuation Day. The neighbors across the street wondered what was afoot over there. Was some one ill, perhaps? Were burglars being hunted? There were burglars everywhere these nights. But no screams came from the

windows, and after a time the lights went out in room after room.

But not in the heart of Monsieur Jumel. Betty had set an altar aglow in the chamber of his heart. He adored her youth, her beauty, her playful modesties, her skillful, willful, amorous bounty.

The next morning the neighbors saw a handsome calash waiting before the stoop. Two glistening black horses stood gnashing their bits and a new coachman sat haughtily erect in his place with the lines drawn taut and his knees formally rigid.

This was the only announcement to the world that M. Jumel's home was no longer a bachelor establishment.

Many eyes were at many windows when Betty finally came queening down the front steps and seated herself in that carriage. There were only three other carriages kept on that street, and they were shabby in the presence of this.

So the eyes at the windows were filled with hate and scorn and jealousy. The respectability of the neighborhood was outraged. What was the town coming to when a French merchant set up a creature of that sort in his house and provided her a carriage?

Jumel had left the house long since and on foot to open his warehouse. But before he commenced his own busy day he had seen to it that the new coachman was hired and instructed to hitch up Baronet and Barefoot to the carriage (after it was duly cleansed of yesterday's mire) and take his stand outside the door until "Madame" should be ready to take the air.

Jumel had stolen from the house as stealthily as a thief lest he waken the pretty sleeper. He had kissed only the long coil of hair that rolled across her pillow.

And now he was at his ledgers and toiling among his casks of wine, earning money for the amusement of this newcomer.

Browsing among his bargains and computing his markets and his notes and his chances of profit, his heart throbbed with a new comfort.

Her face swam in the air about him and smiled above his books as he went over his lists and the advertisements in the *Commercial Advertiser*:

This day landing, Van Zandt's Wharf per Barque *Martha* from Bordeaux 100 bbs. Good cargo wine, 3 hhds. vin de Grave; old Barsac wine; 10 bottles. 100 cases of liqueurs from Marie Brizard; for sale for cash or approved Notes.

St. Croix Rum, 50 puncheons, landing this day at the Old Slip, 50 puncheons Jamaica and Antigua Rum, 20 pipes Port-wine first quality 10 do. Old Madeira do. 10 do. Lisbon do. Bottled Porter in Tierces of 6½ doz. each, Teneriffe wine in pipes.

From on board the ship *Union* from Amsterdam at Burling Slip, 35 pipes best Holland Geneva.

Now landing at Crane Wharf from on board the Swedish brig *Triton*, from Naples, 200 puncheons well flavored 4th and 5th proof Brandy, 12 hhds. claret. Boorgogne, Champaign and Oeil de perdrix in boxes of 3 and 4 dozen.

His life was not all commerce now. He had at home waiting for him a beautiful woman whose smiles would bless his gains. He had somebody to work for and spend his money on.

And Betty's heart was bounding comfortably, too. She had a man working for her—not a brute like Delacroix with a wife across the sea, but a man she could call her own. He was no giant and he was no longer youthful, but there were compensations there. She was a little weary of too vigorous love, and willing to rest awhile.

She rose when she pleased and, glancing from her window, saw her carriage waiting. She tossed her head with pride. Then she paled.

It would take courage for Betty to go up Broadway again after the spill of the day before. But she must face the ordeal now, or never ride again. She was immensely supported by the fact that she was no longer alone in her battle with the hateful world; she was at the head of a household more pretentious than most of the scornful housewives could boast.

So she made herself as grand as she could and swung

down the steps like a Capetian princess. She told her coachman, "Up Broadway!" and hoisted her chin as high as Marie Antoinette held hers on her death ride.

She saw that her route was lined with ridicule, and she flinched and whitened before it.

But she knew that laughter easily tires. In a day or two she would be accepted as part of the landscape; and by and by an institution to be solemnly respected. Yesterday's joke is to-morrow's religion.

Still she was glad to return to the shelter of her house. The old yellow brick pile was a fortress of refuge, and she was tired of eyes and the silent scorn that had flailed her all the way.

When Jumel came home for the midday dinner she was ready for him with delicacies she had bought at the markets. Bernard scowled and sneered at her, but she paid him no heed, though she could have wished that at least at home she might be spared hostile eyes.

It pleased Jumel so much to find so much beauty at his table that when he went back to his shop he was inspired to a superb tribute.

That very afternoon he completed the purchase of the two boats he had bought for his growing business. They were named the *Gustave V* and the *Jobyna*.

What a happy thing it would be to name one of them after himself and the other after Eliza—for she was Eliza or Élise to him. He had not known her in her Betty Bowen days, nor as Madame Delacroix, but only as Eliza Browne.

Even Élie Laloi had fallen into the habit of calling her Mees Browne during the chaotic interregnum between her more regular affairs.

That evening, then, Monsieur Stephen Jumel took home to supper the wonderful news that in the harbor were two boats wearing the names of two lovers: the good brig *The Stephen*, and the neat bark, *The Eliza*.

Betty breathed deep of this distinction. A winged ship was to bear her name across the world. If only her mother

could know of this! Her mother was dead and *Eliza* was not really Betty's name. But she had followed her mother's counsel and she was a success. The name did not matter.

After a moment of exaltation she sprang into the lap of Monsieur Jumel and told him how grand a man he was and how much she loved him.

The next day he took her to the wharf and showed her the bark. The master told her it was "pretty nearly a ship, all except the yards on the after-mast." A man was already swung over the stern, painting out the legend *Jobyna* and painting in the name *Eliza*.

There was only one little fly in the ointment of Betty's glory. She could have wished that her namesake boat could have borne the name of "Madame Jumel."

But sufficient for the day was the height she had reached.

She told the master to be very careful of her "pretty nearly ship" and keep her out of storms and off the rocks and bring her back safe to harbor.

"Wishing you the same for yourself, Miss," said the master with more heartiness than tact.

Monsieur Jumel had wine aboard and the health of the bark and of the brig was drunk again and again.

He took such delight in heaping gifts upon Betty that he would make her a lady indeed. She must have a slave to wait upon her.

The slave market at the foot of Wall Street had been closed for forty years. It had been a little longer than that since one could read advertisements such as this:

Just arrived from Great Britain and are to be sold on board the ship *Alice and Elizabeth* several likely Welsh and English servantmen, also several negro girls and a negro boy and likewise good Cheshire cheese."

White slaves were no longer sold and negroes were no longer burned alive for conspiracy. Slave girls were not sent "on approval."

And yet in that afternoon's *Evening Post* Betty read:

For sale—a likely Negro Wench, 16 years old—sold for no fault. For terms enquire of William Leaycroft, 107 Liberty Street.

So Betty went to Liberty Street and inspected the girl, who won her heart by begging to be bought by so beautiful a lady. Betty needed no more recommendation. She haggled a little over the price of so much dark meat, paid down fifty pounds in money, and marched off with her captive.

A law had been passed a while back to the effect that all negro children born after July 4th, 1799, should be born "free," though the word was rather magnificent for the liberty conferred, since, after all, the males were to be apprenticed till they were twenty-eight and the females till they were twenty-five. And that meant that their youth and their hopes would be pretty well quenched by the practical slavery of apprenticeship. Still, it solved the slavery problem for New York without expense of haste, of money, or of blood. Aaron Burr had tried to pass a bill abolishing slavery entirely and at once, but it had been rejected.

There were certainly no compunctions in Betty's heart against the ownership of this sooty sister. She had been born in Providence where slaves were a staple of commerce.

And now she had a carriage, a ship, and a slave. And yet she was not content.

CHAPTER XXV

THERE was no lack of amusement in the town. Jumel was always glad to take her to the Park Theater, a magnificent building that had cost a hundred thousand dollars and more. He was generous enough to leave his shop in time to be present for the rising of the curtain at half past six. He never begrudged the two dollars it cost them for two seats in a box, where the rats that scampered through the pit could not reach her. Often they took Élie Laloi along with them, and being a learned, bookful fellow now, he told Betty what to admire and why.

She loved Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" and Otway's "Venice Preserved," and Sheridan and Fielding made her laugh herself sick. Shakespeare was also a very good writer, as Laloi informed her, and his plays were interesting as well as instructive and of highly moral character. "Hamlet" was particularly useful to any woman who might be tempted to marry the murderer of her husband, especially when he was her brother-in-law. "Othello" taught that ladies should not marry men of too dark a complexion and that husbands should not grow too jealous over misplaced handkerchiefs.

There was even more thrill in attending the trials in court, and the dangers of circumstantial evidence shown in "Othello" were emphasized in such a case as that of Levi Weeks, who took the pretty Juliana Sands out for a ride on a Sunday and did not bring her back. When her body was found next Thursday in the well dug by Col. Aaron Burr's Manhattan company, they arrested Levi and charged him with murder.

He engaged the best three lawyers in town, General Alexander Hamilton, Colonel Aaron Burr, and Mr. Brock-

holst Livingston. Betty was spellbound by the drama which was not rehearsed and fixed, but written by the actors as they went along. General Hamilton was a great orator for so little a man, but it needed more than music to convince that jury that Weeks was innocent. The evidence against him was overwhelming and there was one witness whose testimony could not be shaken. He was as ugly as his cruel evidence and Colonel Burr realized that he could not save his client unless he broke this witness. He kept hammering him and insinuating that he had some peculiarly good reason for charging Mr. Weeks with the crime. Finally it grew dark in the courtroom and the candles were lighted.

The suspense grew more unbearable in the dark and Colonel Burr had driven the witness almost out of his mind by his attacks, when, suddenly, he seized two big candlesticks, one in each hand, and, thrusting them like flaming swords almost into the face of the astounded witness, he cried:

“Gentlemen, behold the murderer!”

The witness gaped, recoiled, and, rising, dashed out of the room. The jury acquitted young Mr. Weeks.

Of course he was guilty, but Betty was glad he got off, since she knew his uncle well. His uncle had built the City Hotel and was a very polite man.

Betty felt grateful to Colonel Burr for his cleverness. He had no more reverence for the law than she had. He said, “law is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained.” That was Betty’s opinion of the law after her experience in France.

She wished she might tell Colonel Burr how thrilled she had been by his acting. He had a fascinating reputation as a rake, the most graceful of profligates. He was even more gallant than General Alexander Hamilton, who had a wife and adored her, though his fancies strayed. But somehow Hamilton and Burr, however they circled round each other in the bonds of mutual repulsion, never wandered into Betty’s circle.

For one thing, New York had touched sixty thousand

in 1800, and was growing so fast that nobody could know everybody. Nearly everybody knew Betty and her carriage by sight, for there were few carriages and only one Betty. But not many people spoke to her.

Betty did not dabble in politics. It was—they were—too complicated and too noisy for her. They had all the ferocity of Parisian politics except that the guillotine was never invoked. Men shot at each other instead. And sometimes somebody got hit, though not often.

When a Mr. Church said that Colonel Burr had done a political favor for money, Colonel Burr called him out, and missed him and was missed by him.

Mr. James Monroe, who had been in Paris when Betty was there, quarreled with General Hamilton over Hamilton's acknowledged amour with Mrs. Reynolds, and a duel was planned. Monroe named Burr as his second, but the duel was aborted.

Politics was all mixed up with love-affairs and discussions of the private character of public men. Whatever their characters, few of them had a shred of reputation left.

Burr and Hamilton were said to be rivals for the same woman, and Hamilton's implacable wrath was explained as due to Burr's success with her.

Hamilton called Burr "a voluptuary by system" and accused him of "profligacy unrestrained by any moral sentiments and defying all decencies." Hamilton founded a newspaper, the *Evening Post*, and the editor, Cheetham, berated Burr incessantly. He even got out handbills calling Burr a wholesale and remorseless seducer who filled the brothels of New York with his victims and was being pursued by at least one revengeful father. Cheetham accused Burr of dancing with negresses—perhaps because Burr was in favor of emancipating the slaves at once.

But President John Adams called Hamilton a debauchee who had "given inquietude to the first families" by "audacious and unblushing attempts upon ladies of the highest

rank and purest virtue." Adams said that Hamilton's rage against Burr was "an absolute delirium."

But the story was told of President Adams (and it defeated him later) that he had imported three mistresses from England and, finding them too many to amuse, sent them back at the public expense.

Burr called Hamilton "the little bastard" once, and then apologized because, after all Hamilton had been a love-child; and Burr believed very much in love.

Hamilton hated Adams and Jefferson almost as much as he hated Burr, and he despised and distrusted the People and the Constitution, which he called a "crazy old hulk" and "a cheap and useless fabric."

Jefferson's love of France and republicanism revolted Hamilton, the lover of England and aristocracy. Jefferson also was tarred with slander, sued by a free negress for the support of their child. As for his slaves, Jefferson said that when any of his blacks ran away he never set the bloodhounds after them if they happened to be his own children.

Jefferson in his turn abhorred Hamilton and Adams and Burr. They had all at times abhorred Washington, but, now that he was dead, they turned on one another.

Jefferson called Hamilton "the evil genius of this country." Hamilton, who was an ardent Churchman, called Jefferson "an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics." Imagine the horror of Hamilton, when in the next election for President, Jefferson and Burr were tied.

Burr had the greater number of members voting for him, but Jefferson had the greater number of states. Jefferson was on the ground, fighting for the Presidency; Burr kept four hundred miles away. It was said that he could have won the election if he had intervened in person, but he had his own ideas of dignity.

After a fearful suspense and an odious period of trading, Jefferson won the election and Burr, as second, became Vice-President at the age of forty-five.

He had been a brave soldier, and would have been made

a general if Hamilton had not prevented his appointment. He had been a Senator. He had declined a seat on the Supreme Court bench. Then Burr began to miss everything—to be a nearly man. He was nearly elected Governor of New York; nearly appointed minister to France; nearly elected President—actually elected to that nearly-an-office of Vice-President.

But still the rivalry with Hamilton went on. Hamilton dreaded Burr because Burr was demagogue enough to propose that the people should vote directly for the President, which would manifestly reduce the country to ruins at once. Hamilton could not even believe in Burr's belief in popular government. He called Burr "a man who, despising democracy, has chimed in with all its absurdities."

It was amazing how bitter Hamilton was. He and Burr were polite in public. Burr dined at Hamilton's house and Theodosia Burr was a friend of Hamilton's daughters. Yet Hamilton could not let Burr survive.

In nothing did Hamilton differ more from Burr than in his attitude toward women and their alleged "rights." One of Hamilton's greatest disgusts for Burr was based on his "rank Godwinism." William Godwin was the English clergyman who gave up the pulpit because its creeds conflicted with his new theories: he believed in an intellectual republic based on universal benevolence! He believed that women should have political rights and he believed in divorce! He met and eventually married an all-defying school-teacher named Mary Wollstonecraft, who also believed in the anarchy that women had the right to education as well as the vote. Manifestly, if you started educating females and letting everybody vote, the world was at an end, and well lost.

Burr was a Godwinist. He believed in a true republic. He was so gallant with women that he could deny them nothing, not even a mind. When his wife died, he made a career of his daughter's spiritual welfare. "I hope by her," he wrote, "to convince the world what neither sex appear to believe—that women have souls."

He made Theodosia study Latin, Greek, French, the piano, dancing, skating. He even urged her to read an abominably irreverent history of Rome recently published serially by a scoffer named Gibbon. Burr made Theodosia the best educated woman of her nation and one of its noblest.

From her fourteenth year Theodosia ruled over his heart and his household. He bought the home occupied for a time by President Washington, "Richmond Hill" he called it, and there with his daughter at the head of the table he entertained Talleyrand, Jerome Bonaparte, Volney, Louis Philippe, all the brilliant visitors to the new republic.

And then Theodosia married Joseph Alston, who later became Governor of South Carolina. She moved thither with him—twenty days away from New York.

A French girl whom Burr had adopted was married about the same time. He was left alone without wife, daughter, or foster child.

So his heart ran about seeking some woman to love. He almost married a Philadelphienne, but she hurt his pride. He had other loves and wrote his daughter about them. But fate was saving him for Betty, whom he had never met.

Burr had a bad name even among the bad names of those bad days, but he said: "I never had an amour in my life in which I was not met halfway. I would be the last man on earth to make such advances where they were not welcome. Nor did I ever do, or say, or write anything which threw a cloud over a woman's name. No woman can lay her ruin at my door."

Where was the truth in all these hailstorms of slander? Betty was openly wicked, yet, if she could believe half that she heard, she was only leading the life of the great majority and of the majority of the great.

While each political party claimed the highest ideals for itself, it stooped to every trick to outwit the other. If what each party said of the other were true, the country was indeed a nation of blacklegs, dissolute thieves, and tyrants, drifting down to a well-deserved destruction.

There was small encouragement to respectability in such contemptible days. The highest statesmen were (if one could believe half that one heard and read) as dishonorable in love as in politics.

But a strange indifference for men had come over Betty. The ease of their conquest robbed it of excitement and it was no novelty. She was tired of men playing the same old game for the same old stakes.

Betty had enjoyed a plenty of evil, and more was always to be had for just not refusing it. Now that she was known everywhere as Monsieur Jumel's housekeeper, men had a little less respect for her than before. Their courtesies were as transparent as cheap cheesecloth. Their mock chivalries insulted her unbearably, especially as she felt a certain loyalty to her keeper, and Monsieur Jumel insisted upon regularity and seemliness in everything except the legal and the sacred bond.

What Betty longed for with a longing aggravating rapidly to a mania was Respectability. She wanted to be a lady and among the ladies sit.

She wanted to be spoken to on the street by those clear-eyed, high-headed women who had honesty for their glory. She wanted to be invited into the homes where a good name and a clean past were the only open-sesames. She wanted to talk about children and how to raise them and keep them good and marry them well.

Foreigners were saying that American women were the most beautiful and the most fashionable in the world till they reached twenty-five, and then they drooped into old age and shabbiness. Betty would have swapped her youth and her bright beauty for the apparently inaccessible privilege of growing dowdy and pallid in a home of her own.

The dazzling balls and dinners—the "parties" as they were being called nowadays—tempted her, too. She ached with the exile from those gleaming companies where, after the food was eaten and the wine drunk, everybody was "bored" until the card tables were brought out and gambling saved people from the impossible task of conversation.

But she would have been glad enough to be admitted to the shabbiest of the gatherings, to the church meetings, to the charitable projects of Miss Isabella Graham who had just founded the first Missionary Society and was planning others.

One night when she sat with Jumel and Laloi in a box at "The West Indian," two young men began to make fun of Mr. Eacker, the Democratic politician, in another box. They ridiculed a Fourth of July speech he had made. One of the lads was the son of General Hamilton. Mr. Eacker grew wroth at this impudence and, calling them out in the lobby, boxed their ears. They challenged him to a duel. Everybody challenged everybody to a duel for anything.

Betty went home in grave distress. Why must the bullets fly for a careless word? The next Sunday Mr. Eacker fought his first duel over at Weehawken, and nobody was hurt. On Monday afternoon young Philip Hamilton went over, and came back to his father's house with a bullet through him and his own pistol undischarged.

Betty paced up and down before "The Grange," the beautiful home of the Hamiltons, and heard the mother scream when the boy died in her arms. But she dared not go in. She dared not go to the funeral.

She had no place among the mothers.

She felt how precious a thing it is to be permitted to offer sympathy, to be clung to and wept upon by a good soul in agony.

She wanted above all things to be a wife and a mother. She would give her beautiful carriage and her dear horses and her delightful home in Whitehall Street for a wedding ring and a good home. Strange, the different uses of that word "mistress." Spell it out and pronounce it with the hissing "s" and it means shame. Abbreviate it to "Mrs." and call it "Mizzuz" and it means honor and the shelter of respect.

She hinted what was in her soul to Monsieur Jumel. It was the only hint he would not take.

She begged him flatly to marry her and he flatly refused.

He would not even take her seriously. He shook his head and smiled and said:

"Non, non, ma belle!"

Slowly she grew to hate him for his gentle obstinacy. He was crueller in his meekness than the brutal Delacroix. She accused him even in her own heart of being her first and only betrayer. She brooded upon revenge. The revenge she chose was that he should marry her in spite of himself.

She would be honest if she had to be dishonest to achieve it.

One night when he begged her not to ask the impossible, she set a sudden pistol to his head and vowed that she would fire if he did not marry her forthwith.

He smiled again, as cool and gay as an *émigré* at the guillotine's edge, and shrugged his shoulders Frenchily, folded his arms, and laughed:

"Fou! faites feu! ma mie."

The command so startled her that her finger pulled the trigger and he might have died but for the fact that she had forgotten to load the weapon.

She flung it down and wept. And her tears melted him as always to a great tenderness. He offered her everything but his name.

His caresses maddened her and she flung his hands aside and, running to another room, locked herself in and pondered in the dark.

She thought long and clearly. And at last a scheme occurred to her that might work. It was her last trick, and if it failed she would have to try another man. For she would have a husband at any cost soever.

CHAPTER XXVI

IT was not that Betty had no friends. She had numbers of them and they were bent on hilarity. They gave New York a touch of Paris in small.

But it was a submarine hilarity they enjoyed. Their haunts were grottoes. The shadow of the submersion was upon them.

Some of the members of this clique were on the way up, but, like herself, they came from the depths and had some of the ooze still clinging about them.

Most of them came down from the surface and were on their way to the ooze.

Down from the top came, for instance, Mrs. Dolly Beadlestone, a lady of great name. She sank like a galleon shattered in a battle. She had cruised about in the sunlight too recklessly. Her husband had come home at the wrong time once, and then no more at all. There was a duel and her lover killed her husband and fled without taking her along. After a brief flurry of being the town's chief buzz, Mrs. Beadlestone was no longer being spoken to nor spoken about, except in the dim circles where Betty swam.

One of Betty's gallants was Jacob Orttery, a gentleman of the first family; but he would neither stay sober nor get quietly drunk like a gentleman. He disgusted the genial Jumel, who loved to dance and to mellow himself with wine, but abhorred excess. Élie Laloï could not endure Betty's new friends and gradually withdrew into his bookstore as into the cave where a hermit walls himself in. But Betty loved to be with Mrs. Beadlestone and with Orttery because they taught her the mysterious lore of the world they had left and she had never known. Orttery had had his adventures in that upper realm and it comforted Betty to hear

him mumble the names of still respected ladies who were wicked but had not yet foundered in a storm of gossip. She gained a little from the dingy comfort of saying to herself: "There are hypocrites up there who are worse than I am; only they haven't been found out." This was flimsy consolation, but she bettered it by saying: "If I had their chances, their homes, and families, I'd be the best little wife on earth."

She felt the glow of imaginary virtue and was vicariously respectable.

She encountered now and then gentlemen and ladies of eminent tone who were just peering down into the depths, flirting with disaster, dipping below the surface, like ospreys that pounce from above and cleave the water a little, then beat their way back to the air.

But there was a curiosity and a condescension about these people that offended Betty. It did not flatter her to be considered an adventure by a timid gentleman, or a strange animal by an inquisitive lady.

In the midst of some turtle feast on a moonlit shore she would grow bitter and shudder with disgust for her companions who were holding her down instead of helping her to rise.

Wandering the "geometrical gardens of elegant excellence" of the Vauxhall Gardens with some rich tanner from "the Swamp," whose wife was out of town, she would sicken at his flatteries and long to strike him back-handed across the face that sneered while it smiled.

She had enjoyed Vauxhall when it was downtown. Then a Frenchman named Delacroix, who was not her Delacroix, had bought the resort and shifted it to "Bayard's Mount."

She quit going there when the name Delacroix came to mean her most dismal crash down the ladder. But time had hardened her to the sound and started her up the rungs again. When, then, in 1803 Monsieur Delacroix leased from Mr. J. J. Astor the old flower gardens kept by the Swiss Sperry a mile out in the Bowery road, she was often there.

While Jumel was chattering French with Madame Delacroix and her two mademoiselles, Betty would saunter the gardens among the statues and the busts and the gleaming lamps ambushed in the shrubbery. But the fireworks made her sad.

She found a something akin to her own ambitions in the aspiring fires that climbed the dark sky and always failed, returning to oblivion in a weeping of shattered sparks.

Her heart went up like one of the little lighted balloons rising, rising, then wavering, drifting, and finally going wretchedly out or bursting into a brief flame and lapsing again to earth.

Even when she forgot to be morose, and the wine or the music or the jokes of some comedian made her laugh aloud, she would catch a glance of scorn from somebody at another table. Or some woman passing her would draw her skirts aside or give her a slanting regard of disdain.

Then her heart would cry out anew for the right to disdain others.

If she had been brought up as straitly as some of her companions she might have been glad to escape from the leashes of good behavior. But the leashes that held her were the thongs of her miserable origin and her after-conduct.

She was most horribly tempted toward virtue and conformity. Her companions did not share her longings, except one—Dolly Beadlestone, who had been spilled out of the lap of respectability. She wanted to get back and could not.

She understood when Betty moaned one night at Vauxhall:

“If I’d ever have been where you were, I’d have stayed there.”

“Oh no, you wouldn’t!” Dolly laughed, and immediately ceased to laugh, and sighed: “It was nice! To have a father and mother taking you to church; to have a decent young man make love to you, as if you were sacred; to have a husband who took you to a church to marry, and went there every Sabbath at your side; to have babies and

pray for them and pray over them and nurse them and dress them, and fight for them against death, and cry across their little coffins and put flowers on their little graves while you wept in the arms of their father—yes, it was beautiful. I had 'em all and they tired me. But not half as much as this tires me. Yes, I understand why you want them. I hope you get them all. I hope you'll grow so respectable that you'll cut me as dead as I would have cut you a year ago."

Betty squeezed her hand and groaned, "But Jumel won't marry me."

"Have you asked him to?"

"Yes. But he only laughs."

"And he looks such a kind old gentleman. I'll ask him."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Stay here and watch me."

Betty sank down on a stone bench by a marble urn and looked like a starlit statue, a seated mourning figure, while she watched from the dark Dolly's advance on Jumel where he sat clinking wineglasses with an exiled French duke.

She saw him turn and rise at Dolly's approach and, excusing himself from his crony, accompany her into the garden. She could not hear what Dolly said till their slow steps were crunching the gravel within a few yards of her retreat.

They paused almost at her shoulder and she cowered into the shadow so that Jumel did not see her as he grazed past.

He halted a little beyond and Betty heard him say:

"*Non, non.* You ask imposseebles. Eliza is nice gerl but a wife is anuzzer lady altogezzer. I do not like for my wife somebody who knows too well already w'at a hosban' weesh to teach. Eef Eliza finds gentlamans who weesh for marry her, she is free. I say no word. I make like I never did see her beefore. But to marry me to Eliza? *Non, non, madame! Non, non, madame!*"

Dolly tossed her hands in despair and turned away. Jumel went back to his friend and the brims of their glasses met again. Dolly rejoined Betty in the shadow.

CHAPTER XXVII

ONE Sunday when good people did not drive about, Dolly and Betty and Mr. Orttery drove away from the stifling town and the chained streets, out Breakneck Hill and on toward the narrowest tip of the island, where the Harlem flowed into the Hudson.

High on a bulwark of land set in the V of the two rivers, sat an old house that caught Betty's eye and gripped her heart with a curious power.

"What place is that?" she gasped.

Mr. Orttery, who was not yet quite drunk for the day, explained:

"Thass the Morris House—ol' Colonel Morris's house—who came over from Engl'n' with ol' Gener'l Braddock and went out to fight the Injuns—and wouldn't take advice of young Colonel George Washin'son and got ambushcated and mortally killed. But good ol' Curl Morse only got wounded. So he came to N'York and fell in love with pretty Mary Philipse. And so did Georzh Wash'n'son; only Georzh was a little bit timid and let Curl Morrison carry off blush'n' bride—sweet lady she was, too.

"When Revolution broke out, Curl Morse couldn't make up his mind to fight for Engl'n', nor yet to fight agains' Engl'n', so he went over to Engl'n' to think it over, leavin' poor Mary and children on this side ocean.

"Well, when the immoral—the immortal George Washingt-t-ton retreated from N'York to Harlem here, he took Morrisouse for headquarters. But Mary had moved out to Yonkers.

"She owned house in Whitehall Street—right near where you live, my dear, but it was burn'dup in great fire of 'Seventy-shixh. George Wash'n'n wanted to burn the ol'

town down when he retreated, but Congress wouldn't let him, so a lot of good Americans went in and tried to burn it down, anyway. British shot a lot of 'em, and hung some more—one of 'em was Nathan Hale, as you rememmer, no doubt, my dear."

"How could I remember him? I was only one year old in seventy-six——" Betty caught herself too late. She also caught Dolly Beadlestone doing a bit of mathematics in the back room of her head; she could tell this by that look a woman's eye takes on while she is figuring out when a person was born or is to be born.

Betty had betrayed the fact that she was far past the twenty-one years she had confessed to. But Ortrtery was gallant enough even in his woolly wits to say:

"You weren't born in seven-six, my dear—or even dreamed of."

She squeezed his arm for that.

The horses trotted on, and the house drew nearer and nearer like an oncoming ship, like her very own ship. She shook the yawning Ortrtery and said:

"Tell me more."

"Well, when they hung poor Hale, he said—but you learned in school what he said."

"I never went to school."

"Well, he said——"

"I don't care what he said. Who owns that house now?"

"I don' know. It was a tavern for a long while. I rememmer when the stages for Albany use' to change horses there. But it's only a farmhouse now. In the good ol' days we could have stopped and got a drink there. And I need one—horribalilly!"

As the horses bent to the steep winding road the house was swept out of view by jutting rocks or sudden walls of foliage, and swept in again by abrupt clearings. A something tugged at Betty's heart. The road lifted her into a purer air and her heart began to wish for a home, this home.

When the panting horses stopped at the peak of the hill her eyes beheld the colossal highway of the Hudson parad-

ing in silver armor along its titanic parapet. She turned her head, and far below was the little Harlem loitering toward the hidden meeting place. Far off to the east across a wilderness of fields and trees was the tinsel thread of the Bronx.

In a sea of green fields and forests the villages of Harlem, of Westchester and Morrisania lay like scattered toys. The steely shield of the Sound gleamed in the farthest east, and she could see where it narrowed into the East River and fretted itself through Hell Gate down about the islands to the bay.

In the water, boats traveled like flies or butterflies. Beyond the city and its smoke and the dancing waters of the bay she could descry Staten Island on the southernmost rim of the visible world. Thirteen counties were within eye-reach from this point.

Betty felt herself a very eagle in an eyrie, scanning the nether earth. Her fine long nose grew aquiline with haughtiness and that withdrawn remote disdain which is the supreme luxury of well-being.

The farmer who dwelt shabbily on this Mount Pisgah studied the wayfarers with amusement.

When Orttery said, "Could I buy a bottle of bran'y here?"

"No, sir; that you cannot." (Orttery's frown deepened.) "I sell no liquor on the Sabbath." (Orttery's chin fell to his breastbone.) "But I will give you some ale of my own brew."

The passengers descended to shake the dust from their clothes and slake the dust in their throats with the farmer's sudsy ale, while the horses oated.

Seen close at hand the house lost all its majesty—like some historic queen to whom one comes too near. The walls were dingy. The company about the place was sordid—hostlers, cattle-drovers, 'prentice hands and negro slaves all stupidly basking in a Sunday leisure.

The house had long since forgone the rural innocence it wore when Yantie Kiensen and her husband sold it for "one

thousand pounds of good and lawful money of New York" to James Carroll, who for a while sent garden produce, cherries, and quinces to the York markets, and then advertised it in the *Post Boy* of 1765, boasting "it commands the finest Prospect in the whole country; the Land runs from River to River, there is Fishing, Oystering, and Claming at either End."

The house, like a country girl taken up by a lord, had known splendor in the hands of Morris. It had known martial glory and pain. It had watched the troops of Washington driven in chaos up from the town, had seen young Major Aaron Burr heroically rescue the forgotten troops of the rear guard from destruction. It had heard the British bugles sound the fox call, the "View halloo!" in derision for the rebels who slunk through the coverts with dust on their lolling tongues.

The house had furnished George Washington and his staff with protection. He had slept beneath its shingles and held war councils and courts martial in its parlors. The gardens had been filled with breastworks.

When Fort Washington was captured by the British, the house fell with it. General Lord Percy and Admiral Lord Howe and General Sir Henry Clinton had made it bloom with scarlet uniforms. Mary Philipse Morris came back from Yonkers, where she had dwelt under the protection of Washington, though he had arrested her brother.

Then the Hessians under von Knyphausen and Von Lossburg took over the house. It was coming down in the world, shifting about, a mere trull among the military.

Mary Morris and her husband and both their families were attainted of treason to the new republic and denounced as felons, their lives and their lands held forfeit. When the British troops marched out of the ashen wreckage of New York, the Morrises retreated with them, carrying off their lives and leaving their other properties to be seized by the government and sold at vendue to strangers.

While Betty and her party stood at the edge of the height, regarding the encircling scene as from a hub, a littlish man

came into the garden with a floridly pretty lady. The gentlemen swept their hats from their perukes to their sides and then put them on again, but did not speak, nor introduce their women to each other. This was as the women liked it, for they expressed their contempt of their own levity by despising it in others, in a kind of vicarious repentance.

Betty recognized the man as Aaron Burr, but no one knew his companion's name. They envied her the soft look in those unequaled eyes of his. As Jumel and Betty, Dolly and Ortery filed through the gate, the farmer mumbled:

"That's the Vice-President. He can't make up his mind but what he'll buy this place, or swop it for his house on Richmond Hill."

Betty's heart quickened suddenly. She had liked the mansion before. Learning that so elegant a gentleman as Burr was considering it for himself, she wanted it desperately.

As Jumel was helping her elbow into the carriage, she whirled round, and pleaded:

"Buy me that house, Stephen."

"Comment? W'at you hask?"

"*Auriez-vous la bonté de—de—m'acheter cette maison-là.*"

"I hunderstan' you the firs' time," Jumel answered, with unwonted asperity. "But those house she is pretty damn far from my *bureau*—yes?"

Betty sighed. She felt herself pretty damned far from one more ambition. She saw that she had hurt Jumel by her greed. She must not let him think her grasping, and she spoke with the meekness of a hurt child:

"I was thinking only of you, Stephen. It would be a pretty place for you to rest after your hard work."

He smiled at the ingenuity of this, but was skeptical still of her sincerity. He loved to give, but hated to be asked.

And Betty hated him for seeing through her and for refusing her request. She grew a little more determined than ever to revenge herself upon him by becoming his wife.

To possess this mansion would solve one of her remaining problems in life. But she said nothing more about it, and

was so gay on the way back that Jumel was sure she had not really meant to squander a fortune on so quiet a retreat. He assumed that he had won another victory, and invited her to join him on his brig *The Stephen* which was to sail for Providence.

But the word "Providence" alarmed her. She was not ready yet to go back. She had no triumphs to take home. And she could not trust herself there with Jumel. Somebody would surely come up to her and accost her under her old name, and remember too much.

So she repeated the trick she had played on Delacroix and suddenly became too ill to attempt a voyage, yet again not quite ill enough to keep him at home.

He sailed away.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN Mrs. Dolly Beadlestone's retinue was the physician, Doctor Ketelkas, whom Betty had called upon when Captain Carpenter died at her house. He was held in higher esteem among his fellows in medicine than Mrs. Beadlestone among her late associations; but his interest in Dolly was outside his craft.

One afternoon while he was calling on Mrs. Beadlestone, Betty came in clamorously. She was in a palsy of wrath and humiliation. Dolly applied hartshorn to her nostrils in vain and she did not grow calm until Doctor Ketelkas started to bandage her arm and bleed her. Then she resumed control of herself and explained her vapors.

As she was driving in her carriage, collecting snubs and ridicule, she had seen a boy run across Broadway, flying a kite. This frightened the horses of a huge stage rolling out to Boston and the horses, swerving from a pile of manure in the middle of the road, ran up on the walk and knocked over a little girl. She was trampled under and cut with horseshoes, and the driver checked his stage just before a wheel crushed her ribs. The tire-marks had already blotched her dress.

Betty, who had an extraordinary affection for other people's children, had cried to her coachman to stop and had run to the side of the terror-stricken girl. She had her lifted into her own carriage and had driven with her to the nearest doctor's.

"I took her to your house, Doctor Ketelkas. Your wife came to the door, Doctor Ketelkas. She said you were not at home. She took the child from my arms, but didn't invite me in, Doctor Ketelkas. When I made to follow her she swung the door shut in my face, Doctor Ketelkas! And crushed my thumb, too!

"I should have fainted, but I wouldn't give her the pleasure of knowing she had hurt me, and I didn't even cry out."

She made up for her sacrifice of tears by weeping over her pinched flesh and sucking her thumb. The big wet eyes and the thumb in mouth gave her such a peculiar childishness that Doctor Ketelkas and Dolly both laughed.

"You needn't mock me!" Betty stormed. "You'd better make haste home and take care of that poor little girl."

She had no sooner ordered the doctor to go than she made him stay. She grew threatening in her tone:

"Your lady could hit me in the nose with her door, but she might not feel so haughty if I told her what I know of you and where you spend your time while patients suffer. I knew well enough where to find you and I came straight here to Mrs. Beadlestone's.

"Mrs. Beadlestone! She was a 'Mrs.' once and you have a wife and a home. Yet I find you two here together. Well, why should you have a home and a handle to your name and me none?"

"I want a home. I'm going to have a home—and you two are going to get it for me!"

Her tears had stopped short on the lids of her brightening eyes like big drops on the edges of leaves when the April sun sweeps the rain from the air.

She would not let the doctor go until she had bullied him into consenting to her scheme. Dolly needed little intimidation. She was ready for anything a bit crooked.

Betty forgot her anxiety for the little girl in her eagerness to unfold her plot. By the time Doctor Ketelkas reached his house the child had cried herself to sleep and nature was at work upon her like a skillful nurse.

And so it came about that when Stephen Jumel returned from Providence he found the gig of Doctor Ketelkas in front of his door. He knew it well and his heart bounded with fear. He felt a sharp terror and a bitter remorse as he hurried up the steps.

The knocker on the door was swaddled and his valet, Albin Bernard, was waiting for him.

"Mees Browne, w'at has she?" Jumel demanded, and would not wait for an answer, but rushed to the stairway. At the head of it stood Dolly Beadlestone with a look of anguish in her eyes. And she wrung her hands as if she were distraught.

As Jumel stumbled on the steps, she put her finger to her lips imploringly, and when he reached the head of the stairs she fell on his neck and kissed him, murmuring, "Oh, Stephen, Stephen!"

Her only answer to his whispered demands was to shake her head and lead him to the chamber where Betty lay in bed, pale as the sheer linen and already composed for death.

To be in the fashion, or "stylish," as the new phrase was now, she had recently cropped her blond hair close that she might wear a powdered wig. The very children were wearing wigs and paying as high as five dollars apiece for them. But they saved the price almost in the cost of hair-pins and scorching irons.

As Betty's head lay on the pillow, robbed of its great white burden of false hair, her little skull in a cap of short bright curls looked pitifully young. For death to blight this pale flower would be mere wantonness.

Jumel looked from the white invalid to the slave girl, Phyllis, whose black face was pierced by two great, frightened eyes. From her he turned to the physician shaking his head hopelessly, and he gasped:

"'Allo, Ketelkas! W'at she has?"

Doctor Ketelkas mumbled:

"All I can say is that you need a priest more than you need me. She has slipped out of my grasp."

"Albin! Albin! w'ere you keep yourself," cried Jumel. "A priest, *un prêtre!* Go get!"

But before Albin could enter the room, Betty put up her white hand to check him on the sill. Her slim white hand was so heavy that she could hardly lift it. Her lips moved, but they could not transfer the freight of her last words to the air.

Jumel bent lower and lower until he had sunk to his knees

and laid his ear against her mouth before he could make out what her departing ghost was whispering brokenly, with long deaths between the phrases :

“Stephen, my dear, no priest would—would come to this house—if he knew—if he knew that I—am not your wife—not your wife. Everybody—knows that. So let me die—and burn—forever. I have been wicked—but I—loved you—and you loved me—didn’t you—*n’est-ce pas, mon ami?*”

Her still small voice was already trailing across her grave like a wisp of light. The touch of her lips on his cheek was soft and tender; her final sigh of farewell was a far off:

“Adieu! adieu!”

It was more than Jumel could bear. He could not see this lamb dragged from the fold by the wolf of death. He flung his arms about her to detain her and kissed her with a rude frenzy, and called to her to come back, he would not let her go, he loved her.

Then the tears gushed through her long eyelashes and she found strength to babble:

“Hold me tight. I am afraid of the flames. Don’t let them burn my poor body forever. I’m afraid to die, all wicked and lost, here in your house where I have no right to be.”

Then Jumel lifted his hand and bellowed like a defiant bull:

“How to marry her before she dies? Tell me! Who marries us queeckest? Tell me!”

Doctor Ketelkas leaned down and said:

“There might be some trouble getting a priest to come. But I know a minister who—he is right near at hand. I could get him.”

“Go get!” thundered Jumel. “No, you stay to help that poor girl. Albin goes gets.”

The valet, watching all this with the contempt of a critic for a crude farce, stepped forward to protest, but Jumel’s arm went out in a broadsword gesture and fairly swept him away.

Dolly Beadlestone checked him at the door and said:

"Phyllis knows where to find the preacher."

Phyllis nodded and darted from the room, and Albin followed with a last glare of disgust.

The divine might have been ready and waiting, he was so soon on the spot with his little book. He was not impressive, even to the eyes of Betty as she studied him through her crossed lashes.

Doctor Bezeliel Peltrow was in disgrace with his church and in debt to many tavern-keepers, but he had not yet been shorn of his authority to bind souls together in holy wedlock. Occasional hiccups broke through the sacred formulas and his breath was no frankincense as he mumbled the final words and lifted tremulous palms over the clasped hands of the man and wife. But the law recognized him.

And now at last Betty was a Mrs.!

While Jumel rose to take from his wallet a liberal recompense for the benediction, Betty writhed luxuriously in her new dignity. It enveloped her like a mantle of velvet; pride ran through all her veins, stroked and stretched all her limbs with glory.

She wanted to rise and proclaim herself as good as any dame in town. She wanted to order her carriage and promenade Broadway, distributing handbills announcing her coronation and denouncing her enemies.

She was already up on one elbow when she remembered. As the lean hands of the parson garnered the sheaves of money from Jumel's full hand, the bridegroom turned to wonder at Betty's miraculous recovery. She sank back exhausted and turned her face into the angle of her bent arm, and was shaken—with sobs, as Jumel believed—with laughter, as Dolly and Doctor Ketelkas and Peltrow knew full well.

And now Jumel was the only bewildered one there. He was dazed to realize that he was a husband in spite of himself—*mari malgré lui*. And a Protestant had slipped the fetters on his Catholic soul!

There was something wrong somewhere. There was something in the air, in the peculiar faces of Mrs. Beadle-

stone and the physician and the cleric. They hid real smiles behind their false smiles. Only Albin's face had been frank and his eyes steady. There was scorn in them, and yet a glint of pity.

Seeing how Betty was still agitated, Jumel dropped again to his knees and took her into his arms, lifted her, and murmured:

"Dawn't veep, *ma p'tite, ma femme!*"

But she still kept her face from him, and he was sorely puzzled. He was the gull at the county fair, and, having been duped, he was only in the way.

Doctor Ketelkas intervened in time to save Betty's voluptuous giggles from breaking through their ambiguous resemblance to grief.

"The poor girl must be left alone for a while," he said. "We must all withdraw and let her sleep. Go back to your office and leave her to me. I have some hope of her recovery now. In any case, her soul is at peace with its Maker."

He led Jumel from the room and Dolly remained to care for the sufferer.

As soon as the door was closed and the footsteps outside had told off the number of the stairs, Betty sat upright and, seizing a pillow in her arms, smothered her wild laughter in its depths.

Dolly sat on the side of the bed and smiled, but did not laugh. Indeed, she sighed.

"What a sweet old fool you have for a husband! A good man if ever one was."

But Betty, hearing the front door softly closed, scrambled from her sheets and, running to the window, gazed down at her husband, darted back when his anxious eyes sought her window, and then stood up to all her height and announced:

"I am a wife! I am Mrs. Stephen Jumel! Tell my slave to order my carriage!"

Dolly shook her head and reminded her that she must play the invalid yet awhile. She had worked upon her husband's

sensibilities, but his tenderness would turn to fury if he knew that he had been cheated.

Betty nodded. She understood. Her triumph was sufficient for the day.

Barefooted and clad only in her bedgown, she marched up and down and across and across the room in a solitary parade, furnishing her own music. She made a whole procession. All her selves were in line: Betsy Bowen, Miss Capet, Madame Delacroix, Eliza Browne and Madame Jumel.

Doctor Ketelkas came up again and stood enarmed with Mrs. Beadlestone to watch the cavalcade go by. Belowstairs the valet, Albin, was telling the slave girl that the whole thing was a trick and that her mistress was—a word the slave girl did not know. But she knew the look that went with it and she scratched the valet's face for him, then ran and barricaded herself behind the kitchen door against his fists and the things he threw.

Abovestairs Betty stopped short and cried:

“The newspapers! we must hand in a notice to the newspapers. What shall we say?”

She hustled Mrs. Beadlestone to a table and put a goose quill in her hand and ordered her to write.

Mrs. Beadlestone remembered the form that had been used in announcing her own ruinous marriage. She scratched off a paraphrase:

On April 6th, 1804, was married Mr. Stephen Jumel, an opulent merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Browne, a very agreeable young lady possessed of every amiable accomplishment and all the good qualities necessary for rendering the connubial state perfectly happy, with a large fortune.

This pleased Betty mightily, though she had once seen a notice she liked better. She had memorized it for future use:

“On such-and-such a date by the Rev. Dr. Somebody, So-and-so esquire to the amiable, adorable, incomparable, in-

flexible, invincible and non-parallel of her sex, Eliza Browne, both of this city."

She offered this as a substitute for the limping praise of Dolly's text, but Mrs. Beadlestone shook her head and Doctor Ketelkas groaned:

"Inflexible and invincible, perhaps, but the rest is a little strong. Better use Dolly's version. It is what everybody publishes."

Betty acquiesced and bade Dolly copy the proclamation in a fair, round hand, and made her promise to leave it at the printing office of each of New York's five newspapers.

CHAPTER XXIX

AT his office Jumel was brooding again. Safely distant from the fragrance of Betty's presence and the spell she cast upon his pitiful heart, he understood clearly that she had had her way. He had actually married her, married her indissolubly.

Well, he was a good merchant; he would make the best of a bad bargain. In for a penny, in for a pound. There must be nothing cheap about the new establishment, nothing to hamper its success.

He was a Catholic by inheritance and the marriage he had undergone lacked the necessary unction. The sacrament required the blessings of Holy Church.

He set out for St. Peter's. The Catholics in town were few and had not long been permitted to convene. During the Revolution the printing of Catholic books had been forbidden and Catholics forbidden to become citizens. In 1783 a priest desiring to visit some French soldiers had to cross the city in disguise.

Two years later a carpenter shop in Barclay Street was turned into a church under the name of St. Peter's. Father William O'Brien was its shepherd and Jumel made a frank confession of his sinful life and his not quite satisfactory redemption.

Father O'Brien was convinced that it was his duty to solemnize the hasty pact and he consented to a proper wedding as soon as the bride was strong enough to appear.

When Jumel hastened home with this, he caught Betty on her feet so far from the bed that she could not regain it in time. So she fell weakly across his arm and said:

"My Stephen has saved my soul from hell and lifted me to heaven. It was only my soul that was sick. Now it is well and so is my body."

When she heard that she was actually to be led up the aisle of a church and to be married like a Christian, she danced with profane delight. She caught Stephen in her arms and spun him round. He loved to dance and she got him jigging till his reason gave up his heart as a hopeless idiot.

Betty promised to be strong enough for the church wedding as soon as she had the support of a new wedding gown and a few dozen other things. She was out wedding-shopping the next morning.

The gown she chose was of a color as shifting as her soul, of an iridescent hue called "pigeon-throat." Her hair, or rather her wig, was arranged in the one-sided manner which was going to be the rage next year. Everything was to be lopsided. The top of one boot was folded over to reveal the lining of fur, and through the thin skirt it could be seen that one of her garters was fastened with a ribbon and one with a buckle. In compensation, her breast was not hidden by the usual loose linen kerchief so tempting to the exploring male, but was modestly clad. In fact her gown reached to her ears. A double ruff of two lace falls enveloped her long throat. She was indeed a "tonish" bride, and Monsieur Jumel had cause to be proud of his merchandise.

No saint could have bowed a demurer head or worn a mien of snowier innocence than Betty before the altar. Her heart beat till it seemed to shake the pigeon-throated bodice.

Her eyes gleamed as she looked at the marriage certificate and she hardly recognized herself or her husband in their Latin disguise as "Stephanus Jumell" and "Elizabethum Browne."

The sky was full of April rain, and when she reached the church door on the way out she thrust her satin boots into a pair of bride's pattens of brocade and leather. They added only two inches to her height, yet her head seemed to touch the clouds.

The French consul, who was present, congratulated Jumel upon his prize and rode from the church to the wedding

breakfast with a few other friends. Élie Laloi was also a guest, his old suit rusty with the dust of ancient books. He looked at Betty with a dumb reproachfulness that made her wince.

To complete his wife's detachment from her old estate, Jumel did not take her back to the house in Whitehall Street, but to a new home in Bowling Green, where he had installed a body of West Indian servants who were not aware that bride and groom had ever dwelt under the same roof before. At least, they pretended ignorance, for it is unlikely that either Albin or Phyllis could have kept so grave a secret dark. Or if they did, they were the only people in town who did.

Betty was wedded, indeed—twice! But even the double ceremony was not sufficient to her success.

As was the custom, the bride and groom remained at home for a few "seeing company" days. But no company was to be seen, except a few ribald friends of whose society Betty had long since tired. Jumel gave up waiting and returned to his busy warehouse, Betty to her restless discontent.

Like to-morrow, happiness was always about to come and never came.

The golden ladder Betty clomb was proving but a wooden tread-mill. The moment one rung was trodden backward, another was under foot, and she was no more forward.

Of if she were forward it was but in the matter of time and age and fatigue. She decided that human beings were mere burdened jackasses teased up the rough hill of life by the thistles of hope dangled on a pole stretched out between the long ears. They had to carry not only the load, but the pole, and the thistles as well, forever out of reach.

Old friends fell away from Betty, with no new ones to replace them. Jumel did not approve of Mrs. Dolly Beadleston and her cavalier, Doctor Ketelkas. He may have suspected that they had taken some dark part in the mystery of his unexpected marriage. In any case, their manners did not comport with his ideas of a regulated establishment.

They soon felt his hostility, not so much in any overt discourtesy as in a certain withdrawal of warmth. A cloud crept over the bright sun of his hospitality. That was enough to chill them out of his company.

One evening as Betty and Jumel sat in the stupor of a lonely couple in a waning honeymoon, Jumel spoke up suddenly and made her start:

“Élie Laloi—is it you have seed him? He comes to visit ever, no?”

Betty shook her head and was puzzled to realize that her stanchest friend had been missing since the ceremony at the church. She wondered increasingly. A fleet intuition made her suspect a reason, a twisted yet a plausible reason.

The next day, under the pretext of looking for something to read, she drove to Laloi’s bookshop. Several ladies were examining the latest French books, seeking for the printed expression of thoughts and deeds they thought and did, but dared not mention and could not find mentioned in the more prudish English.

At sight of Betty these careful ladies scurried out of the shop without waiting to buy, and Laloi came forward to see what figure of plague had started the panic. He confronted Betty with a look of stupefied embarrassment. The hand she seized was limp in her clench:

“How you do, Élise—madame?” he said.

In the fashionable words that Betty had heard great ladies use, she exclaimed:

“Good God! What has happened, Élie?”

“No thing heppens by me but sell books. You are great lady now, married, fine house—bride and hosband wish not to be deestoorb by strangers.”

She would not release the craven fingers he tried to extricate from her anxious palms. She pleaded:

“Élie, that is not the reason. You know Stephen loves you like a brother. And me, too. You know we have no honeymoon. Tell me the truth.”

He shook his head and evaded her gaze as if he were the criminal, but she crowded him against a toppling wall

of old books and made him confess. At length, with the ferocity of a rabbit at bay, he said:

"It is 'ard for me to say; I 'ave not the right. But if you must know w'at I theenk, I tell. Élise, w'en you are yourself I love you. You are yourself, true, real. Peerhaps you are not w'at is call good gerl, but you are honest bad gerl. You and my frien' Stephen like each awther; you leeve by 'im, make 'im 'appy, laugh, dance, dreenk wine, ride carriage; no more weecked as a rose who blooms and is beautifool. You want to be wife, but Stephen say No.

"All at once, you make like you seeck. You make Stephen afraid. He tells me you goin' die and you afraid go to 'ell. But you not seeck. You never afraid of to go to 'ell. No, Élise. You don't believe in no 'ell for you—but only one 'ell—not to be a great lady in thees town. You lie to Stephen. You lie to me. You lie to averybody. And for w'at? to be respeckable!

"It is nice for gerl to marry man she loves; but you didn' love Stephen for marry. You cheat poor Stephen; you play trick on his kind love of you. It is tarrible for gerl to cheat or to steal for money or food or nice time or fine dress. But to cheat, to lie, to steal for get married and be respeckable—oh, Élise, it seem to me mos' 'orrible thing ever I did know.

"To go to 'ell becose you are honest bad gerl and wish to be 'appy—I don' care. But to get into paradeese like boorglar, to be respeckable 'ypocrite is the mos' ugly sinner a sinner can be.

"I don' like you any more, Élise. I cannot look at poor Stephen. I am so sorwy for him. Forgeeve me, Élise, but I cannot like you any more."

She was overthrown completely. Her pride was like a cup on the floor, spilled, shattered, trodden. She could not even ask for mercy. His fantastic reasons were so woman-like that she could only yield to them in abject submission. She agreed with Laloi that a splendid criminal or a reckless wanton has some excuse, but a groveling sycophantic snob, none.

She went from the shop, whipped as she had never been, and rode away with her head down, and her heart a Dead Sea apple.

Betty was lonelier than ever in her new house. She was neither fish nor fowl. She had cast off her old friends and found no new. She had what they called "the horribles."

Instead of conquering the town in her new quality of wife, she found, to her stupefaction, that she had only enraged it. She was farther than ever from acceptance.

It had been bad enough for an insolent Frenchman to flaunt her in a carriage while good women walked the streets like bad women. But to give the creature the name of wife, to set her up in a sumptuous mansion in Bowling Green—that was too, too much!

Betty was so dearly the town-hate now that people began to call the insolent Frenchman a poor fool, the innocent victim of an insatiable woman's trickery. The story of the pretended illness leaked out. Albin, perhaps, set it going among the other valets and they whispered it to the maids, and they to the mistresses. Phyllis doubtless launched it among the slaves.

At length, and last of all, Betty herself heard the story as gossip had improved it. She was furious and laid the blame at once on Albin, insisted upon his discharge, and selected in his place a handsome lad named Henri Nodine for Jumel's valet. Betty also accused her slave-wench of spreading the story, but could not discharge her slave. She could only beat her.

Still the tale ran wild, like a plague, like the yellow fever which had raged so fiercely the summer before that almost half the populace fled from the town. It was then that Burr wrote to a friend: "We die reasonably fast. Mrs. Jones died last night; but then Mrs. Smith had twins this morning; so the account is evened."

And now all unwittingly Burr came to Betty's rescue. He saved her from the wrath of the people by drawing all the lightnings upon himself.

CHAPTER XXX

THE wedding had taken place in the midst of a fiercely contested election. Vice-President Burr was running for Governor of New York. Alexander Hamilton was frantically opposing him with every political wile and every denunciation. His editor, Cheetham, turned upon Burr the full strain of his genius for abuse.

Burr wrote Theodosia about the "new and amusing libels," and as usual disdained to answer. Later he wrote her, "The election is lost by a great majority; so much the better."

But the smile of courage in the face of defeat is a heavy strain upon the heart. Burr seemed to have tired suddenly of Hamilton's unwearying contempt. And when he heard that Hamilton had not only referred to him as a dangerous man not to be trusted with government, but had expressed "a still more despicable opinion" he wrote a little note to his fellow lawyer ending:

You must perceive, sir, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the expression.

Hamilton answered three days later with a long evasion. Burr retorted fiercely:

I regret to find nothing of that sincerity and delicacy which you profess to value. Political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honor and the rules of decorum. I neither claim such privilege nor indulge it in others.

Dissatisfied with Hamilton's further tactics, Burr declared:

A. Burr, far from conceiving that rivalry authorizes a latitude not otherwise justifiable, always feels a greater delicacy in such cases, and would think it meanness to speak of a rival but in terms of respect: to do justice to his merits: to be silent of his foibles. Mr. Hamilton's name has been lent to the support of base slanders he has never had the generosity, the magnanimity, or the candor to contradict or disavow. Burr, having exercised forbearance until it approached to humiliation . . . is obliged to conclude that there is, on the part of Mr. Hamilton, a settled and implacable malevolence. . . . Burr is incapable of revenge, still less is he capable of imitating the conduct of Mr. Hamilton by committing secret depredations on his fame and character. But these things must have an end.

The correspondence and the conferences went on in melancholy grandeur for weeks, while the fatal meeting loomed more and more inevitable.

Hamilton tried his cases, and kept his secret from his wife and his seven children at "The Grange." Burr at Richmond Hill gave a birthday party in honor of the absent Theodosia, set her portrait in her chair and, as he wrote her, "laughed an hour, and danced an hour, and drank your health."

On the fourth of July, at the banquet of the Cincinnati, Hamilton was urged to sing "The Drum" and reluctantly consented. Burr, sitting near, gazed up and listened politely while the little giant chanted his swan song.

On the eve of the duel both men sat writing their wills and their farewells to the world. Hamilton confessed that his duty to his religion, his family, and his creditors forbade the step he took. He wrote that he was conscious of no ill-feeling, though "it is possible that I may have injured Colonel Burr." He promised himself to throw away his first fire and perhaps even to reserve his second. But he saw no way to avoid the fight and retain his public usefulness.

Burr, in his lonely room, was writing to his daughter, urging her to burn any of his letters that might injure any person if made public. His very pen was fond as it wrote:

I am indebted to you, my dearest Theodosia, for a very great portion of the happiness which I have enjoyed in this life. You have completely satisfied all that my heart and affections had hoped or even wished. Let your son have occasion to be proud that he had a mother. Adieu. Adieu.

To her husband he wrote:

If it should be my lot to fall, yet I shall live in you and your son. I commit to you all that is most dear to me—my reputation and my daughter.

He added a gallant postscript:

If you can pardon and indulge a folly, I would suggest that Madame ——, too well known under the name of Leonora, has claims on my recollection. She is now with her husband at St. Jago, of Cuba.

These would have been his last written words if it had been fate's intention that he and not Hamilton should be granted the all-hallowing crown of martyrdom.

But when the next morning's sunrise brought Hamilton to the very spot in Weehawken where his young son had died in a yet more frivolous combat, Hamilton was already elected for sanctity. He chose wisely and, like his son, did not even fire at his enemy. The bullet from Burr's pistol lifted him to his toes and flung him forward on his face.

Burr's seconds hid him behind an umbrella and hurried him to his skiff. Hamilton's friends carried him to his boat, where Doctor Hosack worked in vain upon his shattered flesh while the oars fought the broad Hudson and the dying genius took thought of others: "Take care of that pistol: it is undischarged and still cocked; it may go off and do harm. . . . Let Mrs. Hamilton be immediately sent for: let the event be gradually broke to her, but give her hopes."

Mrs. Betty Jumel, riding out shopping that morning, passed the Tontine Coffee House and found the street so

thronged that her dancing horses could hardly get through. Standing up in her carriage, she could read on the bulletin board a placard:

General Hamilton was shot by Colonel Burr this morning in a duel. The General is said to be mortally wounded.

Her heart was one with the public heart. This was not a duel, but an assassination. The vile Vice-President of the United States had foully done to death the innocent, the perfect patriot from the West Indies.

All the bitternesses of election feuds were forgotten. The whole town waited in agony for the last thirty-one hours of Hamilton's life, and ached with every imagined twinge. When death at last closed his eyes upon his seven children and his heartbroken wife the nation was his family and demanded revenge. The bar went into mourning for six weeks. The shops and counting-houses shut their doors. The funeral parade aligned all the important men of the town, especially the late friends of Burr. For two hours the cannon in the park and the Battery thudded every minute and two British ships and two French replied.

After the mourning came the clamor for vengeance. The coroner's jury announced that the Vice-President was guilty of murder and his seconds were accessories. The grand jury found an indictment. Burr and his seconds fled.

In slaying Hamilton, Burr slew the duel. It ceased to be a fashionable ordeal, "an imperious custom," as a preacher called it, who cried out against the scene of so much slaughter, "Ah, ye tragic shores of Hoboken! crimsoned with the richest blood, I tremble at the crimes you record against us, the annual register of murders which you keep and send up to God." This Reverend Doctor Nott had even the Christlike heart to feel mercy for Burr, "Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent I forgive him: and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in

behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers."

There were not many voices of such gentleness. The nation's prayers went forth for the life of Burr.

For eleven days he had watched the growing rage of the people from his home at Richmond Hill. Then he slipped away in a barge down the Hudson to Perth Amboy, where he took a dish of good coffee, expressed his immense regret for the deed, and rode away in a carriage to Philadelphia. Thence he went south to the coast of Georgia, and made his way to Theodosia after a voyage of four hundred miles in a canoe.

Theodosia, to whom he was always a god, welcomed him passionately and she and her husband kept him in a realm of love for ten days. Then he set forth to resume his place as president of the Senate in the brand-new city of Washington.

Virginia received him as a hero, while New Jersey and New York indicted him for murder. Burr wrote his Theodosia of this "contention of a very singular nature between the two states. The subject in dispute is which shall have the honor of hanging the Vice-President. You shall have due notice of time and place."

But he was not molested at the capital. The Senate treated him with respect, and when he delivered a farewell address of exquisite dignity the whole Senate wept and was unmanned.

But he walked out into a wilderness. His home at Richmond Hill had been knocked down for twenty-five thousand dollars, and the sum applied to his debts, leaving eight thousand dollars yet to pay and the debtors' prison yawning for what the murder trial should leave of him. Branded like another Arnold, he did not repine, but turned his eyes to the South, with the magnificent dream of founding a new empire.

In the shadow of grief for Hamilton and hatred for Burr, Betty's little sins were forgotten. She ceased to be either ridiculed or dreaded.

And when she dared to call upon the Widow Hamilton she

was admitted. Whether her past was forgotten or simply deemed of no importance in the presence of such tragedy, no one cast a stone at her.

And Mrs. Hamilton accepted her words of sympathy with a sad smile of thanks.

Betty rode away in a mood of elation. She was a member of respectable society at last. She had left her card upon the great Mrs. Hamilton, and perhaps her call would be returned some day not too far off.

On her way home, her glance, sweeping the passers-by with new assurance, discovered a maid-of-all-work loitering on a stoop with idle broom, gossiping with some man whose back was to the street.

As Betty's eyes turned from such lowly cattle, they were caught by a memory. Could that be?—it was!—Lavinia Ballou, the talkative half-sister who came from Providence on the *Swiftsure* and brought along the hateful secret that Betty had planned to leave behind.

Lavinia had told it to Captain Delacroix and undone all of Betty's labor to pass herself off as an innocent. Captain Delacroix had made little of the matter, but Monsieur Jumel was of a different sort.

Betty had hoped that Lavinia had died or left the town. But here she was with her tongue clacking as usual.

Betty had an intuition that Vinny was still blabbing that secret. What else was there of importance for her to talk about? Lavinia's eyes caught Betty's and lighted with the fiendish joy of an *insulteuse* reviling an aristocrat on her way to the guillotine.

The man with Lavinia turned to see what lit her eyes so fiercely, and his own eyes flared as he caught Betty's look of terror. The man was Jumel's new valet, Nodine.

Betty wanted to swoon out of her carriage, but she put such a strain upon her muscles to keep her head up that they almost broke her neck.

CHAPTER XXXI

WHILE Betty had gained great heights by deception, the inconveniences seemed to increase with the altitude. The higher she went the dizzier she grew, and the more dreadful a fall would be.

Lying was hard enough to carry on if one lied alone, but one had to count upon so much collaboration not only from stupid friends, but even from enemies who could hardly be expected to commit a sin in one's behalf, especially when a virtuous act would be so much more destructive.

To be in the power of Lavinia Ballou, of all people! that sniveling, canting, proper thing! Lavinia was virtuous now. She was simply choked up with virtue. It was like the cold in her head she always had. And she had a worse cold in her heart.

And what had her virtue won for Lavinia? Nothing but the privilege of sweeping somebody's dirty steps. And yet with a glance of her codfish eyes she could make Betty shiver in her carriage, the carriage she had earned by years of hard vice and laborious trickery.

Betty had planned to go to a bull-baiting that afternoon in case Mrs. Alexander Hamilton should decline to accept her condolences. When she came from the widow's charming presence she had already decided that bull-baiting was a vulgar pastime, almost more unfair than dueling, since the poor bull had no choice in the matter and must fight whether he would or no.

Only a week before, Betty had been almost sickened by the spectacle. The poor bull had broken off one horn as he charged through the leaping hounds and could see none of them, with his eyes bitten and bleeding. His ears were in rags, too, and the tongue that drooped from his panting

mouth was almost torn off. He had given up the battle in spite of the howls of the spectators and the yelps of the dagger-toothed dogs. They had driven him out of the ring to be slaughtered by a more merciful butcher.

Betty's tastes were growing more refined. All she needed was a little encouragement from the well-born and she would carry her new-fashioned virtue to the last extreme.

But everything conspired against her. The dogs of gossip kept pulling her down and barking at her. Lavinia Ballou was the worst hound of all. How was she to be thwarted, now that she had met Jumel's valet? Such a combination of destroyers!

Should Betty hurry to Jumel's office and tell him there that a foul conspiracy had been hatched against her? Should she deny everything in advance? or try to explain it as the crime of another?

How would it work to say that she had taken the blame of an erring sister on her own shoulders? That would make her out a beautiful character and throw back the accusation on the heads of her slanderers.

But was it wise to answer the charges before they were made?

She had lifted her hand to order her coachman to take her to Jumel's shop. She brought it down again in helpless irresolution.

Then a team hauling a baker's wagon came pellmell around a corner and frightened the horse of a man who was taking it home from a blacksmith shop without even bridling it. The horse leaped out from under the rider and that threw Betty's horse into the air. They plunged and fought each other and bolted down Broadway until the coachman, by dragging on the lines, managed to pull them over into a great mudhole in front of St. Paul's Church. They stopped indeed, but they sank to their girths in the mud. The coachman was tossed into the gutter and the carriage pole snapped in two. Betty went forward on her face and came near ruining her beautiful nose.

She got to the sidewalk and walked home in a towering

rage, leaving the bystanders to pull the horses out as best they could.

She decided to lie in wait for Mr. Jumel and catch him before Nodine could tell his story. But Nodine had done what she should have done. He had gone to the office. Eager to win the favor of his master, the young fool had hastened to him with the news that his wife was a wanton once. This was no news to Jumel, yet the communication of Nodine presented her in an unsuspected phase.

Jumel called Nodine a liar and threw a bottle of wine at his head, but he had been poisoned with suspicion.

When he came home, Betty ran down the stairs to greet him with the best of her smiles. He flung off her hands and slapped her across the face with a look that struck like a pair of gloves. Then he led her into the withdrawing room, closed the door, and began to shout at her. If the West Indian servants had lacked any information, they gained it now from the high voice of the tormented man.

“How you can be so bad and look so good? You are not good. I know it. I do not hask you to be angel. I am not it. But to be so bad like you—I did not know a woman could.”

“What have they told you now, Mr. Jumel?” she demanded.

“You come not from Newport, but from Providence. And you have been ver’ bad girl in Providence. Well, you are yo’ng yet. And your mawther is bad womans, too. But bad as your mawther is, she is good to her babies, to you. She did love you and feed you and do somesing for you w’at she could. But you—you did have a little baby. You do not know maybe who is its fazzer. Well, it might be, too, and a girl be only weak and poor and bad-lucky.

“But you did not even love your own baby! You did not be its nurse. You leave when baby is only few weeks old. You run away and forget and never go back, never write one letter to say, ‘How goes my baby?’

“You do not know now if baby lives or is dead. I did not

know it could be a woman so *cruelle*—not *cruelle* awnly but *infâme!*”

Betty flinched from the horror in his soul more than from his words. She had been too busy saving herself from poverty and discontent to ponder how inhuman her neglect had been. Seeing herself through other eyes, she was aghast at herself. Jumel went on:

“Did I knew so much before I should never liked you. Marry you? *Jamais, jamais!* I did think you had beauty, but now I see you the most ugly woman in all these world. You did leave your baby to starve!”

The panting Betty made one feeble parry:

“Who told you all this?”

“Oh, I know! I know.”

She detected a flaw in his armor and attacked with sudden ferocity:

“You know! Did you ever see this boy of mine you speak of? Did you ever? Have you any proofs? Have you? What are they? Show me your proofs!”

Jumel gave her only a shrug of the shoulders and a bitter smile.

“These boy of yours, you say. I did not say if your baby is boy or girl. You call him boy and you have right. Boy it was. You remember so much, *hein?*”

Betty could have bitten her tongue out to recall the slip. It was more convincing than any document. She had either to surrender or ignore the evidence. When the soul is trapped in its own coils, it is more furious than ever. Betty's wrath was sincere. She made a fierce onset:

“Aha! So you take the word of any servant or any lying gossip who wants to destroy your home! So that's the kind of a man you are. A fine husband, I declare! Any valet's word is good enough to convict your own wife. At the first slander you hear, you hurry home and use it to horsewhip the poor fool who loved you and gave her life to making you happy.”

Seeing him staggered in the very moment of his victory

by the unforeseen impudence of this attack from the flank, she hurled all her forces at him:

“Why, you damned cowardly Frenchman, you ought to be killed!”

She was driven to the usual resort of the times, a firearm.

She snatched from a table drawer a duelling pistol he kept for burglars, and had never fired. And she shrieked:

“And I will kill you if you don’t take back all you’ve said!”

He looked at her with profound pity. He saw her in full frenzy and he knew that frenzies are exhausting. He sighed with an appalling gentleness:

“W’at is true, w’at is done, I cannot take back; but could you not take back your baby?”

Seeing him still not persuaded after all her storm of rage, she fell into a storm of tears. She became suddenly overwhelmingly sorry for herself. And Jumel felt sorry for her, too.

He must have been either a god or a jackass to be so willing to accept any burden put upon him. It was either infatuation or divine afflatus that made him overlook the sin and the insolence of this woman. In any case, he reasoned thus:

After all, if a young girl of her evil beginnings was led astray or driven astray and fell into the hands of a man who betrayed her and abandoned her—and if after long terrors and shames she was unburdened of a child and had not the courage to face the world and defy it—was she not rather trebly pitiable than trebly despicable?

If she had had the courage to rear her child, she would have been strong enough to avoid the fall.

Why should one be both cursed with cowardice, and cursed for it?

The poor, pretty thing! She had been damned with the magnetism that drew men and made them imperious. But how could she help that?

The deeper her degradation, past or present, the longer the reach of his divine mercy, the faster it followed to redeem her.

Jumel was none of your cheap strong men who take pride in their contempt and feel themselves lifted up by the mere act of looking down upon some wretch in distress.

Jumel could hate nothing but hate, scorn nothing but scorn, and despise only contempt.

His sympathy was instant and unquestioning. He was your true Samaritan who picks up the fallen and carries them home and heals them without asking questions or considering his own conveniences or engagements.

He was of that splendid class that is so much and so cheaply reviled. He was a merchant. He knew that money is the final essential poultice to almost every wound and he went forth first to get money so that he might have it at hand. He took no refuge in the lazy sigh: "If I were only rich I would help you." He made himself rich and helped as he went along.

There was a story they told about the town of him and a rival importer of spirits of almost his own name—Juhel. On an icy afternoon in midwinter one of Mr. Juhel's carters was carrying a pipe of brandy through the streets when his horse slipped, broke a leg, and had to be destroyed. The pipe of brandy was also smashed and the carter bruised. Jumel, coming along, found a crowd about the wreck. This one said, "Poor fellow!" That one said, "What a pity!" Jumel took off his hat and demanded: "You pity these poor man, *hein?* How much you pity? I pity ten dollar!" He dropped the bill into his hat and passed it about among the idlers. He let none escape till the hat was full. Then he heaped a hundred and fifty dollars in the hands of his rival's carter.

And now he saw before him a girl at bay, a girl who had slipped on the ice of her way and broken her character as well as her reputation. He pitied her. How much? Enough to reimburse her for her lost prestige. Her anger at him he did not misconstrue. It was another proof of her bewilderment, her weakness, her anguish, her need of help.

He astounded Betty by his docility. She was human

enough to esteem it a weakness, contemptible but convenient. She waited to see how far it would go.

It took an unexpected turn, forgetting the past and anxiously regarding the future. Calmly accepting her as a liar, but not to be rebuked for that, it went forward to the next problem.

"These boy of yours is mine, too, yes? Ve go find and bring him to our home, yes? How old he is now?"

Betty would not admit that he ever existed. She never did admit it. She flung her head in a rage:

"I never said I had a boy. How could I say how old he is if I never had him?"

"When you leave Providence?"

"In seventeen-ninety-four."

"*Quatre-vingt-quatorze*. He has then now ten years. A boy of ten years old is very good in these house. How you call him?"

She tossed her head in despair of him. He answered for her.

"You call him Georges Vashin'ton Boven, yes?"

Betty's eyes began to rain now. The name of George Washington had always exerted a peculiar spell upon her. She remembered the little girl she had been when she ran along the streets of Providence to watch his carriage pass. She remembered the forlorn thing she was when, four years later, she was a mother of a big baby at her little breast. She had hated the father, whoever he was, for he had passed out of her knowledge and could give her no help.

She had not known how to name her son. Old Mother Ballou, who had skillfully brought him into the world, stood grinning and saying, "What you going to name your lad, dearie?" Old Major Ballou, with goose quill dipped and ready, sat to inscribe the title in the only book there was in the house.

There was no family Bible, but since age was the thing that sanctified a book, he spread open the ancient leathern volume left behind by some shanghaied sailor who had probably stolen it. The title page ran:

First Part of the Life and Raigne of King Henrie the III extended to the End of the First Year of his Raigne. Written by J. Howard. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's Head Alley near to the Exchange, 1599.

While the Ballous waited, the girl, shaken by the tortures she had just endured, ransacked her mind for the name of some saint and could think of only one. She sobbed:

"Call him George Washington."

"Very good for a first name," said the old warrior, Major Ballou. "But what's to be the last name of the brat?"

"Mine," sighed Betty, who had no other to offer.

"Right!" said Major Ballou, and with much scratching and blotting inscribed in a bare space on a yellowed page this legend:

George Washington Bowen, born of Eliza Bowen, at my house in town, Providence, R. I. this 9th day October 1794.

REUBEN BALLOU.

As Betty had grown stronger she had grown colder. She resented the existence of the child that she had not asked for nor selected. It was not beautiful in her eyes. Its squalling and sprawling lacked charm. Its necessities offended her. It beat and tugged upon her breast in vain. She put it aside with disgust. The maternal instinct was denied her and that was all that could be said. She was a mammal, but she made no pretence of the motherliness that most of the other mammals felt. She could not abide the imprisonment a mother must accept. She could not live in Providence and neglect the child. Therefore she must leave Providence.

Mother Ballou had made no great ado about this resolution. She was used to the visits of young women who dared not or cared not to confess themselves mothers, and who left their offspring with her as lightly as they left their cast-off shoes with the cobbler.

Besides, Mother Ballou had clients among women who

longed for children and could not get them except by purchase. There are cuckoos in the world that will not build nests for their own young, and there are catbirds that will rear any young they can gather beneath their wings. Betty was a cuckoo. She did not choose to be one. She just was one.

At times she quivered with shame for her character. But she could not by taking thought add the cubit of motherliness to her stature.

Yet she wept, remembering; wept rather for her forlorn self than for the cub she had whelped in spite of herself.

Seeing her tears flowing again, Jumel felt called upon to complete his Samaritanism.

"Those boy—of yours—he should be here. I go get."

To his stupefaction, this supreme acceptance of her past and all its implications won him no gratitude, but another tempest of protest.

"No! No! No! Are you determined to ruin me with your meddling? A pretty thing it would be to inform this town that your wife had a baby ten years ago! I suppose you will want to be sending out cards next, saying that Monsieur and Madame Jumel having been married a ten-month, beg to announce the arrival of a ten-year-old son!

"Only to-day Mrs. Hamilton said she would call upon me soon. She would be likely to call after this, wouldn't she? No, Monsieur Jumel, you bring no George Washington Bowen into my house."

He gave up with a gesture of sad complacency:

"To hear a child laughing in these house is a thing I could like."

She felt that she could afford to grant him a crumb.

"If it is a child you want about the place, I'll adopt one. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and some other ladies are trying to start an orphan asylum. It would look well if we were to take one of the foundlings into our home."

The more she thought of this, the more Betty approved of the idea. It had a note of high strategy.

But fate offered a substitute.

CHAPTER XXXII

ALL this while the namesake of the Father of his Country, the son of the woman who would not even mother her own, was dwelling in ignorance of Betty's existence.

He was what they dubbed a "come-by-chance," but he had always called Major Reuben Ballou "father" and everybody in town believed him to be that. The old Reuben had risen to a captaincy and then to a majority under George Washington. His first wife had died and he had made liquor his career. Versatile Freelove Ballou took him into her grogshop and he married her, perhaps to pay the debts chalked up against him for rum.

When Freelove gathered pretty little Betsy Bowen into her fold, according to one story, the fat warrior found the girl irresistible. There was time enough for Freelove to weary of reproaches before George Washington Bowen entered the world.

Freelove may have had some flare of jealousy that frightened Betty into flight. It would have been like Betty to make the old soldier and the old midwife a present of the child for which they were both more or less responsible.

In any case, young G. W. Bowen heard no more of his mother, and called Major Ballou his father. Then the major followed the other Revolutionary heroes into the tomb and there was none to prevent Freelove from throwing the boy out of her shop. He was apprenticed to a farmer. He ran away and came back to Mother Ballou's, but she shipped him out of town again, this time to a farm in Smithfield.

He knew nothing of his mother's struggles, nothing of her very existence, nothing of her present dubious triumph. He knew only that he bore a glorious name and he resolved to

be worthy of it. He thought so much upon it that he began to believe himself indeed the son of Washington. He began to grow to look like Washington.

It would have quenched what little pride he had to sustain him among the harsh furrows in the rock-sown fields, to be told that he was almost anybody's child but George's.

There were others, however, in Providence who knew of Betty's wealth. She had not been forgotten as "the handsomest girl in Providence." Now she was talked of as "the Providence girl who married the Frenchman in New York and had her own carriage."

The fame of this high achievement reached at last even the starveling seven children left behind by old Jonathan Clarke when he married Betty's mother and sailed south to die. One of these Clarke girls had followed the custom of the family. A year after Betty abandoned the child she styled George Washington, Polly Clarke brought into the world a daughter to whom she gave the even more distinguished name of Mary. For the baby's last name Polly selected "Bownes," in honor perhaps of the child's father. Polly also suffered from a lack of husbands, but she multiplied exceedingly in spite of it.

She and Betty had been little girls together following the advice of Nature, the old stepmother, and of Freeloze Ballou, the midwife who asked no questions.

When Polly Clarke heard that her stepsister Betty had found New York a profitable market place, she took packet thither. But she brought along her baby.

And one fine afternoon when Betty's carriage drew up at the curb before her home in Bowling Green, the West Indian servant who let her in informed her that she had a caller. This was glorious news in itself, and Betty, who was heartsick, for all her high head, had ridden up and down Broadway in aching loneliness for a pleasant smile. She rushed to her parlor to greet the visitor, but checked herself before the door to assume a proper air of calm; then swept in with her very most high-class expression.

She saw a shabby little woman dandling a shabby little

girl on her knee, and her hopes collapsed. She was so disappointed that her heart leaped to hear the friendly cry of "Betty! It's me! Polly! Don't you remember your old half-sister?"

Better a half-sister than no sister, and at that moment Betty was glad of any kin to call her own. She flung her arms about Polly and wept and laughed with her.

Then the little girl must be discussed, a pretty, shy thing of four. There was a long-vacant room for a child in Betty's soul, and, though the rightful owner was dispossessed, she was more eager for another tenant than she realized. She set the baby on her knee and pressed its curls against her breast and felt a completeness she had never known. She had the stateliness of the stateliest group in art, a mother with a child in her lap.

And so it seemed to Monsieur Jumel when he walked into his parlor unexpectedly and beheld his perplexing wife cuddling a baby.

"How more beautiful you are than ever! It is how I like most to see you," he cried. "Whose baby that is?"

Betty, startled into a blush and shy with the primitive simplicity of motherhood, caught a light in his eyes hitherto unseen there, and she laughed:

"Ours!"

This brought Jumel forward with arms outstretched. He gathered the girlikin into his bosom, and she nestled there at ease, stroking his cheek with a tiny hand. When he looked up and pursed his lips she set against them a little mouth as soft as a violet and brought spring back into his life.

He was so amazingly contented that Betty introduced her sister without apology. Jumel greeted her with a courtesy that won her heart and made her nod her head and smile her acquiescence when Betty announced:

"My sister is going to give us that baby to keep."

To Jumel this was such an incredible generosity that he gasped:

"But how you can let go such a dearling?"

Betty laughed: "Oh, she can get another one easy enough!"

Which was all too true, as time was to show.

The upshot of the conference was that Polly went back to Providence with a deal of money in her purse, and Betty no longer rode alone in her carriage. She was accompanied by a little Miss Muffett known as Mary Jumel Bownes.

The most respectable ladies looked sweetly at Betty's carriage now, for they could not resist the winsome child peering out across her muff. But the eyes did not rise to Betty's face, or if they did they grew cold again. And now a new story prospered exceedingly: somebody guessed that Mary Jumel Bownes was the child of Betty and Jumel, a betrothal pledge. Even her charity was a scandal!

Slowly but irresistibly Betty was frozen out of New York. She grew weary of riding the Broadway gantlet and of sitting at home alone. The Roger Morris mansion kept calling to her. It offered her a retreat from insult. It was so far away that no one would be expected to call; therefore callers would not be missed.

She broached the idea again to her husband. Knowing his devotion to his little daughter, she emphasized the value to the child. The air downtown was not wholesome. The city was choked up with its seventy-five thousand people, and a population growing rapidly in spite of all that yellow fever and the cholera could do to keep it down. The streets were dangerous to play in, and bad companions abounded—sooty little chimney-sweeps and muddy girls who swept the crossings before the feet of people who might toss them a penny; small thieves and wantons. The drinking water was bad, the pumps unclean.

She made everything a reason for going out into the country, and at last Jumel capitulated. He had been buying lands here and there. He looked into the Roger Morris mansion. The windows were broken and the weather had had its will of the place.

He could not be persuaded to buy it, but he consented

to move to a house he owned five miles out on the Bloomingdale Road in the village named after old Jacob Harsen.

Jumel was the more willing to settle there because it was the nest of so many of his own people.

Here, in a pretty Frenchy home called "Chevilly," Marie Antoinette's former lady of honor, Madame d'Auliffe, lived with her three little daughters. Here one might see Colonel de Singeron, who had commanded the Cuirassiers of the Guard when the mob stormed the Palace of the Tuileries. The Marquis de Cubières used to ride out on his beautiful horse, "Monarque." Talleyrand had limped up and down its portico, but was now in France, driving Napoleon into frenzies with his wit and his genius for being indispensable and unreliable.

Baron van den Heuvel, who had been governor of Demarara, had built a home in the region, importing the bricks from Holland. The old Dutch house of the Somerindycks had been only lately abandoned by three French princes who taught school there. Betty had met them and had been polite to their titles. Americans were supposed to abhor titles, and French titles had been annulled by the Republic. Still Betty was polite to the princes, never dreaming that one of them would one day be King of France, and repay her smiles with royal courtesies.

This was that Louis-Philippe, whose royal father had joined the Revolution and had his head chopped off for a reward. Louis-Philippe had also fought in battles for the French Republic, only to have to flee for his life. In his poverty he and his brothers, the Dukes de Montpensier and de Beaujolais, taught school in Bloomingdale.

Another visitor to Harsenville was the exiled General Moreau, winner of such mighty victories that Napoleon grew jealous of him as he of Napoleon.

This Napoleon, whom nobody had heard of when Betty was in Paris, was now more heard of than anybody on earth. In the words of Louis Blanc, "He made all France one soldier, and himself the god of that soldier."

Then he had grown pompous and turned the French Re-

public into a private empire. He was turning the other nations of Europe into little kingdoms on whose thrones he set his family and his favorites.

But his youngest brother, Jerome Bonaparte, had wandered overseas to Baltimore, and there at the races had become infatuated with Miss Betty Patterson, whom Madame Récamier called "the most beautiful woman in the world." Jerome was only nineteen, but he insisted upon holy wedlock with the belle of Baltimore.

Her wise and wealthy father foresaw the peril of such a match and shipped his daughter off to Virginia. But Jerome followed. Betty Patterson, like most of the American girls of her time, defied parental control. She was "bored" by Baltimore and said that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life."

So she had her way, and a bishop married her to the future King of Westphalia. A witness said that "all the clothes worn by the bride might have been put in my pocket; her dress was of extremely fine texture and underneath it she wore but one garment."

Napoleon, but yesterday a Corsican ragamuffin, would not recognize the marriage of his brother to a mere American. He referred to her as "that woman," "that little girl," "Miss Patterson." He commanded the Pope to dissolve the bond. The Pope refused. Napoleon had it dissolved, anyway, and would not acknowledge the union or the child. He married Jerome off to the Princess Catharine of Würtemberg and made him King of Westphalia.

And that ended the romance, if not the adventures, of the other American Betty who married a Frenchman. Betty Patterson had been ingenious enough to inherit a fortune, instead of having to create one, as Betty Bowen had. She married a young kingling instead of an old merchant, but she was exiled from the new nobility of France as completely as Betty from the new aristocracy of America. Try as she would, they would not let Miss Patterson enter France, and her baby, born in England, never saw the father even

after Napoleon fell and dragged his dynasty off its many thrones.

The fact that Jumel was only a merchant embarrassed the French exiles at Harsenville for only a brief while. They forgave him the crime of trade because his heart was big, his wife beautiful, and his cellar deep.

With the foreign colony Betty achieved success. But this seemed not to help her with the native stock.

In her frantic search for a good foundation she turned naturally to the Church. She must belong to a church. Not to belong to a church was to be nobody here and nobody hereafter. But which of the many churches should she join?

There were the Roman Catholics, under whose roof her marriage had been made sacramental. But the Catholics were not in high social standing. They were mostly immigrants from Ireland, increasing so fast that a new church to be called St. Patrick's was building. But it was set outside the city limits in the hilly meadows later known as Mott and Mulberry Streets. Only a priest or two could be found to hold the services.

Besides, the Catholics were so unpopular that on a Christmas Eve two years after Betty's marriage a band of rioters called "Highbinders" attacked St. Peter's Church with sticks and stones. And on Christmas Day the mob broke many heads in the Irish settlement near the park. Mayor Clinton had to get out a proclamation to end the feud. No, St. Peter's was not at all the place for an ambitious woman.

The Dutch Reformed Church was the one for fashionables; and as luck would have it, Jacob Harsen had just built for his village a little white frame chapel with an umbrella-shaped cupola and had turned it over to a newly formed congregation. It had a stove and was candle-lighted, and the leaders of the singers set the pitch with a tuning fork—which was as near as the pious would come to a profane musical instrument.

The members were few but choice—with the exception of the tavern-keeper, Oakley, who was debarred from com-

munion unless he gave up the selling of liquor on the Sabbath. He preferred to give up the church.

Knowing the value of a good entrance, Betty inspired her husband to present the church with its first bell. It was gratefully accepted and hung under the umbrella of the cupola, whence for years it called across the fields to the neighbors to come to worship. Jumel was a Catholic, but the Jumel bell encouraged the Protestants for years until a new church was proposed and then a Captain Newson, envious of the Jumel prestige, offered a new bell.

The Jumel bell had won old friends and they opposed the new one. It was suggested that the two bells be melted, run together, and recast in one. But this form of marriage was also opposed and Captain Newson's bell was sold for 15 cents a pound and the Jumel bell installed in the new cupola.

There was almost as much of a jangle over the defection of Deacon Webbers, who suddenly turned Baptist and was regretfully suspended "until he shall manifest due repentance and renounce the error he has embraced." A few years later the restless soul defected from the Baptists, "deeply lamented his error," and his restoration was "publicly announced."

Doctrines and dogmas did not worry Betty's soul. She wanted to get in out of the wet. She did not become a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, but only a communicant.

But then that was all that Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was. And now at last Betty made a friend of her, or at least brought about an exchange of calls.

Mrs. Hamilton was ardent in the building up of the first shelter for orphans known in New York. Betty won her by liberal gifts of Jumel's money. It is an ancient and an honorable way of breaking into the peerage, and it helped Betty.

The daughter of Phebe Kelley must have given the daughter of General Schuyler many an anxious moment as they chatted on each other's porches.

CHAPTER XXXIII

MRS. HAMILTON did not want to talk of Aaron Burr, who had slain her husband, but it was hard to keep him out of the conversation. He was the Napoleon of America for rousing violent hatreds and violent affections.

His indefatigable soul went about gathering hostilities and inviting disasters. He encountered all of life's cruelties and yet, it was said, he "never knew a gloomy day nor a morose hour." Like everything else that gets itself said, this was far from the exact truth. But it implied something of his indomitable eagerness for conflict with either inflamed men or inflammable women.

When his destruction of Hamilton closed the East to him, he sought a new world, not overseas but overland. He plunged into the oceanic vastitude of the continent on whose narrow rim the American flag was established. The flag blew backward like a prairie fire and ran on and on until it met the other ocean.

Though it was in the books that Aaron Burr and Betty should meet, it seemed less and less likely. Betty had never met him while he was in New York, and now he receded farther and farther from her life. As she climbed to her zenith, he sank to his nadir. In every depth, lower depths yawned for him.

Just a few months before Betty teased Jumel into wedlock the United States bought from France the vague realm known as Louisiana.

The purchase was a surprise to everybody. The Spanish had held it since 1762, when they received it from France. Now they had to turn it back again to Napoleon.

Jefferson felt that New Orleans was "the one spot on the face of the earth that the United States could not leave in the

hands of an enemy, and that whoever held it was for that very reason naturally and forever an enemy." He could not trust New Orleans even to the France of which he was so fond.

To add to the alarm, the Spanish governor as a farewell insult forbade American boatmen to carry to New Orleans the products of the Western farms and forests.

So Jefferson, preferring a bargain to a war, offered to buy the island of New Orleans for two million dollars. Talleyrand, shrewd, yet not so shrewd, said that Louisiana would be of little use without New Orleans, so why not buy the whole property? He knew that England was likely to seize it, anyway, and anything he got for it was so much cash.

Here was an opportunity to acquire not only a citadel, but an empire of nearly a million square miles, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the region of Lake Superior and west to the Rocky Mountains—and all for a sum which after a little haggling boiled down to eighty million francs or fifteen million dollars.

Jefferson seized the chance, closed the sale, and brought on himself the inevitable avalanche of abuse for nearly every act of every President! The Federalists shrieked that Penn got Pennsylvania for twenty-five thousand dollars. Maine cost less than ten thousand. Jefferson, the maniac, would pay an unthinkable sum for a wilderness. All the gold and silver coin in the country would not come near such a sum. It would take a pile of dollars three miles high. It would take a laborer two months to shovel the money into the eight hundred and sixty-six wagons necessary to carry it.

But in spite of all the screams of dismay, the bargain was sealed, the land accepted, and later divided up into the territories of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. And now the Mississippi flowed unvexed to the sea.

Aaron Burr proceeded to vex it. For the first American Governor of Louisiana, Jefferson appointed General Wilkinson. Burr's heavy heart leaped at this, since he and Wilkin-

son had been old cronies in the war. They had trudged and shivered together in the bitter tragedy of Benedict Arnold's winter march against Quebec.

When General Montgomery was killed, after a night of fearful victory, in a daybreak of defeat, Captain Burr was at his side. No one was ever braver than he, and when the order came for a retreat that became a panic, the stripling "little Burr" picked up the frozen body of his general, threw it across his shoulders, and carried it through knee-deep snow, over ice and rock, down ravine and up gorge, until the pursuers came so close that he had to abandon it.

For this and other proofs of devoted bravery he was invited to join the family of Washington. Burr, who despised and distrusted Benedict Arnold's patriotism, could not be comfortable with Washington and did not believe in his military ability. Neither did Wilkinson.

Now that Wilkinson was a kind of emperor, he invited Burr to come West and establish a residence in order that he might go East as a Congressman.

The West was fierce against the East already, and in 1796 had almost seceded. It irked the inhabitants to have a capital so far away that their Congressmen must ride for two months to arrive there, and then only to find a population of different creeds and interests.

When Wilkinson's proposal reached Burr where he languished in Philadelphia, he sprang into the saddle and rode West so fast that it took him only nineteen days to reach the village of Pittsburg. There he took a Noah's Ark with a fireplace in the kitchen and floated down the Ohio River past the hamlet of Wheeling. He paused at the island where the curious Irish refugee Blennerhassett had sunk forty thousand dollars in a house of supreme ugliness.

Burr caught Blennerhassett in the toils of his mysterious dream and went on to Nashville, where he met and enchanted a rising young general named Andrew Jackson who had been somewhat smirched in a divorce case.

On and on went Burr to the Mississippi, and down it to New Orleans, a teeming metropolis of nine thousand souls,

on the sixty-seventh day of his swift journey from Philadelphia.

New Orleans was a bower of love and adventure such as Burr delighted in. The bishop was the soul of courtesy and even the Ursuline nuns could not resist laughing at Burr's exquisite wit.

When he had accomplished his business, whatever it was, Burr bought four hundred thousand acres of land, and paid down five thousand dollars. Then he returned North, this time in no gliding barge, but in the lurching saddle. A ride of four hundred and fifty miles brought him to General Jackson again and he gained a new ally in a lawyer named Henry Clay.

Just what Burr planned to do is a matter of eternal disagreement. But Jefferson suddenly decided that Burr planned to raise an army, seize Mexico from Spain, set up his capital in New Orleans, and take over from the United States all the territory west of the Alleghany Mountains. This would have been an empire to turn Napoleon green with envy.

Once more this Vice-President of the United States was in peril of execution for crime; formerly for murder, now for treason. And now his chief prosecutor was the President, this very Jefferson with whom he had been tied for the Presidency.

Surprised either in guilt or in a hopelessly compromised innocence, Burr fled through morass and fen, over mountain and swamp, hoping to reach a British warship at Pensacola. But he was taken at last in Alabama and dragged back to Virginia. His cell in Richmond became at once a *salon*. Visitors thronged about him, romance flourished, and the ladies bombarded him with messages, notes, oranges, apricots, cream, butter, and ice.

His Theodosia came to be with him and brought along her husband. After a long and immortal trial the jury found that his guilt was "not proved by any evidence submitted to us." Burr protested the form of the verdict, but the jury would not consent to alteration.

An indictment for misdemeanor still hung over his head, and the verdict in this matter was that the offense was committed in Ohio, not in Virginia.

Eight months had dragged by since his capture, and he was freed of legal shackles, but also of hope. The majestic rush of his inspiration had been checked. His ardent followers had cooled and realized the peril they ran of losing the glory of American citizenship. Burr was done for in America.

He stole back to New York and hid there, still fearing arrest for the "murder" of Hamilton.

He met his daughter secretly and exchanged clandestine correspondence with her, praising her letters because they disclosed "a selection, an energy, an aptitude in your expressions, which to use the vulgar male slang, is not 'feminine.'"

And then he bade her farewell in an agony of love, and, sneaking down the bay, crept aboard a ship and so reached England.

England was afraid of him and admitted him only when he made the deliciously impudent claim that, having been born a British subject, he was still, according to English law, a British subject. Secretary of State Lord Hawkesbury thundered that the claim was monstrous. But the English were always slow at seeing American jokes and Burr was too good a lawyer for him. They let him alone for a while, but gave no encouragement to his appeal that England should free Mexico from the tyranny of Spain.

He was received with curiosity by the men and a pleasant trepidation by the women. But he spent most of his time in philosophy and research with his friend Jeremy Bentham and the gentle Godwins.

His diary speaks of a rendezvous with Mrs. Godwin at the rooms of one Charles Lamb, "a writer, and lives with a maiden sister, also *littéraire*, in a fourth story."

In that amazing Journal of Burr's, the man who had failed to outdo Napoleon succeeded in rivaling Casanova. He records his wanderings through England, Sweden, Germany,

France, his battles with poverty and cold and starvation, his loves and flirtations with duchesses and chambermaids, with pretty women met in stage coaches and won at taverns. The diary is not indecent, as has been claimed, and it includes heart-wringing tales of his search for medicines to cure his ailing Theodosia, his hunt for toys for his grandson, the agony of pawning even the toys for bread, the sublime ridiculousness of countless strokes of bad luck, the laughing sublimity of his courage under them. Two volumes the diaries make, and it would be a secular sacrilege to try to condense them.

Never has a soul played chess more pluckily against a fate that cheated oftener or met every move with more fiendish mockery. Now they would not let him into a country; now they would not let him out. Now he was a great man in a palace; now he was a quaking pauper at a pawnshop.

Americans forgot him; all but the daughter who made him her idol and the countless women whose hearts became live coals at the memory of him.

Even Mrs. Hamilton forgot him. If Betty thought of him at all, it was with the indifference one feels for the saints and the devils, the lucky and the unlucky that make up the fog of strangers walling us in.

Perhaps when she turned her eyes longingly on the Morris mansion she recalled the little colonel who wanted to swop his Richmond Hill for it. He had swopped his whole career for a wild ambition, and all his properties were lost. Only his debts remained, and his gallantry.

No less obstinate than Burr was Betty; no more scrupulous; yet, being a woman and the daughter of a woman, she had a different road to travel to a different goal.

New York was still defiant to her. She could not help but feel that if she dwelt in the highest house on the island the town would come to her feet in spirit as in fact.

And at last, by some unrecorded device of persistency or incantation, she persuaded Jumel to grant her the Roger Morris mansion. The owner, Parkinson, sold him the house and thirty-six acres of land for a little less than ten thou-

sand dollars. And now Betty was the chatelaine of the finest home on Manhattan Island.

It was Jumel's nature to love and lavish and Betty's to inspire gifts and accept them. The man she had hoodwinked into marriage squandered his wealth upon her establishment as if she were some princess won for a bride. Merchant though he was, he was a French merchant and he devoted his racial taste to purifying the home of all the clutter of its hard life as a tavern and a farmhouse. He sent to France for silver, for tapestries and furniture. His agents bought in Paris the very chairs and sofas that Marie Antoinette had owned, and Betty sat in the seats of royalty.

To France Jumel sent bits of the glass from the front door and had the original designs reproduced and shipped back. He found a few tatters of the old paper still left upon the walls of the room where Washington had presided at many a court martial. It was a green paper with buckram panels bordered with morning-glories and bedecked with urns and the doves of love. He sent a piece of this to France and had wooden blocks made there and enough paper struck off to cover the walls of the whole room, though it cost him fifteen dollars a roll.

To the gardens, the walls, the lawns he gave the same loving attention. He renewed the ancient gates and the gate-houses, and repainted all. The four white columns gleamed once more high above the plains where the Harlem meandered to the Hudson.

And this entire grandeur Jumel deeded to Betty with a devotion that still kindles the formal document beginning:

Whereas the said Stephen Jumel, in consideration of the love and affection he bears the said Eliza Brown Jumel, is desirous of settling on her during her actual life the property hereinafter described. . . .

There must have been some unfailing grace about the said Eliza Brown Jumel to keep that foreigner so eager for her happiness. She seems to have sufficed for him, but he not for her.

For a time Betty was satisfied to be and feel the queen of her lofty domain. Yet Broadway called her back again and her carriage once more patrolled the streets. But it never stopped before the doors of the aristocracy. Hardly anybody accepted a nod from her or returned her hungry smile.

Sometimes, just to be admitted to a parlor, she would drive all the way from her mansion to Brooklyn ferry and risk her life on the perilous voyage to that village. Here dwelt the Revolutionary veteran, Colonel McCumber, and his lady. They moved often. They had lately dwelt in the navy-yard; later they went out to Brooklyn Heights.

Crossing the river was an adventure almost equal to going to France. The ferries were dismal sloops and the wind was often boisterous, but never right. It sometimes took two or three hours to get across the river, and the ferrymen were usually so drunk that often some passenger had to seize the tiller and save the craft.

Only a few years back, on a cold December afternoon, the besotted ferry-master capsized the boat and spilled his passengers into the icy stream.

One day when Betty was at Colonel McCumber's she met a Miss Arnold from Providence. Long afterward Miss Arnold testified that she remembered when Betty was a young girl "promenading with the painted women in Providence" and "taking her walks in Main Street."

She asked Betty if she knew Providence and Betty evaded her in vain. She grew confused under the cross-examination and went home alarmed.

And now she felt that her past had caught up with her. Doubtless everybody in New York knew that she had come from Providence; everybody in Providence knew that she had gone to New York—and prospered there exceedingly.

She resolved to go back to her birthplace and dazzle it a little with her success. She made an excuse of attending the funeral of an old friend, and stopped at the Golden Ball Inn, in the best room where George Washington had rested.

The occasion was so brief and the funeral so poorly

attended that Betty felt called on to proclaim herself to the indifferent fellow citizens. So she announced that she would give a lecture from the piazza.

Everything was a "lecture," from "Hamlet" to a banqueter's toast. Betty's audience consisted of nothing more than a hundred or two of boys. They had evidently overheard a deal of adult comment on Betty, for as soon as she began to speak they began to boo and hoot. They drove her from the piazza and she retired in a new dismay.

She could not conquer her own town. How could she make conquest of a city like New York? Yet conquer it she must. She had tried everything she could think of, but in vain. Now the gods took mercy and suggested a new step.

The way to capture New York was to come in over the ocean from a foreign land—from France. Her husband's ships were plying to and fro. He had already a little navy of his own. He was rich in New York and rich in Paris. He could get her access to the drawing-rooms of royalty. And once she came thence, New York would never dare deny her authority.

There was one great and prolonged obstacle: the sea was boiling with war. England, endeavoring to save Europe and herself from Napoleon, counted all who were not for her against her. Napoleon adopted the same policy.

The Americans cherished many grudges, and many gratuities, for both nations. They could not decide which one to fight, and so fought neither, though both seized American ships and enlisted—that is to say, enslaved—American citizens.

Among the almost countless American ships seized by France or England were two of Jumel's, two schooners, *Purse* and *Prosper*. The *Purse* fell in with a British man-of-war and was pursued so hotly that the captain threw overboard the ship's papers and Mr. Jumel's. To escape the British frigate the *Purse* ran into the harbor of Bayonne. Whereupon the French calmly seized her and sold her—and kept the money. The *Prosper* furnished a similar morsel.

And yet Jumel's patriotism did not falter. There was

something about Napoleon's divine butchery that endeared him to his very victims. He filled the earth with carnage, but the sky with splendor. And every Frenchman loved and loves that gleam, in spite of the blood-red sunset of Napoleon's day.

For years America endured the insolence of Europe. Instead of fighting those who were destroying American shipping the government forbade American ships even to leave port. This brought ruin to the merchants, grass to the docks, and rust to the anchor chains that had once been weighed as the prows swung out for all the world's ports.

But poltroonery is no more successful than bravado, and at last the craven administration was kicked into the War of 1812.

CHAPTER XXXIV

TO be spoken to or not to be spoken to. That is the question of success of a certain sort. Betty longed for it and could not get it. It tormented her amazingly to be looked through as if she were transparent; to be deprived of the lifted hat as if one's passing did not matter; to be denied the conversation of people who, after all, were probably more interesting in their stubborn silence than they would have been if they unloosed their chatter.

There was one other soul in New York who was not spoken to by those who make it a matter of importance whom they speak to. This was Aaron Burr, who would, at a slowly approaching day, speak to Betty and add his melancholy distinction to hers.

As yet they were not speaking to each other. Betty regarded Burr with interest, for she understood what it was to be snubbed. But she dared not express her sympathy, since one of Betty's few acquaintances among the elect was the widow of Alexander Hamilton, who in his death had turned Burr into a man dead though walking.

It did not seem to fret Aaron Burr that so many people snubbed him. The gods of good luck were not speaking to him, either; although at times they trailed before him some prize just for the wanton joy of snatching it away as he bent to pick it up. And they laughed to see him fall upon his nose. But he always picked himself up, if not the prize, and met the puerile cruelties of the gods with the grim demeanor of a dauntless man.

In 1812 Aaron Burr had stolen out of Europe and stolen back into America. He entered Boston as Mr. Arnot, in disguise, thwarted, penniless, hopeless; but he feared a prison in America less than a death by starvation in a foreign gutter.

He had sold a few volumes on board ship for thirty-two dollars, had borrowed a wig and grown himself a beard. And he waited in hiding till he could learn from New York friends what fate might greet him there. It should have taken only five days for a letter to get to Boston and for an answer to return, but no word came.

Of twenty-six remaining dollars he lent his landlady sixteen and a ship acquaintance ten. Both returned the moneys; which was more than Burr had always done or was likely ever to do with the enormous sums he owed.

In his desperation, the president of Harvard University consented to talk with him and paid him forty dollars for two rare books that Burr had brought overseas. Twenty of these dollars went for the passage money on the sloop that got him to New York in nine days, just ten days before President Madison declared war against England.

After skulking about New York in terror, Burr spent his first night in a cellar at a cost of twelve cents. Like a wayfarer in a savage wilderness, he hid during the day and travelled by night. A woman gave him shelter for several weeks while friends secretly persuaded his creditors to grant him a chance of life. The indictments hanging over his head were as withered as his old laurels.

One day appeared a little advertisement, "Aaron Burr has returned to the city and resumed the practice of the law." He nailed a small tin sign on the front of his lodgings and waited for what might come. He had ten dollars as his only capital aside from an infinite supply of pluck. In the country which had all but made him its President and all but hanged him for a traitor he found that hate had finally died of the disease so fatal to love—fatigue.

Five hundred callers waited upon the prodigal that day. One of them was a lawyer whom Burr had set upon his feet and who now lent Burr his library. In the first fortnight Burr earned two thousand dollars.

No wonder he wrote with cheer to his Theodosia and her husband and to the little grandson whose toys he had bought abroad and had to pawn.

But the clouds had opened only for a moment to remind him how blue the sky could be, how warm the sunshine once had been; for there came from Theodosia a brief letter like a scream of anguish:

A few miserable days past, my dear father, and your late letters would have gladdened my soul; and even now I rejoice at their contents as much as it is possible for me to rejoice at anything; but there is no more joy for me; the world is a blank. I have lost my boy, my child is gone for ever. He expired on the 30th of June.

My head is not now sufficiently collected to say anything further. May Heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost.

Her husband, the Governor of South Carolina, was also the general of the state troops in the war now being conducted with an unpreparedness and inefficiency never equaled even in the history of the American militia system. In spite of his brilliant record as a soldier, Burr had no hope of being permitted to serve in arms; and he had only contempt for the ghastly unfitness of the unmilitary souls in charge of the rash attack on that Great Britain which was slowly crushing even Napoleon's genius.

The patriots who proposed to wrest Canada from England with one impetuous raid were dazed to learn that General Hull, after issuing a blood-curdling proclamation and capturing a Canadian village, fled in panic before a small force of Indians and Canadians, shut himself up in a fort at Detroit, then promptly surrendered to his amazed pursuers without firing a shot.

Hull won immortal fame as perhaps the first American officer to surrender a fortress to an inferior number of troops outside, but the United States had small comfort in finding him guilty of cowardice and neglect of duty, for instead of adding Canada to our boundaries we had lost the whole Michigan territory.

The news of this national humiliation reached New York just about the time that Burr received another long letter

from Theodosia showing that her soul had not recovered even after a month of mourning. Still she cried aloud:

Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or anyone else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? Whichever way I turn the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent of my boy; no, none—none.

I wish to see you, and will leave this as soon as possible, though not so soon as you propose. I could not go alone by land, for our coachman is a great drunkard, and requires the presence of a master; and my husband is obliged to wait for a military court of inquiry, which he demanded, and is ordered on him.

I have been reading your letter over again. I am not insensible to your affection, nor quite unworthy of it, though I can offer nothing in return but the love of a broken, deadened heart, still desirous of promoting your happiness, if possible. God bless you.

Confused as his own affairs were, Burr managed to send a doctor from New York to Charleston to bring Theodosia to him.

Whatever one may say or think of Burr—and there are few men on whom history and gossip have heaped more abuse—there is at worst the pity due him and the homage that one pays to a trapped and drowning rat, still swimming fiercely, still snapping at the wires that close about him as the water rises. Let the word “rat” stand for Burr; since Faux, an English farmer who saw him then, described him as “a little, lean, pale, withered, shabby-looking, decayed, grey-headed old gentleman.” But how worse than ratlike to slander him or deny him the majesty of his sufferings and the glory of his defiance!

His creditors spared him while he was penniless, but the news of his first fees awakened their ardor. He owed appalling amounts; the vast expenses of his trial, moneys bor-

rowed from the Duc de Bassano and others at home and abroad; obligations financial and sentimental to those who had been involved in the golden enterprise that was to make him emperor of the West. And his spendthrift heart kept taking upon itself new charities. He gave gifts, who could not pay his creditors!

Constantly before him was the horror of the debtors' prison with its final shackles upon his courage and its vermin waiting for his body. Every bit of good luck was a mere delay. But still the old rat dodged and gnawed and swam.

Then came the supreme test of his mettle. Greater than his faults, his misfortunes were sublime and he was equal to them. In the first days of 1813 he received a note from the physician he had sent for Theodosia, and who loved Burr enough to perform this service for him:

I have engaged a passage to New-York for your daughter in a pilot-boat that has been out privateering, but has come in here, and is refitting merely to get to New-York. My only fears are that Governor Alston may think the mode of conveyance too undignified, and object to it; but Mrs. Alston is fully bent on going. You must not be surprised to see her very low, feeble, and emaciated. Her complaint is an almost incessant nervous fever. We shall sail in about eight days.

With all the other storms of hatred that buffeted him, Burr did not falter before mere blizzards of wind and snow. He gathered his cloak about him and faced the sleety gales that flogged the Battery, watching the Bay for the ship that should bring his lonely child to his lonely breast.

If sails whitened the horizon, they were never the sails of her boat. Ships brought word of a fearful tempest that crashed along the whole Atlantic coast and broke across Cape Hatteras about the time that Theodosia's ship should have passed that fatal headland.

By and by there came by overland stage two letters from Governor Alston addressed to Theodosia, and one to Burr. To her he wrote:

Another mail, and still no letter! I hear, too, rumours of a gale off Cape Hatteras the beginning of the month! The state of my mind is dreadful. Let no man, wretched as he may be, presume to think himself beyond the reach of another blow. I shall count the hours till noon tomorrow. If I do not hear then, there will be no hope till Tuesday. To feelings like mine, what an interval! May God grant me one word from you tomorrow. Adieu. All that I have left of heart is yours. All my prayers are for your safety and well-being.

Forebodings! wretched, heart-rending forebodings distract my mind. I may no longer have a wife; and yet my impatient restlessness addresses her a letter. Tomorrow will be three weeks since our separation, and not yet one line. Gracious God! for what am I reserved?

More anxiously now Burr haunted the Battery and its outlook toward the sea. Sails came in and brought the nation glorious news. In seafight after seafight the little American navy of twenty vessels staggered the hitherto invincible British fleet of six hundred sail and dimmed the pride of Trafalgar.

England was still at death grapple with Napoleon and could spare few ships or men to rebuke the little republic that came to his aid with a zeal that looked to the mother country like heinous treason. She repealed the odious Orders in Council, but too late. The United States fought on, and in England there grew a black resentment that boded ill for the United States once Napoleon were done for.

Into the harbor of New York the privateers kept coming with their prizes. However badly the soldiers bungled their affairs, the little navy of the few big ships brought home glory and good news.

But the sea brought no good news to Aaron Burr of Theodosia. Her husband wrote:

I have in vain endeavoured to build upon the hope of long passage. Thirty days are decisive. My wife is either captured or lost. A short time since, and the idea of capture would have been the source of painful, terrible apprehension; it now furnishes me the only ray of comfort, or rather of hope that I have.

You may well observe that you feel severed from the human race. She was the last tie that bound us to the species. What have we left? In surviving the 30th of June I thought I could meet all other afflictions with ease, yet I have staggered under this in a manner that I am glad had not a witness.

Yet, after all, he is a poor actor who cannot sustain his little hour upon the stage, be his part what it may. But the man who has been deemed worthy of the heart of Theodosia Burr, and who has felt what it was to be blessed with such a woman's, will never forget his elevation.

And these last sentences expressed Burr's courage, too, and his consolation.

To this day no man has ever heard of that ship or of any of its sailors or its passengers.

A rumor went about that some of the pirates infesting the seas had captured the ship, and that Theodosia, her maid and her doctor, had been forced to walk the plank. The story was based on the alleged confession of a dying pirate who had seen a beautiful lady walk bravely out into the sea.

It sounds a little like Theodosia, who had never faltered before the storms that assailed the father she revered. She was with him at his trial, and had bravery for everything except the death of her little child. If it was not true, it was well invented, that fable telling how she was blindfolded by some bungling murderer who may have kissed her cheek as he knotted the kerchief in her hair, and fastened her hands behind her. The wind would have embraced her and blown her draperies about her as if she were the figure-head on the prow of a ship. The sea would have welcomed her as she plunged into the depths.

Whether that were her death or not, what, after all, was her life—what is anybody's, but a kind of walking the plank blindfolded for a brief distance before the drop into oblivion?

In any case, Theodosia had one of her wishes granted, one of her whims respected; when, some years before, she had expected death from an illness, she wrote:

I charge you not to allow me to be stripped and washed, as is usual. I am pure enough thus to return to dust. Why then expose my person?

The legend of the pirates was not spread till long after her disappearance, but Aaron Burr imagined it and every other fantasy that might keep his hope alive.

Even if the *Patriot* had foundered in the great storm, some of the passengers might have taken to the lifeboats and floated for days. They might have been blown to some unvisited island and be waiting there for the horizon to be blessed with a sail. They might have been picked up by some captain outward bound and unwilling to turn back. They might have been carried to Singapore or Java or the Chinese coast, and it might take a year or two for them to find their way home.

So Burr kept on hoping, kept on patrolling the Battery where the waves of the bay recoiled from the stout seawalls and flung spume now and then upon the skirts of the ladies who stared at Burr and chattered about him after he had passed.

But Burr, for once, was not eying the ladies. His gaze was always on the east, toward the Narrows, where all the ships came in as through a door from the great outward of the Atlantic. When a ship blew up the bay with the leisure of a swan, he hurried to the slip to question its captain. But no one ever had news of Theodosia.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE war on land was an almost unrelieved catalogue of defeats. The capital at Washington was captured by British troops that landed from ships, drove before them superior numbers of American troops, sacked and burned the city, and sailed away in triumph.

On the sea a few great American captains fought renowned duels, but gradually the last of them were driven into port and the American flag vanished from the waves.

Then a word came from New Orleans that filled New York merchants with dread. They had three million dollars' worth of cotton stored there, and it looked as if the British would easily capture the city and "wind up the catastrophe." Two weeks passed with no news, and then three ships slid into the harbor with the radiant tidings that Andrew Jackson's riflemen, hiding behind their cotton bales, had shot to pieces the English line and sent it back to its ships with the dead body of its commander. Jackson had saved the cotton that saved him.

Three days later, on February 9th, an American privateer captured a vessel carrying a London newspaper dated November 28th and holding out hopes of immediate peace. Two days later a British ship brought home a secretary of the Legation in London. He told that the treaty was actually signed before the battle of New Orleans. It was a humbling treaty, but it was a treaty of peace and the city went mad with relief. The streets were filled with people carrying lighted candles and torches.

Next day there was a rush to the idle wharves and the ships went forth once more to sea. Soon they came back with the incredible news that the colossal Napoleon, who had lost nearly half a million men in his Russian campaign,

had been dragged out of the sky and reduced to the dignity of ruler of the little island of Elba. Fat old Louis XVIII rolled into Paris, only to roll out again when Napoleon came back.

The Jumels resolved to visit the France of this unconquerable Napoleon, and set sail in the bark *Eliza* on the 1st of June. They took with them their borrowed child, Mary Bownes.

While they were at sea Napoleon marched out of Paris into Belgium, whipped Blücher at Ligny, broke down before Wellington at Quatre-Bras, fell back on Waterloo and gave the name of the village to the world's vocabulary as a common noun for utter defeat.

The government of France demanded his abdication and invited him to retire to the United States.

Betty and Jumel landed at Bordeaux and rode for six days in a cabriolet. The quarters were tight, with Mary Bownes sitting between them or perched on one lap or other all the way, chattering incessantly and asking innumerable questions. She counted forty-six buttons on the skirts of the postilion's coat, and marveled at the boots he rode in. They were so enormous that they were set upright by the side of the postilion's horse. He stepped into them without removing his shoes or gaiters, and the stirrup had to be a foot high to receive them.

One of the postilions was a lad who was almost drowned in his boots. The horse he bestrode paid little heed to his kicks and cries, and the boy, for all his practice, had not learned to snap his whip as if it were a musket firing. At last he took from his pocket a knife and began to stab the horse's neck till it bled. Mary Bownes screamed and Betty demanded that the little brute give over his cruelty. He obeyed, but could not understand this pother about a mere horse.

In the taverns there were many quarrels. The soldiers of Napoleon, who adored him the more the farther they had been from his presence, would not abide the taking of

his name in vain. They fought the royalist soldiers who came back with the king.

And in one inn where the Jumels took their dinner at half past five there was an embarrassing riot. Two British officers, having spoken with contempt of the fallen Corsican, were overpowered and compelled to toss off his health in a vessel fetched for the purpose and usually employed for the very reverse of drinking.

It was so dangerous taking sides for a while that the very question of money was full of risks. If you called a certain five-dollar gold piece a *napoléon*, as like as not the tradesman would fling it back at you as a *louis d'or*. If you called it a *louis*, you were rebuked with *napoléon*. The trouble-fleeing Jumel preferred to call it a *pièce de vingt francs*, which offended nobody.

For one thing, most of the French believed that the Little Corporal would come back to power again. Had he not returned from Elba? Where could they put him and keep him, so long as they did not put him to death? And even then his ghost would return. As return it did.

Louis XVIII was only *le roi*. They called him the "Oyster King," punningly changing his numeral *dix-huit* to *des huîtres*. Napoleon was forever *l'empereur*. The very title resounded with a thrill of drums.

When Betty reached Paris at last, she found it quite another Paris from the one she had known when she came thither in the days of the White Terror. There had been no Napoleon then. Now he was everywhere. Even the buildings long antedating him seemed to have been built by him, for he had had their grime of years scraped off and their walls redecked with his letter "N." And his symbolic bees swarmed on all the walls.

In the Place de la Concorde the great column he had built of the captured cannon soared into the sky. The Allies had pulled his statue off the top on their first entry into Paris, and set up a white flag in its stead; but they could not recapture their melted guns.

Jumel and Betty came out of the oblivion of the sea to

find Napoleon bankrupt of every resource. This disaster inspired Jumel to offer the fallen Titan a free passage to the United States on one of his ships. His pity was great enough to pass the hat for a carter whose horse had slipped on the ice, or to lend a hand to the most unpopular monarch or man in the universe.

Betty, however, was in a worse plight than ever. She had come to France to make use of Napoleon, and Napoleon was utterly useless to anyone.

The jocose fates that tumbled the monarchs off their thrones and tumbled brand-new monarchs into them had chosen a strange minister in the little Corsican who came over to France and knew debt and jail and poverty, then glory unparalleled in human chronicle, then defeat as illustrious as his triumphs had been.

It was a quaint touch that while kings and czars and princes waited in embarrassment to know what to do with the captured Napoleon and dared not accept Lord Liverpool's advice to turn him over to Louis XVIII to be shot or hanged, Betty's husband offered him her bark, *Eliza*.

She herself had come nearly as long a way as Napoleon since she stole out of the little town where her mother had walked the unpaved streets. And now she had a husband and wealth and ships, and she took her place with the mighty ones who tried to solve the dilemma of Napoleon.

According to the legend, when Jumel called upon Napoleon with his gift of a ship, the Emperor was so touched that he presented the old gentleman with his own traveling carriage, his army chest, and other souvenirs of his grandeur. Later he sent the key of his army chest to Betty by General Bertrand.

Even Napoleon could not have made Betty a more welcome gift than his carriage. In thrifty haste she rode forth in it at once, and reveled in her triumph until she reached the *barrière*. Here the sentinels of the Allies recognized the Napoleonic arms and made her get down. They put her under arrest as a spy and she spent hours of miserable anxiety before word could be sent to her husband.

Jumel hurried to the American minister and persuaded him to overawe the commandant of the gate and to threaten him with international difficulties. The officer at last restored the coach and the horses, and Betty rode back to town with undiminished front. But she was convinced that Napoleon's star had set forever. She turned her eyes toward the throne of the eighteenth Louis.

There were not many private vehicles in Paris, and Madame Jumel was soon as familiar a figure on the boulevards as she was on Broadway.

She was hardly surprised when her husband came home from his final interview with Napoleon and announced that the Emperor could not be persuaded to America. He preferred to intrust his destiny to the England that had conquered him at last.

He expected to be ferried across the Channel and established as a country gentleman, to recuperate and hunt foxes until the time came for another return. But the British selected for his doom the little island of St. Helena and shipped him thither to be entombed alone, with a guard over the sepulcher.

Then he vanished from France on H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, trailing a cloud of immortal splendor after him.

What might not have happened if he had listened to the prayers of Jumel?—the all-pitying Jumel who urged the friendless Napoleon to come to America and start life all over again. That was what Jumel had done when "the black Napoleon" drove him out of San Domingo. He had taken refuge on that very islet of St. Helena and tarried there a year before he made his way to New York and new fortune.

If Napoleon had come to this America whither so many other European giants almost came, he might have devised another empire and succeeded where Aaron Burr, his imitator, had almost succeeded. But Napoleon was tired. He had made of France a sledge and beaten Europe upon his anvil to his will until the handle splintered in his grip. He

was weary and he refused the hospitality of Jumel and Betty.

Other Bonapartes took refuge in America. Brother Joseph became a neighbor of Betty's and almost rented her mansion. Four of Brother Lucien's sons came over and Lucien Murat married an American woman who lost her money and taught school to keep him in food until he should return to France as a peer.

But The Bonaparte was as finished as Troy. The magic of his name, however, hovered like a spell, and the fame of the Jumel offer spread among the worshipers of the departed god.

For their home in Paris the Jumels chose no less a place than the Hôtel de Berteuil in the Rue de Rivoli. It was at a fashionable address and well servanted, though it embarrassed even Betty to have a male valet make her bed.

When she went to the theater and listened to Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, she heard rather the music of the stately declamation than the noble words. She noted that certain lines brought thunders of applause from the Bourbons, while the Bonapartists sat glum. At other lines the Bonapartists leaped to life and the Bourbons subsided. Betty applauded in both cases, to make sure of pleasing both factions.

The city was aswarm with foreign uniforms. The Champs-Élysées was full of English tents. The long-haired Prussians thronged the Café Montansier or played faro at Robert's. The vandals were stripping the Louvre of its captured works of art.

In the neighborhood of the Palais Royal life was at its maddest. Museums of art, libraries, gambling halls, and dancing resorts were jumbled together. Generals, philosophers and Cyprians were mixed with dogs that danced, educated hogs, canary birds that drilled, Hindu jugglers, hermaphrodites, giants, Javanese serpents, Egyptian crocodiles. The British soldiers had few quarrels with the natives, but they had to keep the Prussians and the French from incessant mutual murder.

The street life fascinated Betty. She had a trace of the

street still in her soul. But ambition was gradually smothering her last gypsy strain. She grew mercenary with the years. She could not even love without computing the profit and the risk.

She was like the pretty girl Céline who wandered the cafés selling trinkets. Céline was a Parisian institution and many a man put out his hand to pinch her cheek or beg a kiss. But she always retorted, "Buy something!" She would stand and barter jokes, but an amorous advance was always checked with a cold, "*Achetez quelque chose!*"

Betty's once so promiscuous heart was growing miserly, too. But she no longer thought the thoughts of the Céline she had once been. She strutted now among the great and pretended that she was born on their soil.

She was to be found at many a *conversazione*, where the program included a dance, a concert, or a little play. She gambled a little and grew expert at throwing the dice in the hilarious game of *creps*. But even her dissipations were fashionable.

The American colony in Paris was large and brilliant, but Betty was omitted from its invitation lists. Now and then she was surprised to see from her carriage some New York woman who had snubbed her on Broadway snubbing her on the Rue de Rivoli.

But Betty could endure this the better now, from the fact that she did not have to ride alone in Paris. Some eminent peer or peeress was usually glad of a lift.

Betty literally rode into the French court in her carriage. She bribed her way by lending it to the magnificent ladies who had resumed their ancient prides without recovering the funds that had been expropriated.

Betty, the little pavement-trotter whom the little city of Providence had farmed out as a young girl, and hooted out when she reappeared as a rich woman; the wanderer of five names whom New York would not accept, for all her money and her carriages, found welcome in both the royal courts of France.

She drove carefully. Without offending the grateful peer-

esses of Napoleon's creation, she won over the peeresses of the ancient régime. She kept a double *salon*; on alternate evenings Bonapartes and Bourbons were her guests. To her doors would come begging letters from some countess who wanted to call on the Minister of Finance and did not want to go afoot. "Dear Madame Jumel. It is for to-morrow that Mama has her appointment with Monsieur Roy. Would you kindly let her have your carriage—which she won't keep long."

If a peer died she must receive an engraved mortuary letter. When the king went to his chapel to worship she was permitted to join the little group of witnesses. When the king gave a ball, Betty danced.

Among her friends were the Duchesses de Berri and de Charost, the Comte d'Alzac, and no end of others, till her tongue was twisted with their complex titles and her memory was wrenched with trying to keep their alliances straight.

The Comtesse Tascher de la Pagerie, an impoverished relative of the Empress Josephine, came to live with Betty. It was thrilling to have a comtesse dwelling with one like a poor relation. It was glorious to extend charity to duchesses.

It was through this comtesse, who lived for years on the bounty of the Jumels, that Betty finally obtained the chance to acquire the jewels of Napoleon and Josephine. She made her husband pay twenty-five thousand dollars for them, and they were cheap at the price, considering that they included the wreath of sapphires woven by the best goldsmiths for the little Napoleon to set on Josephine's high head when he made her empress. The crown may have been, as Beer has said, "hellish ugly," but it was beautified by its tragic renown; for Josephine was divorced, dethroned and dead, and Napoleon was moping like a crippled eagle on a crag he could not leave.

Betty reveled in the thin high air of her new dignity and longed to make it known in America. She gave little Mary Bownes the name of Mary Eliza Jumel to save troublesome

explanations, and taught the child to call her "mama." Then she put her in the school of Mademoiselle Laurau, that she might learn to be a lady. She made sure that the child should be taught all the necessary graces she herself had lacked, such as spelling and grammar, morals and music, history and drawing.

Her own French was expected to be bad. It disguised her bad English. Her morals were sustained by the importance of assuring her own footing. There was no dearth of flirtation and intrigue in the *salons*, but she was still too uncertain of her path to risk any adventure.

There was a torturing irony in her success. She was here in Paris, the familiar of all these supreme people, and for all she knew nobody in New York was aware of her victories. The wretches perhaps supposed her dead and assumed that her carriage no longer glistened and journeyed along the ruts of Broadway because she had taken her last ride; or, worse, had lost all her money.

Somehow she must get back to America and publish her success. One of the last days of November Jumel told her that he was going to Bordeaux to send off one of his ships. A fierce impulse to dash across the sea to New York seized her and irresistibly she had her things flung into trunks and the trunks fastened to the cabriolet.

She went so hastily that she had no time to bid Mary good-by. It was five months later when she received in New York a letter the girl had already written begging her to come and hear a school concert and pleading

bring me my gauze frock and my lace vandyke and my little vandyke of muslin. And ask Miss Laurau to let us have a fire in my room. My dear Mama, I embrace you with a thousand kisses. Believe me to be your fond and dutiful daughter, Mary Eliza Jumel.

To this December letter Betty wrote an answer in May, explaining that the haste of departure left her no time to write :

And as you know I am not fond of writing. The sacrifice I made was for your good, which I hope you will profit by it. I am engaged the present time in setting your room in order. It is admir'd by every one that see it. Your curtains is of blue sattain trim'ed with silver fringe, and your toilet the same. Altho at this distance still my thoughts is of you. Your affectionate mama, Eliza Jumel.

The sweetest thing in her life was her love for this pleasant child and the gratitude she earned. The prattle and gossip of the innocent were dear to the woman whose own childhood had been so learned in all the things that little girls should not know.

Mary wrote that she had won "two first prizes, one for history and the other for drawing; two accessits, one for musique & the other for writing. The Ducke of Berry had a little childe. It prouved to be a little girl, and the poor child lived but three days. Some people says that it was killed by its father; but I leave that for you to judge yourself."

Betty had a child of her very own and gave it none of her love. If she had any temptations to pay George Washington Bowen the arrears of affection she owed him, she resisted them perfectly.

To confess his existence now would be fatal. For all her accomplishments in France were useless in her campaign against New York. The old Dutch dike would not yield to her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE mansion on the high hill overlooking New York was no longer a place of commanding power. It was a peak of exile. Betty was like a Prometheus chained to a cliff, with the vulture of social ambition picking at her liver eternally.

She could not amuse herself with intrigues, for everybody in town was eying her askance and waiting for her to go back to the dissolute life of her early days. She had had enough of such love as she had known. The word "love" was a trade word with her. It stank of merchandise. Since the brief girlhood romance with the young Pierre who had touched her heart and died, she had not known what it meant to adore a man, to melt into the desperate bliss of surrender with no thought, no fear, no calculation.

After Pierre's death and her one experience with an unwilling, a disgusting motherhood, love had been a treadmill, a business, a way of gaining clothes and food and wine. She was neither tempted nor tempting nowadays.

She paced the lawn in front of her home and stared at New York hungrily, cursed it for a cruel Jericho whose walls she longed to cry down upon its stubborn citizens.

She kept a solitary state, with servants enough and Henri Nodine as master of the house. She grew so lonely that she turned to Élie Laloi. He had been kind to her in her hours of exile, and had deserted her only when she cheated herself into respectability. Surely he would find her pitiable enough now to forgive.

Her horses and her carriage took her as a returning prodigal to the street where he kept his old bookshop. But the place where it had stood was covered with a great warehouse. She tried to find where Laloi had moved. No one

knew, and it was long after and by chance that she learned his fate. During one of the cholera waves he had been found in a shabby room dead, alone. The place of his burial she could not find.

One of the newspapers announced the belated tidings that Captain John Delacroix had been killed in a storm off Kerguelen's Land. She was widowed even of that ancient friendship. She wept but not for Delacroix; she wept for the gay little thing she had been when he changed her rags to silk and taught her the world.

Her only pleasure now was the martyrdom of driving down Broadway behind the beautiful horses that she always kept. Her one pride was to win the servile bows of the merchants by her lavish purchases. Broadway was lengthening and the buildings about it increasing in number and magnificence. But it was still dusty, muddy, sun-blistered or blizzard-riddled by turns. The swine and the bad women were more numerous than ever. One of the town poets wrote of "the pigs and Paphians" that thronged Broadway.

One afternoon she was startled by a voice that sounded her name with affection:

"Madame Jumel! Madame Jumel!"

She called to her coachman to stop, and out across the mud ran a young mother with a babe in arms. Betty stared at her and found nothing familiar in her face, unless it were a certain worship in the eyes, a look that she had not often seen.

"You don't remember me!" the woman laughed.

"I seem to—and yet! Your face I know, but——"

"Do you remember Susanna Pennery?"

"Susanna Pennery? Susanna Pennery?"

It was terrifying to have both names and faces slipping from one's memory. It had a threat of old age.

After a moment of teasing suspense, the woman said:

"Don't torment your memory, Madame Jumel. You were only a young girl when you met me, and I was a child. It was when you were coming from Providence to New York on the packet, and my mother was drowned, swept over-

board. I was alone and afraid, and I cried terribly. But you were good to me. Oh, you were so good to me! You took me into your bed and mothered me. You let me hold on to your hand for days and nights till we came to New York. My father met me there, and by the time I had told him about mamma's death and your goodness you had gone. We couldn't find you and we went back to Philadelphia. I grew up and married, and this is my baby. I am Mrs. Sandys now. When my baby grows up I'll teach her to pray for you as I've always done. My prayers seem to have been answered, for I see you are rich and married and all."

Betty wept blissfully. This was something new in her life, a rose tangled among the thistles of her memory—a good deed blooming hidden in her past.

She made Susanna climb into her carriage and took the baby on her own lap, and she flung a tear-lit glance of pride at the knot of staring people on the curb.

Among them, who should appear but Mrs. Dolly Beadleston. She had helped Betty once, but she was shabby now. Doctor Ketelkas had wearied of her and she had taken to drink, apparently. Hilariously now she waved to Betty an uncertain hand and cried in a boozy welcome, "Hello, Betty, my dear!" Betty glared at her and took a bitter pleasure in finding somebody that she could snub. She cut Dolly dead, and Dolly went into peals of laughter, shouting:

"I told you you would! I told you you'd cut me some day, and now I'm cut!"

Betty shuddered and told the coachman to drive on. Susanna chattered as fast as the carriage wheels. She evidently knew nothing of Betty except that she had money and a carriage. Betty's fame, good or ill, had not penetrated to Philadelphia. Obscurity had its recompenses here and there.

After a time there came out of the crowds a loud call:

"Stop! Stop that carriage!"

The coachman craned his neck and drew his hands back to his breast.

Susanna and Madame Jumel looked round, and Susanna cried:

"It's my husband! I so want you to meet him."

But the man brought no welcome in his countenance. He stood panting and frowning and holding out his hand. Susanna put hers into it and said:

"Mr. Sandys, I want to present you to Madame Jumel."

Mr. Sandys touched his hat with a surly deference and tried to drag his wife from the carriage. She held back a moment, amazed, protesting:

"It was Madame Jumel who was so good to me when——"

"Then she will be good enough to let you alone. She will be good enough to understand why I cannot permit my wife to ride abroad in her famous carriage. She will oblige me by handing me down my child."

Susanna gazed stupidly at Betty, as deeply mystified by life as she had been by death when the wave tore her mother from the world.

"What does he mean, ma'am?" she babbled.

"He will tell you, no doubt, what lies he has heard of me," was the best that Betty could answer. "But obey him as the law requires of a wife. Here, take your child. I thank you for your prayers. You shall have mine."

Sandys dragged his wife from the step, snatched the baby from Betty's outstretched arms, and hurried back to the pavement, wedging his way through the crowd.

Betty was sick, sick. She closed her eyes a moment, then tossed her head and called:

"Drive on!"

"Where, ma'am?"

"Home!"

And that was a sour word.

In her despairful solitude she felt a recoil of her heart to the old scenes. She needed a mooring ground, a feeling of being rooted to some place.

Her hated Providence became a haven she was fain to return to. But she had braved its memory once and the very children had hooted her out.

She was so poor and so detached from the world that she sent for little Mary Bownes to leave the school in France and join her "mama" in New York.

The isolation of Betty was only emphasized when Mary arrived from Paris, for she was at the age when lovers should be gathering and squiring her to dances and to sleigh rides. But no invitations came. Other young girls were not permitted to call at the notorious home of Betty Jumel, and no young men found out how brilliant Mary was.

To get back to Paris was Betty's one desire now. She was frozen out of New York again. She advertised again that the mansion was for rent.

She was the more willing to leave the hateful land since she heard that another of her jumbled family had gone wrong—even Lavinia Ballou, Betty's illegitimate half-sister, had an illegitimate daughter whom she called Ann Eliza Nightingale. It seemed to be a family habit to give proof of fertility before attempting matrimony, as certain savage races require their women to bear a child before they can get a husband.

Ann Eliza had married a baker in Christopher Street and Betty drove down to pay her a call, though she did not descend from her wheeled throne. She made an engagement to meet Lavinia herself on the Bloomingdale Road and they had a long talk together. Betty was a little softened by Lavinia's mishap, but Lavinia had grown as defiant as Betty had been in the same plight. Lavinia came afoot and would not ride in Betty's carriage. Betty would not walk. Lavinia would not be patronized. She would not call at the mansion in her shabby clothes. And they parted.

CHAPTER XXXVII

WHEN she reached home the cook met Betty in great excitement:

"Lawk-a-massy, ma'am, there's been a king here to see you!"

"A king? What king?"

"Leastways he says he was a king. Never having saw a king, so to speak, I couldn't give him the lie, being as he was so pleasant spoken and so plump and all."

"What king?"

"King Joseph of Spain he called hisself, and who was I to give him the lie?"

Betty groaned at her continual ill luck. Jumel had told her that when he pleaded with Napoleon to come to the United States the eldest brother, Joseph, had begged the Emperor to flee with him and had even offered to substitute himself as prisoner to cover Napoleon's escape. Though his pleas were as vain as Jumel's, he had made his own way secretly to New York, dwelt a while at Claremont, not far from Betty's home, and then set up as a farmer in New Jersey. Learning that he was planning to move to New York, Betty had written to him and offered her house for rent.

While she had wrangled with her half-sister in the open road a king had called upon her and found her out. She demanded of the cook:

"What did he say? What did you do?"

"Well, he sniffed the air like and says, 'Vat is it?' and I says 'Pork and cabbage, Your Honor. I'm cookin' it for my dinner. Want some?' and he says, 'Mercy, may we!' or something. So I take him into the kitchen and——"

"You took the King of Spain into the kitchen and gave him pork and cabbage!"

"Yes, ma'am, and he et enough for two farmers. And he told me if he was still king or ever got back to be a king he would give me a cord on blur or something."

Betty moaned at such a reception. She wrote a letter of apology and regret and told King Joseph how high the honor and how low the price would be if he should lease her mansion. And he wrote to her:

Madam:

I am sorry for all the trouble you have taken in sending me the list of the furniture and your kind offers of your beautiful country place, but since I have decided not to leave my estate in New Jersey I can only reply by thanking you, and renewing my compliments.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

Betty smiled dismally, folded the letter, and put it away. Kings, duchesses, and countesses wrote letters to her, but the shoddy aristocracy of New York snubbed her. She gave up the useless effort to win them and went back to France with Mary.

Once more the compliments of the great rained down upon her: "The Countess Loyauté de Loyauté begs Madame Jumel and Mademoiselle her niece to do her the honor of spending the evening with her." The Countess of Hautpoul solicited a contribution for the poor wife of the court saddler. Betty was advised to buy a box near the king's at the Grand Opéra. The Bishop of Nancy invited her to a ceremony presided over by the Cardinal of Clermont Tonnerre.

The Marquise de la Suze devoted many letters to the conversion of Betty to Catholicism and exclaimed: "How good God is to have granted the fervent and continual prayers which I have made Him for the eternal welfare of your soul."

Betty smiled craftily at this, for her welfare seemed to be guided in a most ungodly channel.

She was devoutly endeavoring to rid herself of the plain

“madame” and set something more sonorous before her name. The grandeur of receiving all these letters from all these peers and peeresses was diminishing under the strain of having to confess herself a mere “madame.” In France the washerwoman who scoured her clothes, the dressmaker who sent her gowns and bonnets and fichus to select from, the very charwoman who scrubbed the glistening floors, must be called “madame.”

She sat and practiced her name as la Comtesse de Jumel, Madame la Marquise de Jumel! Even la Baronne Jumel was not bad.

The king was squandering titles and some of the yokels' that Napoleon had ennobled could spell no better than Betty. Why should she not be decorated, too?

She cast about for a way of achieving her new ambition.

She had gone as far as she could, it seemed, by the practice of rigorous correctness. She heard much gossip of the power of love. By means of their gifts of love milliners and even lighter women had made themselves royal favorites and had queened it over the lawful queens.

There was a certain Comte de la Force who was always hovering about her on the Bourbon evenings at the Jumel residence in the Place Vendôme. He was always whispering into her back hair that she was cruelly beautiful and un-beautifully cold. He boasted constantly, too, of his close friendship with the king. He sighed:

“I can get anything from His Majesty and nothing from you.”

Here was the manifest instrument for her advancement. She reverted to her old methods and brought out of her past all the tricks of her ancient trade. She made love to the Comte with every appearance of timidity and helplessness before his irresistible charms. She compared herself to an unprotected citadel yielding to the siege of a great general.

With all the deftness in her power she insinuated that the way to win her to complete surrender was to secure her a title. She thought she phrased it rather cleverly:

“If I were only a comtesse, how I could love a comte!

But being a simple madame, there is an impassable gulf between us."

"To secure for madame the bagatelle of a title would be the least that I would do in return for a smile," the comte made haste to respond.

By a smile, of course, he meant much more, much more. Once having learned that there was hope of conquest, he grew as impetuous in his attack as he was deliberate in his achievement of the title. His promises were so confident that he swept Betty away from all thought of caution. She trusted him too well.

And finally when the delay in her admission to the peerage grew unbearable, she took courage from the fact that she had already paid in advance. She committed the monstrous indiscretion of writing to the king himself. She secured the aid of a man who knew the forms, phrases, and the style and sent His Majesty a long appeal whose gossipy familiarity stunned him:

Sire:

Every time I have had the honor of seeing your Majesty, the graciousness with which you have deigned to notice my carriage and the great kindness with which you bow to me, makes me feel like writing to you. But once out of your presence, courage fails me.

The return of your Majesty caused me so much joy that I seemed to be inspired with new courage to present a petition in favor of my husband. My husband left France at the beginning of the Revolution and established a home in New York (U.S.A.) with the resolution of never again seeing his native land until the return of the Bourbons.

He became a merchant and has been very fortunate in his business. . . . The most celebrated manufacturers of France have worked for him. . . . His kindness of heart and his directness in business have made him known and loved throughout the United States.

What a joyous day for him when he got the news of the return of the Bourbons. Immediately he made haste to sell his ships and his stocks and to leave his temporary home which was for him a kind of exile.

We came to Paris, and he, seeing a great deal of misfortune, was moved by his kindness of heart to set up several manufacturers, who to-day are prosperous. His lofty nature will not allow him to ask for a place at Court for himself, as he thinks he has not yet done enough for his country to deserve such a favor.

But, accustomed to being received as persons of high position, and our fortune admitting of living in excellent style, and having also the good fortune of knowing many ladies of the Court, I often find myself embarrassed.

When I see that I have no title and my husband no cross—in spite of all he has done for his country and his devotion to his king—I feel utterly discouraged, and beg him to go back to his adopted country.

But knowing your Majesty's extreme kindness, I am anew inspired with the hope that you will not ignore a subject so worthy as Stephen Jumel. Whatever post your Majesty might deign to offer—even without remuneration—it would be his greatest delight to fill it, and your Majesty would find in Stephen Jumel a faithful subject and in his wife eternal gratitude.

Never dreaming how amazing such a letter would be to a Bourbon monarch, Betty sent it forward and awaited with impatience the royal benediction.

She sat one afternoon reading over the copy she had kept. She admired the cleverness with which she had emphasized Jumel's adoration of the Bourbons and omitted all reference to his idolatry of their arch-enemy, Napoleon. She liked the implied threat of a return to the United States.

It was all according to the best traditions of the diplomatic arts; and when a servant brought her word that Monsieur le Comte de la Force had called she ordered him shown into her *salon*.

She did not order the doors closed upon them as she had done during the more intimate negotiations. Her husband was at his office, of course; Mary was out for a drive in the Bois with the house guest, la Comtesse de la Pagerie. The servants did not matter.

She awaited the Comte de la Force with warm assurance. She kept her copy of her letter in hand so that when he

announced that the title had been granted to her she might take all due credit to herself for her share in its expedition.

She wondered whether she were already a comtesse, a marquise—what?

She kept her seat and nodded with the condescension of a peeress when the comte appeared and waited for the servant to withdraw.

She was surprised to find that he did not meet her smile with his usual ingratiating. In fact he glared, and with bloodshot eyes. He did not breathe compliments; he panted with rage.

Then he advanced on her with such speed and ferocity that she cringed before an expected blow in the face. Instead, she received a deluge of French so volubly delivered that she could hardly catch a word of it.

“Plus lentement un peu, s’il vous plaît,” she pleaded.

And he repeated his message with such slowness that every phrase was the lash of a whip. Her mind was in an uproar. It must translate each French word into English. It must resist the panic of her faculties and reassemble them for self-defense. As she made it out, what he was saying was this:

“Insolent Yankee! What have you done? You have made me a cause for laughter throughout the court. His Majesty sends for me and frowns upon me as if I were a lackey. He has in his fat hand, a long, long letter. He tosses it beneath my eyes and commands me to read it. He asks me if you are the lady for whose husband I asked a reward. I must stammer ‘Yes, Sire, but if it please Your Majesty——’ He breaks in ‘It does not please Our Majesty. Surely if Monsieur le Comte de la Force wishes to buy a lady’s favors he should not offer her ours. This Madame Jumel tells us that I bow to her with gracious smiles. Does she think that I know all the faces I bow to? Does she not know that thousands of my subjects line my path wherever I move? Perhaps you have told her that I also shall call upon her and confirm your promises! In any case, Monsieur le Comte, if I must sell the titles at my

disposal for the smiles of ladies, will you not permit me to select the ladies and to collect the smiles myself? To certain battles the king sends his lieutenants; as for the others, he prefers to engage in person. Have the kindness to inform your Madame Telle-et-telle that I have no titles to sell this week.' ”

This was abysmal news to Betty. The royal sarcasm and the blood-curdling humiliation of the comte meant little to her. She realized the idleness of the king's talk of selling his own titles for favors. The gossip ran that his dissoluteness ended with his love of coarse remarks. He was called Louis the Oyster for more reasons than one. He was colder than the sixteenth Louis, who had kept his Marie Antoinette a bride for so incredible a time. Louis XVIII was so fat, too, that he could hardly open a letter with his over-plump hands, and he was trundled about the palace in a wheeled chair, and lifted into his carriage and out of it like a vat of beer. There was no hope of flirting with that whale.

Betty's gleaming hopes vanished. Betty would never be more than "madame." She had had trouble enough in acquiring that dignity. It was to be her final triumph. She was not to be rewarded either for her husband's vast financial services to the Bourbons, or for her own personal gratuities to this man who dared to snarl at her:

"You do not swoon! You do not cry out with horror at what I had to endure! When His Majesty had finished, he crumpled your letter and dropped it on the floor. He kicked it aside. If he had kicked me I should have suffered no more. He waited for me to speak. I could do nothing but sweat. If it had been blood that streamed from my pores it would have not been too much.

"And then His Majesty begins to laugh, to roar. His great belly rolls like a ship in a storm. He holds his side with one hand and groans, 'Oh, Monsieur le Comte and your Madame Une Telle, you are a pair of assassins. You have broken my ribs and suffocated me.'

"Around his table stood his ministers. Old Club-foot Talleyrand whispered something to the prince at his elbow

and the prince exploded. My only wonder is that I did not die."

He waited for Betty to grovel in apologies, to faint along the floor, to burst into the vapors. She was ready to burst, but she was restrained as with hoops by the maddening limits of her French vocabulary.

She had heard what the old trulls of Providence called the boozy slave-sailors who had not paid their rent. She knew an army of wharf-side terms that would have made Rabelais wish that he had studied English instead of the Greek that nearly lost him his life.

But all the French she could think of was the sort of thing she had studied to say when a duchess praised her coiffure or a countess thanked her for her carriage.

Her throat ached with a very quinsy of venom she could not expel. To escape asphyxiation at last she let her feelings go in her native tongue. She fairly bawled at the comte that he was a thief and a cheat, to have robbed her of her love and her honor on false promises.

The comte could not understand a word she said, but her very features were obscene. There was objurcation in the mere puffs of air that smoked from her lips. And at length with a final oath that would have done Queen Elizabeth or Catherine of Russia proud, she shot her fist into his face. He was too far from her to be hurt, but the blow sobered him in his own drunkenness of anger.

He must either strike back or laugh her off. He found now a little of the mirth that had rocked the king.

He said so slowly that she understood each word:

"When madame expressed a wish for a title I promised it to her as a lover promises his beloved anything that will give her happiness. I hoped to bring you the royal document. But now I understand you: when you said you loved me, when you expired with rapture in my arms, it was not love of me that inflamed you, but love of yourself. You did not embrace me, but a ghost, the ghost of the title you demanded. You have sinned, madame, but at least you have committed an original sin. You betrayed your husband in

order to advance him. Even if the king would not ennoble him, you have given him a title, and one of the oldest."

She tried to strike at him again, but her hand weakened, her knees relaxed. She sank back into her chair.

The comte bowed and murmured:

"If the Comtesse-that-can-never-be will permit her servant to withdraw."

He walked out, laughing softly.

When she lifted her eyes at last she glanced past the little door that closed upon him, through the arch into the greater chamber beyond.

There she saw her husband.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IF Jumel had come forward, hurled her to the floor and trampled on her, Betty would not have protested. If he had drawn a pistol and shot her down, she could have forgiven him.

But he stood wavering in complete dismay.

Since he said nothing, Betty assumed that he had heard nothing. She came forward to remark with casual fatuity:

“You have come home from the office, I see.”

“Yes, my head did ache so I could hardly see. But I can hear. I did hear!”

Betty made a feeble parry:

“What did you hear? Comte de la Force’s drunken talk? Surely you wouldn’t take seriously anything that man said?”

Jumel shook his head and smiled sardonically:

“The words of the comte perhaps, no; but how can I not believe you what you confess?”

Betty was stunned, but she braved his gentle, mournful countenance and tried to eye him down. She demanded brusquely:

“Well, what of it?”

Jumel’s smile was pitiful. That and the dreary wagging of his head belonged less to a man who has caught his wife in an infamy than to a child that regards a broken toy. He said:

“In France we forgive much to a crime of passion. But there was no passion in your affair, only greed. Go back to America, madame.

“When you did sinned long ago, I have thought it was becose you are so poor and lunly. I have sorry for you. I forgived you. Now you are rich. You have love, moneys, pride—all! Still you sin! Is it then sin itself you love? Go back to America, madame.

"You try to get me title, yes. But not for me—for you! that you might wear it. How is it you are so clever and such a fool to think I could wear a title wonned by your intrigues. I could not accept even from the king. To buy a little honor with so much dishonor? No, never in life! I am merchant. I do not buy cheap thing at high price. And if I bought, how do I dare to wear it? I am merchant and I advertise—but not my shame. Should I put on my shield the words of Panurge, '*Les cornes que me faisoit ma femme sont cornes d'abondance?*' Non, non, madame. Go back to America!"

"And to poverty?" sighed Betty, who read her doom in his gentle manner.

He laughed: "No, no! I give you money—all I have, if it needs you. Always I can earn more. Money is true to me. She loves me. She comes, obeys. But I cannot command love. I shall not try no more. I do not divorce you, madame, but I love you no more. Adieu!"

The tempest was over. They were both so weary with their tragic disappointments that they sank into chairs, inane, bored to death with life.

When the Comtesse de la Pagerie brought Mary home and the girl ran laughing to salute them, they could not even pretend to be gay.

"What makes you two so glum?" Mary demanded. After a long silence Betty answered:

"I have just learned that I must go back to New York."

"But why? But why?"

"Because your papa insists," Betty faltered, and Jumel added:

"There is important business your mama must do for me in America. You go with."

The girl's cheeks were rainy with sudden tears, as she wailed:

"But nobody comes to see us in America! It is lonely there. Here everybody welcomes us. Papa, papa, don't exile us to America again!"

Jumel's heart suffered for her and himself, but he would

not repent his decision. Betty was dead to him. All he owed her was a decent funeral. Like many another mourner, he was impelled to fill the coffin with rich gifts.

He confirmed the deed of the New York mansion and gave her a deed in trust for the use of a property on Broadway at the corner of Liberty Street during her lifetime. He let her take the jewelry of the Empress Josephine, though it had cost him a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs.

But he was making money so fast that he was ready to surrender to Betty the whole American continent and all therein that had been his. He gave her a power of attorney. He could never have imagined the use she would put it to.

Once more Betty must cross the Atlantic. She had not even her mansion to return to. It was rented to strangers. She and Mary took lodgings with a Dutch farmer on Long Island, two miles and more from Brooklyn. But she went to New York every day to take care of her property.

New York was much changed and much the same. Broadway was still a dangerous place to drive in. Sometimes a herd of a thousand or more cattle went lowing up the street. Throngs of hogs still wandered about, tipping over carriages, covering pedestrians with slime and eating dead cats and dogs in the gutters.

A fire-engine company of gentlemen racing to Maiden Lane had been brought down in a vast heap by a sow that darted across their path, and the engine they drew had run over many of the volunteers with disastrous effect.

Laws were passed forbidding the streets to the swine, but the laws were not honored, and when hog-catchers went about gathering up the strays, their carts were overturned and their prisoners released by indignant citizens. Hog riots were common and showed that the poor who owned the wanderers would not be bullied by the rich who could pen them.

Betty's carriage still created a stir wherever it passed. It was one of the ten in town, and two of those were driven by eccentrics. The mad poet, MacDonald Clarke, had his Tilbury with gilded harness; and the negro, Dandy Cox, who

had made what was a fortune for him as a scourer of men's clothes, drove a Stanhope, with another negro as a footman perched on the box behind. His black wife gave receptions and changed her clothes three or four times during the evening, just to show that she had the clothes. She was a Betty Jumel in ebony.

Negroes were rising in the world. One black woman had risen very high in the Potter's Field, where she was gibbeted for trying in vain to set a building on fire. Slavery was going out of style. There were only two hundred and fifty slaves in a population of 125,000, and a law had been passed in 1822 abolishing slavery altogether after July 4th, 1827, though the minors were not to be freed till 1830.

The negroes were growing ambitious. They had a theater of their own where one of them enacted "Shakespeare's proud heroes." But, of course, they were not permitted to ride in the busses or in the steamboat cabins, or to go to the theaters. Even in the churches they were only permitted to occupy a special section.

There was a new City Hall, all of marble, in the park. The Potter's Field had been leveled and its name changed to Washington Parade. Richmond Hill, where Washington had lived, and Adams, and then Aaron Burr, had been razed and the famous old mansion lowered on cradles to the common level of the new street. People said that New York was losing all its picturesque antiquity.

Hunters were still shooting woodcock and snipe out in Lispenard Meadows beyond the Canal, which had been covered over and changed into a street. A stage ran all the way to Bloomingdale.

Steam was invading the world. A sailing vessel with folding paddle wheels run by steam had crossed the ocean. Mr. Vanderbilt's steam ferry made the trip to New Jersey in fourteen minutes, which was nearly three hours less than of old. This was a convenience to Betty.

Excursions on steamboats were a passion, and on Sundays thousands of people were carried about the bay and the rivers. The clergymen of the city found that their con-

gregations were dwindling (as always) and laid the blame for modern wickedness and levity on the steamboat (as always, on the newest public interest).

They called a great mass meeting of five thousand people and proposed an ordinance forbidding such ungodly pastime. To their amazement, the assembly not only voted the dominies down, but protested against their interference in the public amusement.

Even the food of the public was changing. The ornamental but poisonous red "love apples" were being called "tomatoe figs," or "tomatoes" for short, and eaten in great quantities without fatality. Strange how the poisons of one generation become the food of the next!

The sap of maple trees was being cooked into a sugar and sold as a delicacy. Ice cream was coming in and threatening the greedy with death by internal congelation.

Cold water was still accounted a perilous drink, and those who imbibed it straight from the town pumps were advised in a proclamation by the Humane Society to wet their wrists and foreheads first, or to temper it with molasses.

Water was coming into enlarged consideration everywhere. It was hard to get and unpleasant to taste, but there was a growing conviction that it ought to be cheaper and more common. There were not wanting skeptical souls who asserted that the ever-recurrent plagues of yellow fever and cholera were not due to judgments of God in punishment of national crimes, but to lack of water and cleanliness.

The more substantial and respectable elements of the population did their best to counteract these degenerate notions, but with little result. In many states laws were passed forbidding people to indulge themselves in the criminal nonsense of baths, which were both indecent and injurious to health. Yet there was so little respect or reverence for the law that certain criminals continued to take baths in secret. And as usual, some people boasted of the vice without practicing it. It did not interest Betty.

There were swimming pools in New York, and on one day a week females were encouraged to disgrace themselves

by floundering about in an element plainly never meant for mankind. If God had wanted us to swim he would undoubtedly have given us fins and scales.

People were even adventuring into the ocean. At Rockaway Beach and Cape May women were actually wading into the waves up to their waists. They wore flannel or woolen dresses, and when they were in the water or coming from it gentlemen were expected to remain out of sight and seeing. But the mere thought was so shocking that really virtuous females would not discuss it with genteel males.

Furthermore, the new insanity was causing an increasing exodus to the seaside every summer. Hotels and boarding houses grew up along the edge of the surf and throngs endured every discomfort in the mad pursuit of fashion.

All this meant an increase in the number of steamboats, stages, and inns and a general lowering of public morals (which are forever in a state of further descent, but never seem to strike a final resting-place on hardpan).

Good manners were departing with good morals. The *Advocate* announced that a young churl had been seen on Broadway with a lighted cigar as early as nine o'clock in the morning! The fine old custom of tobacco chewing and spitting was, of course, respectable at all hours.

Theaters, operas, and dances were increasing in number and popularity. Foreign actors and singers were pouring into America and further threatening the virtue of the tottering nation. The night life of the city was blatant and dazzling. People seemed to live for nothing but pleasure. Doctors stated that the mad speed of life would undoubtedly destroy civilization and bring on disease.

So many citizens were staying out so late and making such clamor at all hours, pounding their knockers for admittance to their homes, that night latches were invented to do away with the great keys. Some persons were putting in bells that rang inside the houses, to replace the knockers that whacked outside and woke everybody in the block except the people immediately concerned. The first door bell was probably laid down by certain unfortunates who

were wakened from their reputable slumbers late one night by the clatter of their knocker. Rushing to the windows to learn if the town were afire, they were rewarded by the words of their next-door neighbor who looked up and said:

"Sorry to disturb you, but my knocker is broke and I'm using yours to wake up my family. Go right back to sleep. I'll have my wife awake before long."

But the night life of New York knew Betty no more. She had been a scholar in all the evils of an earlier day when it was also going to the devil; though those very days were now mourned as an epoch of Arcadian simplicity.

She was no longer the young and voluptuous siren of then. Men did not now follow her on the street, or gaze after her with desire. She dressed with more gorgeousness than ever. She wore the jewelry of monarchs and she rode lofty and conspicuous in a carriage. But she no longer encountered in the eyes of the men that look of eager interest, nor in the women's eyes the quick glance of jealous fear.

To save her face she had given out a statement that she had returned to America to take care of her dear husband's interests while he managed his European affairs. To save her face, she must make a pretense of attending to those interests.

Every day, therefore, she made the weary ride from Long Island and visited brokers and lawyers. She had to be taught the financial A B C's, but once she learned her alphabet she uncovered an unsuspected genius for business.

She found that buying-and-selling was a gambling game as thrilling as any she had ever played in the *salons* of Paris. Money-making was imbued with a kind of evil sensuality as exciting as the practices of commercial love had ever been.

She thought it a discovery; it really was a change in her own soul. Nature, that finds a vice for every age, was stealing away Betty's graces and her amorous usefulness, but substituting a new instinct.

Ladies who can no longer feel nor inspire physical temptation can still be very wicked. For they can become gossips, backbiters, meddlers, reformers, censors, misers. They can

lie about the innocence of their own youth, and abuse their contemporaries. They can pick reputations to pieces. Vultures and buzzards do not need to be beautiful or conscientious.

Betty had no inclination to the ferocious morality of the reformed wanton or the withered siren. Her proper sin was greed. She prostituted her body no longer, but her soul now to the gaining of lands and mortgages and moneys in the bank. She began to plot against Jumel. She began to despise him not only for his insolent mercy to her, but for his incapacity as a man of finance. She would prove to him that she was the better merchant of the two. And as soon as she could she would rid herself of him. But first she must get rich—richer—richest!

The ecstasy of economy came upon her slowly, and with frequent relapses. She gave up her horses with most regret and drove her own gig one day to New York with only a single horse ahead of her. And that horse slipped and fell with a crash that brought a merchant out of his shop in alarm. He gave her one glance, sneered to other witnesses, "It's only Madame Jumel!" and returned to his shop.

Betty picked herself up, hardly noticing her other bruises for the wrench to her pride. She misunderstood the merchant's scorn entirely and made haste to buy four gray horses and a new gown and to drive once more up Broadway in state. The town began to grin once more. She was as little respected behind four gray horses as behind one or two blacks! It was a hard world to conquer.

CHAPTER XXXIX

YET what else was there for a woman of ambition to seek or to look forward to but social favor, the daily accolade of a How-d'you-do? If she lost her reputation she lost everything.

Men, however, were not ruined by scandal. The best women regarded the worst rake with an indulgence that verged on admiration. They smiled on the male sinner and flung his woman accomplice overboard.

The thing that brought Aaron Burr to the dust was not his ill repute for profligacy. That had always followed him. It had not checked him on his way to the Presidency. For if they had once begun the business of denying power to men because of their love affairs, what man would ever have won so much as a nomination for—hog-catcher? If Burr scattered illegitimate white children about haphazard, Thomas Jefferson, the god of his party, was accused of manufacturing mulattoes for sale and that had not kept him from being President twice to Burr's not quite once.

Burr was discarded because he had failed in politics; because he had killed a popular rival and made a beloved saint of a much-derided sinner; because he owed a mountain of money; because he could not pay it back; because he was a menace to other ambitious politicians; because he proclaimed dangerous views about allowing the common people to vote.

He denounced the presidential candidate, James Monroe, and praised Andrew Jackson because Jackson believed in the popular voice. Burr was accounted a dangerous man because of his politics. His morals were matters for the gossips, not for the voters. His law practice went on as well as if he had been a saint, because he won most of his cases.

Betty decided that, if she would escape from the asphyxiation of being ignored, she must succeed as a business man. There was no hope for a woman in politics. And not much encouragement in business.

She was tempted to put her affairs in the hands of the best lawyer in town. The best lawyer was probably the worst man, Aaron Burr. But Betty avoided him because he was a failure, and she wanted success.

She chose for her attorney Alexander Hamilton, junior. He was a clever lawyer and, better yet, employing him gave her an excuse to visit his mother when Betty grew insufferably eager to sit under a roof where respectability kept out the rain.

Business is other people's money, and Betty's only capital was her husband's fortune. But he had given her full power of attorney. He had been as trusting as the King Lear who turned his kingdom over to his daughters, and his experience was as full of disillusionment.

The more Betty thought of Jumel the more she despised him. He had failed to get her into New York society, and after she got into Paris society he had thrown her out. She owed him no gratitude and she must take care of herself, provide against the years that grew heavier and heavier.

She made use of his power of attorney to transfer a number of real-estate properties from Jumel's name to her own.

While she was robbing him of his wealth he had grown over-weary of trying to hate Betty. He wrote her a letter imploring her to believe that he still loved her.

When the surprise wore off Betty despised him a little better and went on taking his properties away from him. She knew now that she was the cleverer financier of the two.

Her good opinion of herself was soon confirmed, for she received from Jumel a sudden letter asking her for money! This gave her a delicious sensation at first. The great international merchant who had once lifted her from poverty, dazzled her with a home, a carriage, a ship, his own name, an empress's jewels—he, even he, was writing her a begging

letter. He was deeply involved in investments that had suddenly gone wrong. He must have cash to tide him over.

She was tempted to drive to her banker and dash him off a bill of exchange of twice the amount he needed. She took an almost indecent delight in entering the bank where she kept her funds. There had always been a rapture in having money to give away and giving it away, as the princes and princesses of the theater tossed off long purses of stage gold to beggars.

But now she felt an abrupt change in herself. Her soul was shocked as with an earthquake. Giving money away was, after all, only a foolish selfishness. It was not an act of generosity and grace, but a kind of blatant boastfulness, cheap sentimentalism, destructive to the higher morals. She felt the grandeur of the withheld gesture, the resisted impulse; the fine modesty and wisdom of caution.

To say, "No!"—after all, how much bigger a thing than to say, "Yes!" To save money was, after all, like saving a child. She who had hated the New England ideals of thrift and providence and the chill mottoes about "a penny saved, a penny earned" understood now the splendid rock-ribbed vigor of such an attitude. She was reverting to her ancestry.

She took the first step toward becoming a miser, and it led her on and on as the first step toward careless extravagance led the generous heart to the debtors' prison.

The bank did not see her that day. She was busy writing her husband a letter telling him that she could not send anything at the moment, as his funds were tied up in investments which ought not to be disturbed. To salve the wound she added words of unwonted affection and urged him to come to America. Misers are usually spendthrift of kindly expressions, warm regrets, and good counsel. Spendthrifts of money are usually sheepish, stammering, and full of apology.

The answer to Betty's beautiful letter was a missive of amazement. Jumel repeated that he had to have eight thousand francs. As Betty figured it, that amounted to fifteen

hundred dollars, and it was too much to waste on paying debts, especially to foreigners.

Some of the packets were taking only twenty-two days now to cross the ocean and Jumel grew frantic when, after waiting nearly two months for his money, he received another tender denial.

He wrote again confessing that he had to sell some of the table silver to pay his rent, and clamoring for money: "Be good enough then for the love of God to send it to me."

The wanton Betty of old was so much changed that she answered like a stepmother, with a vicious sweetness:

"I have done everything in my power to procure money for you, but it was impossible, money being scarce, but since we have a house at Mount de Marsan, wouldn't it be better to sacrifice that, rather than what we have left here for old age?"

Betty talking of old age! Betty patronizing the great merchant in his financial agony and counseling him as if he were a foolish lad! Money was indeed scarce. The year had been full of panics, of runs on honest banks, of scandalous failure among spurious banks, of crashing insurance companies, and the sending of several prominent citizens to the penitentiary.

Yet a little later Betty's excuse is the opposite: it would be a mistake to sell their New York property, because of its rapid increase in value. The town had already grown so fast that it had 180,000 inhabitants. In the election of the year before, 21,000 men had been qualified to vote. Streets formerly given over to residences, like Wall Street, Pearl, and Broadway, were almost monopolized by shops. New streets were being opened, old streets stretched out and leveled. Broadway was paved and lighted with gas and many public buildings and shops enjoyed this new illuminant. As the city guide announced, "the effect it has upon the eye of a stranger is as novel as it is gratifying, and forms one of the principal modern improvements." Gas cost a dollar a foot, but "the cleanliness, the beauty, and the convenience

over any other light is the principal cause of its being preferred without reference to expense."

There were fifteen miles of pipe already laid down from the gas works, a noble brick structure which made one of the most interesting sights in the city—almost as interesting as the new Treadmill where a water-wheel six feet in diameter furnished exercise and repentance to the inmates of the Penitentiary hard by the Almshouse, near the East River.

The city now covered a space three miles long and a mile and a half wide. It was eight miles around. Broadway was two miles long from the Battery out to Tenth Street. The barbarous system of numbering streets and avenues had been adopted for the outlying regions into which the city might some day penetrate. A rigid system of parallel streets running northerly and called "avenues" was laid out and numbered. Across them ran numbered streets called "streets." These roads paid no heed to the landscape, but forged straight ahead; thus, as a critic of the day complained, "giving a tiresome uniformity to the aspect of the modern part of the city and causing an immense expense to be incurred in counteracting the uncommon asperities and rugged inequalities of the surface; and the island has already received that impress which will continue to the latest posterity."

The Third Avenue was already leveled for six miles. The Fifth and some of the other avenues were opened in part. Lots were bringing as high as \$700 near the City Hall, diminishing to \$60 as you went out into the thinly settled portions. New York was bound to thrive. Betty felt that it would be criminal to sell New York property in order to redeem investments in an outworn city like Paris.

To make sure that Jumel should not succeed in his demented ideas, Betty transferred out of his reach all his property except one tract of unimproved ground. She did not put it in her own name, but in that of her adopted daughter, Mary, the revenue alone accruing to Betty. This would not only thwart Jumel in case he tried to wrest it back,

but would foil his heirs in France in case he died. The mansion itself was now in the name of Mary Bownes and Betty moved back into it.

In time Jumel, having failed to accomplish anything by letters, came over in person. Betty greeted him with a warmth that froze him. He had only to examine the documents to see that he was landless and helpless, bankrupt on two continents.

He was permitted to have a room in the mansion, but he was stupid company, and the winter was as cold as Betty's love.

She took Mary to the South and left her husband and her coachman to entertain each other. Jumel told the coachman what a fool he had been to give his wife a power of attorney to destroy him with.

His splendid energy was gone; he was only a poor relation now; and the smile that had greeted every unfortunate with prompt pity was constant now upon his old lips for that genial imbecile, himself.

He hung about the place for four years while Betty ranged from Virginia to Saratoga. He amused himself by working with the farmers who tilled some of his wife's estates, and one summer's day as he rode on a hay cart on the King's Bridge Road he fell off and was badly hurt.

He was carried hastily to the mansion and a physician called. The physician bled the old man and then bandaged him up and left him in his wife's care to recover.

The story was told about town that Mary, who loved her adopted father dearly, wept so hard that Madame Jumel ordered her to leave the room and not come back.

Some hours later Betty appeared at the door of the sick chamber and announced that her husband had died. The gossips said that she had removed the bandage and grimly watched him bleed to death.

New York loved to believe anything atrocious of Betty, and this ferocious theory ran like wildfire. It finally reached the ears of Betty, who promptly sued a lawyer named Connelly for libel and hushed him up.

Long afterward, in wrangling with a man whom she accused of stealing firewood from her place, she cried:

“You cut it off my lot!”

“But you can’t prove it,” said he.

“No more than Connelly could,” said Madame Jumel.

And that is true of a multitude of legends that gathered about Betty. Fantastic stories seemed to love her and to fasten on her as barnacles upon a ship. They could not be proved, or disproved.

In any case, Stephen Jumel was dead, and on the 22d of May, 1832, she buried him in the graveyard of St. Patrick’s Cathedral, at the corner of Mott and Prince Streets. It was now the largest church in town—so big that it was not yet finished, though begun in 1815. Jumel was a Catholic and she restored him to his faith.

If he ever did a cruel deed, it is not recorded. He had atoned for his early laxity in associating with Betty by giving her an honest name. He could not ask from Heaven any better treatment than he had accorded to those he encountered on earth.

Betty became more grimly the business man than ever. Stephen Jumel had left a sister, Madeleine Lazardaire, and a brother, François, in France. When they had received news of his death they controlled their grief long enough to write to Betty inquiring if he had perhaps left them any legacy. Betty had controlled her grief for nearly a year before she wrote that her great grief had prevented her sending the sad news that monsieur their brother had left no estate at all.

And now Betty was free. She had spurned the ladder she mounted by, and she stood on the heights, independent, alone.

But she did not enjoy being alone. She had found a young lawyer named Nelson Chase whose energy she admired, and she arranged his marriage with Mary, shortly after the funeral. She rented for them an apartment in Grand Street and dwelt with them in it during the cold months when the mansion was bleak with snow.

To take the place of Mary in her heart and in her arms she borrowed a little girl named Mary Marilla Stever from her parents and later adopted her. She loved all children but her own.

Stephen Jumel had hardly been entombed a week when the cholera appeared in New York. It had been cutting a hideous swath about the world and had crept down from Canada through Albany. The doctors threw up their hands in ignorance. The congregations fell on their knees. Panic scattered thousand of the citizens.

Betty resolved to escape. But her business affairs were now so stupendous that she feared to leave them entirely to the advice of Mr. Hamilton. Casting about for a lawyer who had rarely lost a case, her destiny sent her to the office of Aaron Burr.

Burr, who never walked the street without glancing slyly up from under his eyelids to study whether or not a former friend would cut him or salute him; Betty, who looked down from her carriage with a questioning gaze in which timidity put on the guise of bravado—these two looked into each other's eyes, knowing how well each knew the world.

And now at last the two whom nobody spoke to spoke to each other. The universal disfavorites, Burr of the men, Betty of the women, tried an alliance.

CHAPTER XL

ALWAYS afterward Betty insisted that when Burr opened his door to her he "inspired her with something like dread."

Yet there was also something about Aaron Burr that warmed her soul. Even those who hated him kept him in their hearts as a kind of pet villain.

Women either tried to save him or to sin with him. And there is, indeed, no attack upon him from a woman's tongue or pen. To the females his soul was as precious as it seemed fiendish to less lovable men. An ancient aunt of his once seized his hands and pleaded:

"You have committed a great many sins against God, and you killed that great and good man General Hamilton. I beseech you to repent and fly to the blood and righteousness of the Redeemer for pardon. I cannot bear to think of your being lost, and I often most earnestly pray for your salvation."

His only answer was to say, "Oh, aunt, don't feel so badly; we both shall meet in heaven yet; meanwhile, may God bless you."

Another woman wrote him of his mother's hope for him and reminded him that St. Augustine had also been in his early days a libertine and an infidel. But Burr only smiled.

He feared neither God nor man, and once, after listening to a sermon full of hell fire, he said, "I think that God is a great deal better than people suppose."

A whole convention of New York women met and resolved to overwhelm his soul by special prayer. Seeing no evidence that either Heaven or Burr had heeded them, they asked the Reverend Doctor Mathews to try his skill upon the man. The parson has told his own story of the encounter in his autobiography.

Even the clergyman found in the skeptic "an unequalled fascination." Burr talked about the importance of tea as if his soul were of no moment. He was touched by the word that a society of ladies had been lobbying for his advancement to Paradise, but he said, "I fear they are asking Heaven for what Heaven has not in store for me."

Doctor Mathews fell back upon a reference to Burr's mother. This "shook him like a leaf." The ruthless clergyman ventured to speak of a subject forbidden to Burr's friends—the lost Theodosia. Burr broke down completely, beat his breast and groaned:

"There is a desolation here——"

Then he flung up his head with his old defiance and warned the minister not to torment him further. With all courtesy he showed the beaten dominie to the door.

Once Burr had believed that his slanderers would tire if left alone, unanswered. Later he gave them up in despair. He would not waste his time denying anything.

As he said to one woman who asked him if he had really been the terrible Lothario they said he was:

"They say! they say! they say! Ah, my child, those two little words have done more harm than all the others. Never use them! Never use them!"

He had loved many and well. Countless anecdotes surround his name. A woman surprised the scent of musk upon a letter he was reading. Another found a love lock among his papers, and asked,

"Whose hair is that, Colonel?"

"It is very pretty hair. It is a lady's hair."

When she persisted in asking whose it was, he rebuked her:

"Madame, it belonged to a lady who was once under my protection; and a woman who has ever been in these arms is sacred to me forever."

Another charged him with the paternity of her babe. He denied this no more than any more harsh impeachment:

"When a lady does me the honor to name me the father of her child, I trust I shall always be too gallant to show myself ungrateful for the favor."

In those days he met grandmothers who recalled his far-off courtesies. They flung down their pipes and embraced him again, while tears lost themselves in the many wrinkles that had once lain soft and smooth beneath his lips.

One blizzard day found the seventy-year old lawyer in a sleigh, ploughing through the snow on a twenty-mile ride to an upstate court. When the horses flinched from the gale and the driver gave signs of freezing to sleep, Burr stopped at a lonely farmhouse and asked for shelter.

In this home of poverty he found a little plaster bust of himself, and it amused him to say to his elderly hostess:

“What! Have you got that vile traitor here?”

The old woman confronted him with fury:

“Say another word against Aaron Burr and I’ll put you out where you came from quicker than you came in.”

He apologized and did not tell her who he was.

He loved the old ladies and he sent the penniless girls to school, even though people said that he only paid with money due to other people for the children that were due to him.

And now he was seventy-eight years old and struggling still against debt and dishonor, preparing his briefs by working all night and all day, living on next to nothing, traveling to any distance despite any weather. A wintry journey to Albany cost him forty-five hours in stagecoaches and sleighs, and he reached the capital neither tired nor sleepy.

Age had not even chilled his ardor for romance.

To him came Betty in her carriage. She had been a long while in arriving, for she herself was within a year of sixty. And now, a rich widow in gorgeous mourning, she floated like the sumptuous Delilah into the dusty room where sat the withered gallant behind his old baize-covered table.

Everybody in New York knew Betty Jumel by sight, and Colonel Burr, assuming or pretending to believe that he had met her, leaped to his feet with his famous grace and told her how glad he was to see her again. Betty, who had met so many famous men, assumed that this was indeed a renewal of an interrupted acquaintance.

The old beau and the old belle practiced their rusty graces on each other and when Betty begged for the use of Burr's great mind his gallantry put his heart at her service.

She was strangely fluttered by those eyes of his that stripped the years from women as any other garment, those eyes that like a wizard's mirror made them feel themselves as young and beautiful as they wanted to be.

She could hardly stammer through her legal problems. But at length she left her papers with him and fled. Burr was hot on her heels. He helped her elbow into her chariot, bowed low, and murmured a hope of seeing her soon again. The four grays pranced on their way as haughtily as if they carried Cæsar's wife.

If Betty was fluttered by the chivalry of the man who quickened so many pulses, Burr was fluttered, too. He stood on the sidewalk, musing after the vanishing carriage.

On his table were letters of insolence demanding moneys long overdue. He had escaped a cell in the debtors' prison, but only by paying the fee necessary to give him partial liberty. He had long been "on the limits" and not permitted to wander far. He could not have called on Madame Jumel at her remote mansion, but for the benevolent fact that imprisonment for debt had been abolished beginning with May, 1832.

What if he should win the interest, the heart—even the hand!—of Madame Jumel. He knew of her wealth and of her widowhood. She had boasted a little of her money and she had sighed rather cleverly, rather provocatively, over the loss of her husband and the emptiness of her life.

It occurred to Burr that if he could only lay his hands on her wealth he could manage it to her benefit and, besides, pay his debts and gain a beautiful home in which to spend the few years remaining to him. He was already seven years overdue in his grave. He was more weary than he realized of the unseasonable toil in which he spent the days and nights that should have been given to repose by a man of his years. He had always longed to dwell in that mansion, once known

as Washington's headquarters, now known as the Jumel place. He had tried to buy it in the days before the duel.

Burr loved to be tempted and to yield. The temptation to marry Betty was an inspiration. He mumbled his favorite oath, "By General Jackson! I'll do it."

For the present he must put the plan in abeyance. Betty went at once to Saratoga and would not return until the Indian summer filled the air with a belated tenderness, like the reawakening love in an old widower's heart.

Betty and Mary rode all the way to Ballston behind four horses, with four others following as relays. Ballston was dull because the fever terror had come from the north and few dared go so far. She moved on to Saratoga Springs, which was also almost untenanted. She liked the hotel so well that she bought it ten minutes after she arrived. She sold it later for a neat profit, did canny Betty.

October and Betty reached New York together, and she drove down to see Colonel Burr. She said nothing to the Hamiltons about her new lawyer, who had slain the eminent founder of the Hamilton family.

She was delighted to find that Burr had managed her affairs better than he usually did his own. She found him so witty, so gallant, that her prejudices against him began to vanish. At length she cried out:

"I know Mrs. Hamilton very well. How is it possible that you could have killed her husband?"

Burr winced. A white blush paled his cheeks. He sighed, than explained:

"I hate apologies and explanations. I make no apology. The lottery of life threw me my ticket. My friend Hamilton whom I shot is dead. It does not become me to speak in his dispraise. I never did. I do not now. If he had followed my principle the duel would never have taken place.

"If I had died and Hamilton had lived, what a difference it would have made in my fame! Thousands who hated him while he was alive canonized him dead—for their own protection. They would equally have made a saint of me—

dead—and sent him into exile with the brand of Cain on his brow that I wear now on mine.

“Cain and Abel fought over a religious detail. If Abel had killed Cain, what a difference it would have made! We should now remember Cain as the beautiful martyr, and Abel would have been the byword of viciousness.

“Hamilton and I were brother officers—both members of Washington’s family. We disagreed on our political religions. I believed, I believe, in the right of all men to vote, and to vote for the President of their country. Hamilton abhorred the idea. Though he was born on foreign soil, he wrote into the Constitution a clause to enable himself to become President, and was never nominated. But I was! And I won! I was President of the United States by right of a majority of voting members. Yet he conspired against me. He left no trick untried. The confessed adulterer called me profligate! He called me a complete Catiline! Yet I did not kill him then. I let him beat me out of my heritage.

“I believe even in the right of you women to education, to freedom from slavery to your husbands, yes, to the privilege of voting. Hamilton despised this notion of mine.

“His motto was, ‘Let us meet art with art and trick with trick.’ His first trick was the formation of a Christian Constitutional Society to mask under the name of religion a political scheme.

“But they have elected me the Cain and the Judas Iscariot of the country I fought for at the age of nineteen. They have elected me lord high profligate. Well, my wife died of cancer, my daughter lost her son and, after suffering infernal ills, perished in a great tempest. Hamilton married a rich woman and was as much a profligate as I. He confessed—or boasted—his adultery with Mrs. R.— and named her.

“If he had done me the favor of killing me he would have been hated as the royalist rake who slew Saint Aaron Burr. But he had the luck to be killed. They say that he did not fire. I heard the bullet whistle. Then they say he fired into the tree overhead. How was I to know? In any case,

he could have saved his life by doing me the simple justice of withdrawing the slanders he spread about me.

"They say I have loved women too well. Well, so did Hamilton. He inherited his passion from his mother and father, who loved each other so intensely that they did not wait for marriage.

"I say this with no disrespect for Hamilton. It speaks well for his intelligence that he could not resist the beauty of this dismal world.

"I have loved many, they say. Well, I would not deny the charge. I am not infidel enough to scorn God's master-works: a beautiful face, eyes like stars in a mist, mouths budding for other lips, a hand to caress and fondle—as I kiss this beautiful hand of yours, madame."

His gray head was bent over her hand and it tingled under his kiss.

A woman rarely hates a man for having loved many before he loved her. Betty had no scruples at all. She melted under the flattery in Burr's expertly modulated voice, the look in his old eyes, that amorous smile.

Seeing that she did not snatch her hand away and that her gaze was gentle upon him, he drew her hand to his heart. This brought her face close to his and his spell was full upon her as he murmured:

"Madame, I respectfully ask you to grant me this hand to keep—in marriage."

This overwhelmed Betty. To be asked in wedlock by any man was an adventure. She had been besought for favors by many men, but Burr offered marriage first. And was the first to pay her this stupendous compliment.

As if a shattered rose might recall its petals from the ground and be pink again, her tarnished cheeks achieved a blush. She snickered like a schoolgirl:

"Oh, Colonel Burr!"

"Say that you will marry me!" he pleaded, "and when?"

"Why, Colonel Burr! The idea!"

"Name the day!"

But she could only giggle and squirm and he let her go when she promised to think it over.

She rode home in a golden haze. But when she told the Chases that she had had a proposal, she was jarred out of her dream.

They could not conceal their mixture of horror and laughter at the thought of the sixty-year-old Betty marrying the seventy-eight-year-old Burr. They plainly regarded it as a fantastic comedy marred by indecency.

This was a cruel blow to Betty and it set her to thinking. Her first thoughts went to money nowadays. She sobered the smiling heirs by the sudden grimness of her glare and her cold words:

"You are afraid that Mr. Burr will get the money you have been expecting from me."

Mary gasped and blushed. She wondered if she had indeed thought of that. She tried to explain away the charge, but she could only falter:

"Mama! I was thinking of what the people in town would say of you."

This gave Betty pause and threw her bridal thoughts into confusion. The ribald citizens who had mocked her always would reel with laughter at the union of its most unpopular woman with its most unpopular man, both too old for romance. It was a cruel collision with reality. She left the presence of the children to be alone with herself. She could see about her the averted faces of the New-Yorkers as she usually saw them from her carriage. She imagined Burr at her side, and now all the faces turned frankly toward her with frank and contemptuous laughter.

They would say that Burr was wise. He had a carriage now for his old bones. He had a woman whom even his society could not shame. He had receipts for his bills and some one to keep him as long as he lasted. He was a great lawyer and he had won a great fool for a client.

There would be contempt in their admiration for Burr, but no admiration in their contempt for Betty. If she should appear with a young and beautiful bridegroom at her elbow,

they would say that she got something for her money at least. But poor old Burr!

Strangely, the thought of the derision of the town woke her courage. She had lived and thrived upon hostility. It was the element she had swum in all her life. Well, why should she swim alone?

She went to Burr as her lawyer for counsel, not only in her real estate, but her spiritual estate. He, too, knew what it was to go through life with hatred scowling upon him everywhere and all the while. He said:

“My dear lady, the mockery of the public is no proof of one’s own fault. The people crucified Christ, made Socrates commit suicide, threatened to hang George Washington. All the Jerusalems have always stoned all the prophets. Let us go our ways and accept the jeers of the rabble as a pleasant music, like the roaring of the surf that gnashes its teeth against us yet breaks at our feet. Nothing makes a fireside so cozy as the roaring of the wind outside or the howls of the wolves. Madame, I can contribute to your honorable and comfortable isolation the companionship of the most disliked man on this side of the ocean. What more congenial company could you have?”

This heartened her a little, yet it lacked something of what is expected from nuptial bliss. There was a distinct jangle in such wedding bells.

She shook her head. Yet when she thrust him away she was lonely indeed.

CHAPTER XLI

SHE invited Burr to a dinner, a magnificent feast at the mansion. She made the place blaze with candles and twinkling prisms. She had caused little mirrors to be set along the baseboard to increase the radiance and reflect the trains of the gowns. She donned the finest laces that needles ever spun. On her finger she put the emerald rings that Josephine had worn upon her bare toes before she knew Napoleon. She put on her head the diadem of sapphires that Josephine wore when she was empress.

She sat in a chair that had embraced Washington when he was a general under this same roof and flew his early flag on the staff outside; the chair that upheld Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton when he possessed the house after the British had scattered Washington's men as a wintry wind blows autumn leaves away; the chair that upheld Lieutenant-General Baron von Knyphausen when he made the mansion his headquarters and filled the yard with the yammer of his Hessian peasants.

Her chair had indeed been reoccupied by Washington when he came back as President and on a July afternoon in 1790 gave a noble dinner, which he recorded in his diary, to

a party consisting of the Vice-President and his lady, son and Mrs. Smith, to the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War, and the ladies of the two latter, with all the gentlemen of my family, Mrs. Lear and the two children . . . at the house lately Colonel Roger Morris', but confiscated and in the possession of a common farmer.

John Adams was the Vice-President then and his wife was Abigail. Later Adams was President. Alexander Hamilton was the Secretary of the Treasury and his widow had

often told Betty of that feast served by Mr. Marriner, a dauntless whaleboat fighter in the war and later a famous tavern-keeper.

And now it was fitting that Colonel Burr should be the guest of honor, for he would have been the President of the United States if he had not been cheated of his dues.

She gave him what splendor she could and she gathered a company of people who were so distinguished that they were not afraid to be seen in such company.

Colonel Burr was the most brilliant figure in that brilliant throng. And the mansion was worthy of him or anyone. Had not the former king of Spain eaten in the kitchen? Did she not now display to some of her guests, who ventured into the house for the first time, its amazing treasures?

Here were eight chairs that had belonged to Napoleon when he was only the First Consul. There was a marble-topped table he brought from his invasion of Egypt. That clock which chimed had tinkled in his ears from the palace of the Tuileries. The gleaming chandelier overhead was one he had sent to General Moreau before they turned against each other. In the cabinet yonder was Napoleon's chess-board and the ivory pieces he designed, with his own cocked hat upon them. His army chest sat in a corner. A bed he had slept on was upstairs, and in the barn was his carriage.

When Betty, a little boastfully, pointed these out to Burr, he told her of the hideous months he had spent in Paris trying to meet Napoleon for half an hour; of his starvation, his cold, his endless humiliations.

"You, madame, have brought me nearer to Napoleon than I ever came in Paris. I have at least touched the furniture that he once warmed. He is cold enough now. Or is he warm? At any rate, madame, you and I live and he is—where?"

When the dinner was served and she indicated him as her escort, she noted that his grace was equal to that of any of the princes of France who had lifted her fingers on the backs of their hands at the court banquets of Paris. And his words were exquisite:

"I give you my hand, madame; my heart has long been yours."

The dinner was in the early dusk for the sake of the candles. Betty looked better at candle-lighting time than in the mean stare of the sun. After the dinner there was moonlight upon the great piazza. Stars spangled the sky, silver rivers went winding through the dark lands, and far off to the south was the gleam of New York like a hostile and beleaguered city.

Long after the last guest had driven away into the beauty of the night Burr lingered and filled Betty's ears with felicitous words. When he went at last she stood and listened to the hoofs of his horse as they drummed the dust. Then she hurried to the stairs like a girl and had climbed halfway before the years overtook her and made the last steps tedious. She staggered to a window and out upon a balcony where Washington had often stood and swept the British lines with his field-glass.

There Betty watched for the form of Burr darkling in the trees about the winding road. She fancied that she could see him and she waved her scarf at him:

"In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

A longing and a loneliness made her heart ache blissfully as with a sad-sweet music. She could not believe that she and age had had any traffic together, or that the years had trampled her at all. Blotted in the blue wonder of the moon-night she was again the beautiful, the tall blond blue-eyed girl who came hunting romance in the little city of then.

The next night Burr rode out to call upon her. They dallied together over the dinner and the wine, and to escape the staring eyes and the embarrassing embarrassment of Mary and her husband she led him into the gardens.

They sat on the edge of the fish pond overtowered by great African cypress trees that had been born in Egypt,

if one can trust the legend that the khedive had sent to Napoleon the roots of four hundred cypresses in native soil fastened each in its canvas bag. The mournful things had arrived in Paris as Napoleon drooped. They lay neglected in the gardens of the Tuileries till Jumel saw them and bought them and sent them on one of his ships to this mansion.

Betty and Burr under these Egyptian branches were in the mood of Cleopatra and Antony. And after all, Cleopatra was nearly forty and Antony past fifty at the height of their immortal romance.

As Betty and Burr leaned over and gazed down at their images in the fish pond, its blurred mirror gave back images of flattery. The air was drugged with tenderness. He held her hand and drew her to him, and it would have been sacrilege to profane that night with resistance.

The day after she went to his office. On another evening they visited the Park Theater to see Charles Kemble and his fascinating daughter Fanny—the great sensations of the time; they took in twelve hundred dollars nearly every night! To avoid the late long drive to the mansion, Betty rested at the City Hotel. Burr and she had breakfast together; and on another day they were seen at Sandy Welsh's Terrapin Lunch. They even went together to the Rotunda, where there was a painting representing Adam and Eve almost unclothed. It was the town scandal next to the association of the Burr scoundrel and the Jumel woman.

But Betty was so intent upon his amazingly interesting eyes that she did not notice whether or not the dull eyes of the public were on them. In fact, the town was ringing with the scandal. Gossip woke into a new life. Everybody seeing Burr and Betty together suspected the worst possible. But they had the advantage of their ostracism. The gossip did not reach their ears out at the mansion where they played many games of whist.

Betty's soul longed for repose in those arms of Burr's. What if they had embraced a legion of women? Her own arms were not quite ignorant; they had not been idle always.

Aged as she was, she felt a longing to nestle toward this one man who paid her homage. It might be their second childhood, yet they were, after all, but Babes in the Wood, lost in the black forest with night drawing on.

In his office one day she looked at Burr with a plaintive smile that said, "Yes," but her head wagged a timid, "No." He seized her hand, kissed it again and again and said:

"It is not like my brave Betty to let cowardice stand in the way of her happiness."

He drew her toward him till the sharp corner of the baize-covered table cut into her breast. He hitched his chair nearer and slowly moved closer and closer, like a more ancient serpent charming an ancient Eve.

Her mouth that had once been bee-stung and honeyed for kisses forgot its age. Her bosom remembered when it was high and firm and ambrosial. Her eyes were near enough to see him plain, though desire enhanced him with a flattering haze.

Burr was all himself again and his murmured compliments, his beseeching eyes, his pointed lips commanded her.

The twain were not old in their own eyes. If there had been an observer he would have laughed at the senile burlesque, but a merciful illusion is left to the aged whereby they can surround themselves with moonlight and music and all witchery. The crone can lean across an imagined ledge in Verona and coo: "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" And the rheumatic veteran can scale the vine-clad balcony and, seeing the vague hag above him, murmur: "It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!"

So Aaron Burr spun such a wizardry about the hungry soul of Betty that she leaned into his arms and flung hers about him. And they kissed and kissed again. But both, being not altogether mad, kept their eyes shut tight.

CHAPTER XLII

SHE would and she wouldna'!

While Betty swooned upon the heart of Burr she felt herself another Lilith, and Paradise regained.

But when her unpracticed arms wearied all too soon of clutching Burr, and when her shortened breath gave out in the clench of his embrace, and when she had opened her eyes again, she found herself in no embowered Eden with an Adam fresh from the Creator's hand. She found herself in a lawyer's office with her taffeta pretty well mussed and her hat askew.

Burr had no illusions to recover from. When he embraced Betty he embraced a large sack of money in female form. If it had been love he wanted there was a widow far younger, plumper, more desirable than Betty who adored him and whom he adored. But that widow had no money. This widow was a gold mine. He could have called her Golconda.

It maddened him to have Golconda rise, tear herself free from his hands, and bolt for the door. He just managed to overtake her there before she escaped, and brace himself against it to check her flight.

She was so shaken with her long unsuspected ability to glow with love that she wanted to be alone with her happiness, like a delighted virgin stricken into a panic by her first kiss.

Burr pleaded for a "Yes," and for a definite day when he might call her his. But she could only plead and stammer:

"Oh, let me go, Mr. Burr! Please, Mr. Burr, dear Mr. Burr. There, I have kissed you. You must! If I kiss you again will you let me go? I did kiss you, but you don't keep your promise. Well, one more. No, not another. Oh—oh, Mr. Burr-urr-urr!"

He crushed her against the door as if he would fasten her there in *alto relievo*. Then he said:

"I see you are afraid to go to church with me. So I will bring the church to you, Madame Mohammed. I will call upon you with a parson and—well, you had best not defy Aaron Burr, madame."

He escorted her to her carriage, kissed her hand, and whispered:

"Madame Burr, my heart rides with you!"

Betty's carriage jounced her all the way from Burr's office out Broadway to Tenth, where the paving stopped, on past the Madison Cottage at the lane that some fantastic optimist had named Twenty-third Street in the hope of deluding some foolish purchaser to believe that it would some day be valuable. She never once noticed whether she were snubbed or not. In fact, several people tried to speak to her, and she gazed at them as if they were swirls of dust in the road. Who were they, anyway? Had not the Vice-President of the United States just implored her to be his bride?

What was the title for the wife of a Vice-President? They spoke of the mayor's wife as the mayoress. Would she not be the Vice-Presidentess? What would the word be?

CHAPTER XLIII

BURR'S head was swimming a bit when he left Betty. He tried the case before himself, then rose, swung his high hat on his head, and visited the last person he could have been expected to call upon—a clergyman. He selected one who had known him long enough and well enough to have lost the ability to be shocked by anything he did.

He had called upon this same pastor for this same purpose just fifty-one years before. The Rev. David Schuyler Bogart of the Dutch Reformed Church had married Burr to Theodosia Prevost in 1782. He had lived to be asked to marry him to Betty Jumel in 1833. He did not decline the call.

On the first day of July he lifted his aged frame into old Colonel Burr's old gig and set out on the hot dusty drive to Washington Heights.

What followed has been told and disputed and told again. Almost everything imaginable about Betty has been asserted and denied. But the legend or the fact is that Betty was so startled by Burr's appearance with the parson that she fled upstairs, because neither her body nor her heart was dressed for the occasion.

Burr vowed that he would keep the siege till she surrendered. Mary Chase and her husband, repentant perhaps of their first response to Betty's romance, went up and implored her to yield; knelt down and begged her to accept the aid of her brilliant suitor. It was an hour and a half before at last she weakened, embraced Mary, and cried "Then I will sacrifice myself for your sakes!"

Mary ran to the wardrobe and hauled down a lavender silk richly trimmed with lace of famous lineage. When Betty was dight she swept down the stairway, where Burr met her and escorted her to the tea room. Then she put

her hand in his, accepted the ring he slid along her finger, and bowed to the uplifted palm of Doctor Bogart.

Eight servants, peering over railings and through windows and doors, were the only guests; and the young Chases were the witnesses.

Having now added "Mrs. Burr" to her catalogue of titles, Betty ordered the feast prepared. The wine cellar was rifled and venerable spiders were frightened from the thick webs they and their forespiders had wound about old bottles.

The parson is reported to have been so saturated with liquor almost as old as himself that he grew very jolly and was sent back to town singing.

The story goes that Burr clasped the hand of his Eliza and said:

"Madame, the Americans will fear me more than ever, now that two such brains as yours and mine are united."

This sounds unlike him, but the wine was classic enough to furnish its own grandiloquence.

Who could write an endurable epithalamium for such a bridal bed? To perfect the story, an eclipse is assigned to that momentous night. The mischievous Luna might well have veiled her face before such a honeymoon, and literature may well follow her example in the chronicle of the unimaginable consummation of that unholy sacrament.

The most charming legends, alas! are always at the mercy of the most insulting documents, though legends generally survive in spite of grossly contradictory facts.

So let the pretty chronicle remain as the public likes it, and forget such dismaying statements as this, which was forwarded to me by Mr. Thomas Beer, who copied it from a letter in his possession:

257 GRAND STREET
October 3, 1859

MR. LINUS BALDWIN,
PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

SIR:

Repeating formally the substance of our conversation at Mr. Choate's, I assert that on the morning of his wedding Aaron

Burr appeared at Mr. Leaventritt's office in Chambers Street with Mrs. Jumel and received from her the sum of forty five thousand dollars in currency and gold, taking a receipt in duplicate, both copies witnessed by myself, by Oliver Jennings of this city and by George Leaventritt, now deceased. It was understood by all present and so stated that this payment was part of the contract of marriage between Mr. Burr and Mrs. Jumel. On this occasion Mr. Burr treated her with much rudeness so that Mr. Jennings and myself exclaimed at him. I am not further able to assist you in prosecuting your claims against Mr. Burr's estate. Mr. Morton Phillips of the Chemist's Bank might have more information as to the funds.

I am, sir, y'rs,

GEORGE CHAMBERS.

How shall we ever know the true truth of this alliance? The *Evening Post* published only two lines about it:

On Monday evening last, at Harlaem Heights, by the Rev. Dr. Bogart, Col. Aaron Burr to Mrs. Eliza Jumel.

And Philip Hone, who had twice been mayor of New York, wrote in his diary:

Wednesday, July 3d, 1833. The Celebrated Col. Burr was married on monday evening to the equally celebrated mrs. Jumel, widow of Stephen Jumel. It is benevolent in her to keep the old man in his latter days. One good turn deserves an other.

Yet one church historian says that Betty and Burr met at a church where they were both communicants, and another historian says that Betty and Burr lived together more before the marriage than ever afterward; and a third historian declares on the authority of "one who has a better right than anybody else living to be conversant with the facts of the case—that Madame Jumel had never met, or ever seen, Colonel Burr until the day of her visit to his office."

Surely in all these versions there should be one to suit the personal taste of any reader. Let each select his own.

However well the town laughed at the Harlem romance,

it is averred that one woman, younger and fairer far than Betty, learned with horror that another had captured the Aaron Burr whom she had expected to wed; and wept bitterly in her fierce anger.

Whether Betty wept or not is not recorded; but there are evidences enough of her prompt post-nuptial wrath.

CHAPTER XLIV

FOR a few days the gray doves kept to the cote and let the town simmer and subside.

Then they set out on a honeymoon tour to Connecticut, where a nephew of Burr's was Governor. They were received with distinction.

Burr, learning that Betty owned some stock in the Hartford Bridge, advised her to sell it and invest the proceeds in real estate. A purchaser was speedily found, who proffered Betty six thousand dollars. With a wifely meekness she was proud of, Betty said:

"Pay it to my husband. After this he will manage my affairs."

Burr accepted the large package and had it sewed inside the lining of his coat in various spots. The padding was said to have improved his gaunt figure so considerably that when he reached New York his enhanced condition was remarked upon.

When he felt it safe to extract the funds, he deposited them in his own bank in his own name.

Burr's heart had ever been turned to the great Southwest, and the failure of his vast empire in that quarter had never ceased to distress him. He heard of a plan to settle a colony of German immigrants in the Mexican state of Texas. It was as iridescent as the Mississippi Bubble. Burr piled into it all the money he had, overlooking the detail that part of it belonged to his wife; or, at least, it had belonged to Madame Jumel.

He was so thrilled by his rekindled hopes of Southwestern power and so absorbed in the Texan excitement that he neglected to consult his bride or even to take the long ride to the mansion. His bride missed him. Then she missed

her money. It might have been hard for her to say at that moment in her change of soul which she resented the more, the deprivation of her bridegroom or of her cash.

She sent young Mr. Chase to inquire about her six thousand dollars. Burr was angered by this communication and sent her word that she had a husband now and her affairs were his, although his were none of hers.

Her famous carriage came again to Burr's office. The very horses trotted with a menacing tread. She swept into his room, and found his courteous bow less fascinating than hitherto.

"My money!" she said. "Where is my money?"

"In Texas," said Burr.

When she grew threatening, he reminded her of the law. He believed in educating women, but he did not believe that they were yet ready to overturn the law he practiced. He spread open a copy of Blackstone and read to her:

"The husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband."

When she cried out in protest at this he opened Kent's *Commentaries* and read:

"The husband and wife are regarded as one person, and her legal existence and authority lost or suspended during the continuance of the matrimonial union."

Having tasted the new wine of independence and of financial success, Betty was fairly infuriated at such injustice. She felt herself trapped, robbed of her soul.

Burr smiled: "Be calm, my dear. You are *sub potestate viri, feme covert* and various other terrible things. You are 'under the power and protection,' 'the dominion and control,' of your husband. It is fortunate that you have so devoted a master."

"Where is my money? Give it back to me or I'll sue you for it."

"You have, my dear, no legal existence until my death releases you. You then become a soul again."

She glared at him so balefully that he laughed:

“You are hoping that I shall die soon. But your companionship gives me a new lease on existence.”

“I’ll divorce you, you’ll see!”

“In case of divorce, if I am not guilty—and I shall not be—you would be left penniless, because all your money is now mine, my dear life, my new life.”

Lashed to a frenzy by his sarcasm and the feel of the chains he had thrown about her, she paced the floor in a fury, her brief love blazing into a white hate.

He tried to appease her by telling her of the vast profits to be made by the Texas land scheme as soon as the German immigrants could be turned thither. He doubtless expected to prove his devotion by his success. New riches would atone for his speculation. But the fates still taunted him. The forlorn gambler was dismayed by the prompt collapse of his second empire. The Germans declined to go to Texas and the courts decided that the company had no title to the land. Betty’s money was gone, and Burr’s own money with it; the bubble was air again.

Burr had not the courage to take the news to Betty. She read it in the papers and almost suffocated with the aftermath of her marriage. For a long time the twain did not meet. But it was not in Burr’s nature to live without the companionship of woman.

Many gentle souls who had hated Betty for stealing their Aaron Burr took him back into their hearts. Betty heard of his communions and sulked at a distance. She went to him to berate him and fell into his arms. They returned to the mansion for five weeks.

He wheedled more money out of her to recoup his losses. The devil was after him; he lost everything she intrusted to him. She would trust him no more with either cash or caresses. He went back to his wonted consolers. Then his sins or his misfortunes fell upon him in an avalanche.

Late in the winter of 1833, while passing the City Hotel with another man, he hobbled a moment, then caught his friend by the arm in sudden pain and helplessness. He leaned against the hotel wall until a hackney coach could be

found. He got into it with difficulty and got out of it with more difficulty at his office. A doctor fetched in haste made no delay in his verdict:

“Paralysis!”

The defiant Burr denied this charge with all his soul, but he could not walk.

When the news of the blow reached Betty she sent her horses galloping to Nassau Street and ran to the side of her stricken husband, wept upon him, and sobbed:

“Come home!”

She took him out to the mansion and had him stretched on a red-velvet sofa that had belonged to Napoleon. She kept the fire warm in the drawing-room where Burr lay, and nursed him tenderly. A month of care made him well enough to return to his office, to his speculations with her money and what fees he could collect—and to his flirtations.

Then Betty grew frenzied. She went back to the office of Alexander Hamilton, junior, and ordered him to sue Burr for divorce. She insisted on paying the old gentleman of seventy-nine the superb compliment of charging him with infidelity. With splendid generosity she named half a dozen correspondents!

The case gave the town a glorious laughter. Then the law's delay intervened.

A few months more and the lightning smote Burr anew. Even he must confess that this was indeed paralysis. But the lightning of forgiveness did not strike Betty's heart again. It was left for another woman to take the Colonel to her boarding house, the old home of Governor Jay, where the old butler of Governor Clinton waited on him. Here he lay for two years as an unpaying guest. When certain prospective boarders refused to dwell under the same roof with Burr, his devotee showed them the door.

The face of Betty never brightened the room, but the portrait of Theodosia hung where he could gaze upon it with recurrent tears. While he lay there the newspapers told of the war for freedom from Mexico waged by the settlers in Texas. He cried:

"You see! I was right, but thirty years too soon! What was treason in me then is patriotism now!"

In a little greater calm even than that with which he had met all of life's harsh dealings with him, Burr accepted helplessness. About his bed a few faithful cronies gathered to receive more courage and cheer than they brought.

Once when the warm heart that gave him a home bewailed a great loss and cried: "How shall I get through this?" he answered, "Live through it, my dear." And when she moaned, "But it will kill me," he pleaded: "Well, die then, madame. We must all die; but, bless me, let us die game."

Whenever a woman was friendly with Burr the town proclaimed her either one of his countless mistresses or one of his countless daughters. And so his hostess told him:

"Colonel, they say I'm your daughter."

"Well, we don't care for that, do we?"

"Not a bit! But others say I was your mistress."

"Do they? I don't think we care much for that, either, do we? But I'll tell you something they might say of you that would be true, 'She gave the old man a home when nobody else would.'"

With a palsied hand he lifted her hand to his lips.

By and by the relentless progress of the growing city brought about the demolition of the Jay House, and Burr was removed to Staten Island. A clergyman visited him often and was courteously received, but had little reward in the way of saving his soul. He praised the Bible as "the most perfect system of truth the world has even seen," but when he was asked as to his hopes of redemption through Christ's suffering, he said with deep solemnity:

"On that subject I am coy."

A few weeks before his death he appeared by attorney, Charles O'Connor, in the Court of Chancery to answer Betty's plea for divorce. A few days before his death the decree was granted against him. He made only the formal opposition necessary to enable Betty to secure the decree. Since in the infinite wisdom of our lawmakers, divorce is forbidden to any couple if both want it, he pretended to

oppose it. And since in New York adultery was the only permissible excuse for divorce, he let that charge go by default. It was his final gallantry. Chancellor Kent signed a decree that gave Betty her entire property.

It made little difference. Burr was about to be divorced from all humanity. His one concern seemed to be that his patriotism should be remembered:

“If they persist in saying that I was a bad man, they shall admit that I was a good soldier. Death has no terrors for me.”

They have persisted in saying that he was a bad man. They have neglected to recall his military valor.

On the 14th of September, 1836, he was prayed for by the faithful clergyman, Doctor Vanpelt. He lifted a feeble hand to the spectacles that seemed to irk him. His friend asked if he wanted them removed. He nodded. She lifted them away and his eyes gleamed with their ultimate flare as he sighed:

“Madame——”

But he did not refer to Madame Jumel Burr.

“The last audible word whispered by the dying man,” says Parton, “was the one, of all others in the language, the most familiar to his lips.”

He had asked to be taken back to Princeton and buried at the feet of his grandfather and his father, both of them presidents of the college. This wish was granted him. A body of volunteers fired over his grave a military salute; and mourning was worn for him for thirty days by a solemn group of students who kept up the Cliosophic Society of which he had been one of the founders.

One of his last requests was that his friend should look to the welfare of a daughter of his, then a little girl of eight. He mentioned her in a will he left. The will seemed to be all he left. But a reversionary interest in some forgotten property of his surprised the girl long after with a posthumous gift from the man of so many beautiful and reproachful gifts.

Mysteriously, an unknown friend placed over his grave,

two years after his death, a block of marble carrying his name, his dates and the legend, "A Colonel in the Army of the Revolution. Vice-President of the United States from 1801 to 1805."

Epitaphs enough were written for him. The newspapers scourged his memory. He was not forgiven even in his grave, and few men have had more vigorous denunciation than he, alive or dead.

The greatest height of abuse was reached by a clergyman, who summed him up in an article in the *New York Review*, and composed a masterpiece of gentle understanding and Christian charity, his only difficulty being the rivalry between his hatred of Burr and his abomination of Thomas Jefferson.

As an example of the spirit of the times and the art of making a fiend out of a man, a few phrases may be culled. If anyone thinks that this book should contain a reproof of Burr's imperfections, these words will suffice for that purpose, too. Coming from a clergyman, they may also justify this book a little :

There are two classes of men, the study of whose lives is especially profitable. These are the signally good, and the remarkably bad. The fearless delineation of vice may, by the force of contrast, beget disgust; and as the drunkenness of the Helot was made to minister a lesson of sobriety to the Spartan youth, so may men gather admonitions to virtue from the bold exhibition of human profligacy. . . . Let us know truly what our fathers did, in any and every way, in the perilous strife that gave us independence. . . . Let not biography become worse than worthless, by degenerating into mere eulogy; let facts be related as they were, and let it be left to our hearts to render the appropriate tribute to virtue, or to glow with honest indignation at the spectacle of vice. . . .

If piety were an inheritable quality, Aaron Burr would have been a very holy man. His father was a clergyman, and his mother was the daughter of a clergyman; both these gentlemen were men of high and deserved reputation; indeed, no divine of this country has been more distinguished than his maternal grandfather, Jonathan Edwards. The piety of his mother, too,

was exemplary. It was his misfortune, early in life, to lose both his parents, and from the account before us, we cannot but conclude that he fell into hands incompetent to the management of a high-spirited, self-willed, and resolute boy; for such was his character. . . .

From the autumn of 1773 to the spring of the next year, he occupied himself, from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, in reading on religious subjects; when, as he stated himself, he reached the belief "that the road to Heaven was open to all alike"; and thence seems, from the testimony of his future life, to have deduced the very illogical conclusion, that because the road was thus open, there was no necessity to trouble himself with a journey upon it. . . .

It was in the army, probably, that he acquired that wonderful self-possession in which no man excelled him; it was a plant that found a congenial soil in his self-esteem. Systematically profligate in his intercourse with the other sex, the unblushing slave of passion, and glorying in his shame, he was not likely, in the camp, to learn a lesson of virtuous restraint; while the secrecy of purpose, often indispensable in a commander on duty, doubtless strengthened an unfortunate natural tendency, exhibited from a very early period of life, to conceal his private designs and doings, however unimportant, in a covering of mystery. . . .

Aaron Burr had commenced the work of his own ruin before he was made Vice-President. Had he been, in the former part of his life, true to honour, true to virtue, true to himself, such a creature as Thomas Jefferson was, never could have ruined him. Could Jefferson, by any conceivable effort of his malignity, have ruined such men as George Washington, and John Jay, and John Marshall, and Timothy Pickering, and Fisher Ames? No, verily. He had malice enough to give them an occasional blow in the dark, but he had also cunning enough to know that the viper bit the file in vain. . . .

Whether Aaron Burr was guilty of treason or not, is a question which we cannot undertake to answer with certainty. . . . But when we turn to the history of his trial, we say, that as his guilt was far from being palpable, such was the vindictive spirit with which the President sought his life, that a good man might long hesitate in his choice, were he forced upon the hard alternative of being either Thomas Jefferson or Aaron Burr. . . . Circumstances unforeseen threw Burr into accidental com-

petition with that man, whose policy was the cunning of selfishness, and whose friendship was the treachery of deceit. . . .

With the recklessness produced by a present which had no comfort, and a future which promised no hope, he surrendered himself without shame to the grovelling propensities which had formed his first step on the road to ruin, until at last, overcome by disease, in the decay, of a worn-out body and the imbecility of a much-abused mind, he lay a shattered wreck of humanity, just entering upon eternity with not enough of *man* left about him to make a Christian out of. Ruined in fortune and rotten in reputation, thus passed from the busy scene one who might have been a glorious actor in it; and when he was laid in the grave, decency congratulated itself that a nuisance was removed, and good men were glad that God had seen fit to deliver society from the contaminating contact of a festering mass of moral putrefaction.

Cruelty is always as foolish as it is ugly. And what is there in all Burr's life more revolting than the frenzy of this cleric bespattering with abuse the corpse of an octogenarian who had lain helpless for two years? Anonymous, the author nominates himself as the advocate of "decency," admits that he is one of the "good men," and pats God on the back for relieving him from the contagion of a man whom his deity permitted to live for eighty-one years!

Perhaps God was pleased to let Burr live so long as an example of certain charms and courages and graces that may be dearer to Him than the hydrophobias of these ranting intolerant tyrants who lash mankind with their abuse, despise and distrust all human impulse, and invite us to a heaven that would be worse than hell, since they will be there in the front row. Perhaps they will not. There is always hope, here and hereafter.

CHAPTER XLV

BETTY wept, they say, at the news of Burr's death. She would say no slander against him—nor permit it said. She sighed:

“Think how old he was and how many troubles he had!”

She closed the mansion and did not return to it for five years. She lived in town with Mary and her husband, and when they moved to Hoboken she took lodgings at the Astor House.

She went back to the sonorous name of Madame Jumel; but on occasion she was Mrs. Burr, if it brought her a greater prestige.

Prestige was still her chief desire. She found that a hotel is a better place to hunt it than a home, especially a home at whose door no one knocks. Prestige is not a game of solitaire.

But in a hotel there are crowds to watch; crowds to be impressed by a haughty demeanor or a display of riches. Snubs can be overlooked and snobs cannot slam their street doors in one's face, or deny to their dislikes the privilege of lobby, piazza, or dining saloon. The very promiscuity makes for a certain tolerance and people are not so particular whom they speak to, or sit next to.

For its hotels, especially, Betty loved Saratoga. The waters at Ballston Spa had seemed to help her body and her mind, and when the fashion shifted a few miles away to Saratoga Springs, she went with the styles.

She could be seen daily at the “elegant Grecian colonnade” erected over the Congress Spring. Though steamboats were plowing the Hudson and the second railroad in the United States ran from Schenectady to Saratoga, Betty preferred to drive up behind her own horses, until her final years.

Scores of Southern families came all the way from Virginia with trains of slaves who made camp and filled the roadsides at night with dancing fires and the mellow beauty of African song.

The most fashionable ladies from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, even from Charleston, brought to the Springs their fashionable diseases and their belief that "the tonic qualities of the iron and the sparkling and enlivening influences of the fixed air that they possess in an extraordinary degree, have a wonderful effect upon enervated, bilious, and debilitated constitutions."

Betty stopped at the United States Hotel, of course, a vast brick edifice with enormous piazzas. In the stables she kept her horses, and no one else had better. No one else had carriages or coaches to compare with hers.

Though the New York tyrants paid Betty little heed except to spread her history abroad, the social despot of Philadelphia, Doctor Rush's wife, and the kindly Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, forgot the strictness of the lines they drew at home and met Betty upon the piazzas with a smiling tolerance masking a certain amusement.

Happening to be in America at the time when the returning Lafayette paused at Saratoga on his grand tour, Betty was permitted to be of the company that greeted him. Thurlow Weed asked the old man (who is always remembered as a young man) for a lock of his hair. Lafayette had vowed that no man should ever cut it; but he consented to be shorn if Mrs. Rush would wield the shears. When they were brought he lifted away his periwig and let her snip enough of his snow-white hair for souvenirs.

Joseph Bonaparte was there as a private citizen and ate in the public dining room, where Betty cultivated him as best she could.

Madame Jumel was one of the institutions and she sparkled as livelily as the water from the Congress Spring. She became eventually a pitiable laughing-stock and was as much inquired about by visitors as the lake, the battlefield, or the ancient witch Angelina Tubbs, who lived on the bald peak

called Mount Vista and earned an uncouth existence by fortune-telling and trapping. It was said that the hag had once been a beautiful girl seduced under a promise of marriage and then cast aside. The tattered Angelina lived in a hut with a flock of cats, and could be seen roving the wildest crags in thunder, lightning, wind, and rain.

But Betty hated solitude, sought the crowds, and tried to dazzle them with her splendor. Even Mrs. Rush was content to take but one trunk to Saratoga with her, and a wardrobe limited to a black silk and one of grenadine, a poplin for morning wear and one for occasions of especial stateliness. But Betty carried the trappings of a new-wed princess and a retinue of servants. She bought herself a house in Circular Street, but still frequented the hotels.

Whatever benefit she had from the springs for her aging sinews, the aeration of the waters seemed to have an influence upon her brain. Her mind was curiously inflated with "fixed air." She grew boastful, defiant, ostentatious to such a degree that she failed to notice the ridicule growing to a low murmurous chorus about her path.

She actually had a great yellow coach built for her and for a time rode about the streets behind eight horses, with outriders bouncing and horns fanfaring. This was too much even for the pleasure-hunters at Saratoga, and finally a party of humorists was pleased to invent a diversion for the throng in which Betty played the chief comic rôle. And she had as one of her unobserved spectators a strange and strangely silent witness—her son.

Since Betty, painted and powdered to a clownlike pallor, sat behind black horses and a black coachman, the humorists simply reversed her color scheme. Mr. Tom Brill put on livery and rode on the front seat of an open carriage, to the rear of which was affixed a great clothes basket in which Mr. Caleb Adams sat in footman's garb. In the carriage seat lolled the negro, Tom Camel, dressed in woman's clothes and imitating Betty's haughty mannerisms, fanning himself and bowing to the crowds with all the ecstatic mimicry of his race.

All about the town and its many drives and clear out to the lake the satirists shadowed Betty. When the parade drove up to the United States Hotel the tall columns of the crowded piazzas were almost shaken down by the noisy laughter. It was not until the comedy was half finished that Betty noted the true cause of the sensation she was creating and tried in vain to bribe or beg for mercy.

If his own sworn testimony is to be believed, her own son beheld this pageant.

After a hard life as a farmer's white slave and a baker's apprentice he had become a salesman and finally turned to the business of selling rubber. He prospered better as an agent for the lotteries which were employed by states, cities, and churches for every purpose, until the changing law destroyed their respectability.

By the time he was twenty-five he was married. He built a house and was accepted as a substantial figure in Providence life. He was pointed out to visitors as a son of George Washington, whom he resembled in frame and feature.

But illegitimacy, while frequent enough, was not a thing to boast of, and though he believed that his father was the immortal George he kept to himself his belief that his mother was the immoral Betty.

He told his wife never a word of her and he never went to call upon her on his frequent voyages to New York, though she had married a rich Frenchman. He had means enough to take him and his wife to Saratoga regularly but he never visited Betty nor disclosed himself to her.

Strange must have been his thoughts as he witnessed how time revenged himself upon the mother who disowned and ignored him. He disowned and ignored her, and when he saw her unconscious humiliations he kept his own to himself.

Long afterward he testified on oath that when his wife saw Madame Jumel and said "She's a fine-looking lady," he did not unbosom himself.

He described, as he remembered it, the scene of the par-

ody: "Madame Jumel was in her coach and four horses, a nigger man on one horse and a postillion in front, and she sitting back in the carriage alone. Behind her there was another carriage with four horses and a great big wench in the coach alone and a white man on the horse and a white man for a driver."

He testified that Freelove Ballou told him a year before she died that Betty Jumel was his mother, but gave no hint of his father's name.

The story was told that Betty, who never discussed him in her right mind, talked of him in her cups and in the strange moods that began to float like fogs about her cruel intellect at the last.

A negress who cooked for her and whose child Betty called "my child," tried to tell how Betty would sometimes take out a picture of George Washington Bowen and say that he was the only child she ever had. But the opposing lawyers objected, and the court sustained the objections.

There was testimony to the effect that, as Betty grew suspicious of conspiracies surrounding her and her hoard, she would break out into threats to bring forth her son as her only heir; and that once when she set out for Providence in her carriage, the greedy people who waited for her death and her wealth set the barn on fire to distract her attention; and that once when she did succeed in getting to him a letter inviting him to visit his mother, he sent back a curt refusal.

But these disclosures, or inventions, were for the aftermath. There was still enough red left in Betty's sky to give her a gorgeous sunset before the night came down.

CHAPTER XLVI

WHATEVER her curious aversion from her own flesh and blood, Betty must always have children about her.

When the Mary Bownes that she had adopted and married off to Nelson Chase died and left a daughter named Eliza Jumel and a son called William Inglis, Betty took them under her wing as her own and carried them off to Europe.

Though she had reached by now the age of Burr when he married her, she still tossed her old head and made herself once more at home in the presence of royalty.

France, still groping for a form of government that should give liberty, glory, and prosperity all at once, had picked up Napoleon, dropped him, picked him up again, and dropped him finally with burnt fingers.

The Bourbon family had come back. Louis XVI's fat brother Louis XVIII had died and left the throne to his lean brother Charles X. Then France had decided to drop the Bourbons and the clerical tyrants that accompanied them, and try the Orléans family. The crown was transferred to that very Louis-Philippe who had been a school-teacher in Bloomingdale. He usually carried an umbrella instead of a scepter.

In due time queasy France sickened even of the bourgeois king and decided to give the Bonapartes another try. Five million voters elected Prince Louis Napoleon President of the Second Republic and three years later he elected himself emperor of the Second Empire. His *coup d'état* was confirmed by nearly eight million votes against two hundred thousand in opposition.

Louis, who had wandered nearly everywhere else, had spent a few months of wretchedness in New York, and the

story is told that Jumel lent him much money. Which is odd, seeing that Jumel had died some time before.

Betty may have met the prince in New York. At any rate, when she reached Paris she somehow secured an invitation to a court ball at the Tuileries and wore a gown of gold brocade trimmed with black lace from Malta.

She went in on the arm of Jerome Bonaparte, who had married Betty Patterson of Baltimore and forsaken her for the Princess of Würtemberg, by whom he had a son Jerome, called "Plon-Plon." And Plon-Plon danced three times that night with Betty's ward, the little seventeen-year old Eliza Chase. Later, Betty and Eliza went among the countless guests of the emperor to see him present the eagle to the army in the Champ de Mars.

Though Betty had dropped Aaron Burr and his name, she found so little prestige in being known in France as the widow of a French merchant that she assumed the almost royal title of "*Madame, Veuve d'Aaron Burr, feu Vice-Président des États-Unis.*" She had her carriage everywhere, of course, and it was not the least resplendent in France.

And once when she was driving along a country road and her way was checked by a body of marching soldiers, the indomitable bluffer stood up in her carriage and cried:

"Place à la veuve du Vice-Président des États-Unis!"

She neglected to add that it had been nearly fifty years since he was Vice-President, and nearly sixteen years since she had divorced him, a few days before his death. But the soldiers could not be expected to know all that American history, and their officers were so impressed by Betty's imperial manner that they made their troops fall back and come to the salute, and Betty passed them in review like Maria Theresa riding round the line.

With royal grace she picked out a husband for Eliza, a Frenchman, Paul Guillaume Raymond Péry of Bordeaux, and guaranteed him and his bride a thousand dollars a year provided they would live with her at the mansion in New York.

Then she rode down the long roads to Rome, taking the bride with her as well as her thirteen-year old nephew William.

In Rome she decided to have a portrait made of herself with her niece and her nephew on either side, and herself erect and royal in a high-backed chair furnished by her banker, Prince Torlonia, who said the chair had belonged to a pope. On her smooth face between the waves of her still grayless curls, or her wig, she still wears the very smile of Mona Lisa. She has much wonderful lace about her, and her gown is still the pigeon-throated blue she loved. The painter, Alcide Ercole, found or pretended to find her hands still slim and long and graceful; and her eyes look from the canvas full of innocence. She was just rising eighty years and she looks a wholesome fifty enjoying the much advertised rewards of a life spent in good works.

Returning to Paris, she had a lithograph made and struck off with a legend engraved beneath declaring her the "widow of the late Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States." Also she had the tailors make her a set of green liveries for the postillions she decided to employ thereafter.

As soon as she reached America her pride was brought down again, for when she sent word ahead of her that on leaving the train at the New York station in Carmansville she would give the village a view of her liveried postillions, she had to ride a gauntlet of stones and clods and worse things thrown at her by the irreverent American youth.

She still carried herself, however, as a queen despite the rabble. She gave a thousand dollars to famine-wrung Ireland; a stand of colors to a regiment, and gifts of money to people in need. But she began to pinch the pennies and to gloat above her wealth like a miser of the theater.

CHAPTER XLVII

HER years and the penalties of her years, if not of her sins, overtook her at last, as they overtake the most virtuous. Her ambitions, thwarted throughout a life of three-score and twenty years, were ironically achieved in her profound delusions of grandeur.

Amazing as her progress had been from the depths of Providence to Washington Heights, the courts of France and immense wealth, she began to make the marvels miracles.

She began to imagine impossible and incredible triumphs and to retail them to any gullible auditor that she encountered. And these maunderings were recounted and enlarged in the telling till she became a great myth, and the mother of myths still current as history.

She detained all visitors with the skinny hand of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. To the men she told nasty stories. To the women tales of social triumphs. While the mansion and the gardens fell into decay and the headquarters of Washington became the dirty habitation of a witch, she moved about in a gloaming of harmless fantasy.

Ghosts of all the great folk she had seen or heard of became familiar. Like a mad novelist, she incorporated them into a crowded masterpiece of fiction.

Even her horses grew shaggy and her carriage shabby. When she rode to the Church of the Intercession she still adorned herself in noisy satins that made the worshippers turn and stare. But of weekdays she went about slipshod and slovenly. Yet now and then she would deck herself in tattered finery and climb to the great chair on the dais she had built in the drawing-room to chat with some musty revenant or fill with pretty lies the ears of a gaping visitor.

During the early years of the Civil War a bevy of girls

ventured into her lair. One of them, a Miss Parker, afterward Mrs. John V. I. Pruyn of Albany, wrote down as much as she could remember of these curious taradiddles, whose very foibles make a vivid picture of the workings of Betty's forlorn mind:

"She stood on the front doorsteps, which were painted with blue moons on a lavender floor—a more fearful-looking old woman one seldom sees—her hair and teeth were false—her skin thick, her feet enormous, and stockings soiled and coarse were in wrinkles over her shoes—on one foot a gaiter and on the other a carpet slipper. She wore a small hoop which in sitting down she could not manage, so that it stood up, displaying her terrible feet. Over her shoulders she wore a rusty threadbare black velvet talma—and a soiled white merino scarf around her neck—her cap was made of the humbug white blond and cotton black lace and had long green streamers. And this was the fabulously wealthy and elegant Madame Jumel!"

Betty received the girls as if they were all duchesses and she a queen. She led them to the sitting room. Her coachman's livery hung by the sideboard, a pair of soiled stockings lay in the corner; on the table, relics of a forlorn breakfast. The giggling young women were very much afraid that she would invite them to eat something, but they were quelled a little by her magnificently amiable manner.

She told them of Aaron Burr's vainly prolonged courtship and of Nelson Chase's plea that if she married Burr, Burr would give Chase "a village he owned on the North River and \$150,000 from Trinity church."

Reckless of fact as of money, she maundered on:

"Joseph Bonaparte came to this country to marry me. He drove up to see me every day and bored me so much that I had the gate locked. To my surprise he climbed over the fence one day and went into my kitchen. I thought it was a great shame for the ex-king of Spain to be in my kitchen, and I decided to give him a grand dinner to wipe out my bad treatment. Joseph Bonaparte praised the table so much that I have kept it standing to this day."

She pointed to the dismal and almost petrified remnants of some old meal. There in the dining room on the left was the table; the china, the glass, still there. Gold ornaments amid pyramids of crumbled and molded confections cluttered the greasy, dusty cloth. They had been there for twenty years.

Betty told the awe-stricken girls of "a ball she attended at the Tuileries: "I was one blaze of diamonds. When I entered, people whispered, 'There comes the Vice-Queen of America to stab Louis Napoleon. Beware of her!'

"So I thought I'd act the queen. I tossed my head—like this—and sat down surrounded by my train. Then I thought I'd better go and speak to the emperor—you see, he was dancing with his cousin, Princess Mathilde. As soon as he sat down I rose—and there at my feet, by the way, was sitting Jerome Bonaparte—watching his son Prince Plon-Plon dancing with my little ward.

"So I says, 'Make way for the Vice-Queen!' Jerome stood up and looked at me haughtily—te-he-he!—but I swept by him and went right up to the emperor, and when Louis didn't notice me at first, I says, 'Sire! sire!' and stamped my foot so.

"All the court pushed forward to take my dagger away, but I waved 'em back and I says:

"'Sire. I come to present'—(I made a low bow)—'to present—myself, sire.' Then I make another low-bow, and I say, 'I am the widow of Colonel Burr, the ex-President of the United States. I am Madame Jumel from Fort Washington!'

"Of course I said it in French. Well, my dears, when he heard my name the emperor was so relieved he jumps up and he says:

"'Ah, my dear madame! my dear Madame Jumel, I am so glad to see you—*enchanté!*—and when did you leave Fort Washin'ton?'

"Well, the court fell back, so relieved, and the emperor and I had the nicest chat, and we talked about my place here, and how I used to beat him at whist. I was expecting him

to speak about the money he owed me—but you know how those emperors are. They expect other people to support them.

“The way Louis came to borrow money from me was this: When he was just a wanderer in America he went out poaching near Hoboken and he got caught and arrested and fined two or three hundred dollars. He went to Mr. Chase, but, of course, he never had anything except what I gave him. And they both came to me, and I gave Louis the cash. And he’s got it yet!”

She laughed like one of Macbeth’s hags, and then with an indescribable condescension, a fatigued and yawning hauteur, remembered another of her fantasies:

“When I was at Palermo, I liked the palace ever so much. There’s a great door opening on seven halls with mirrors from ceiling to floor. Oh, but I liked it! I saw myself in every mirror—as many me’s as you can imagine. And there have been so many me’s.

“Well, I stamped my foot—like this—and I said, ‘This palace shall be mine!’

“The duke was a widower, though I didn’t know it at the time. Somebody must have told him what I said, for the next day, who should come to my lodgings but the duke!—all in lace and diamonds! And somebody said, ‘Where are you going, duke?’ and he says, ‘To present myself to the Vice-Queen of America!’

“Well, of course, I received him and after a long, long talk, he left—kissed my hand six times! Well, I says to my little ward, ‘Eliza,’ I says, ‘that man is going to bore us. Let’s go to Paris to-night!’ And we did.

“Would you believe it, we had hardly reached Paris when here comes a beautiful letter in French—from the Duke of Palermo, of course, and he offers me his hand and half his possessions if I would only marry him.

“I didn’t answer him, and, next thing I know, there is the duke in Paris, begging me, imploring me to marry him. But I looked down at him and I says:

“‘I am faithful to the memory of Monsieur Jumel. I

bear to you the celestial affection that the angels in heaven bear to one another. I love you as a brother; but in no other way.'

"The poor man kissed my hand, and kissed it and kissed it, and departed overcome with grief. My dears, I was seventy-two years old. Think of my inspiring such love! *Parlez-vous français, ma chère?*"

Miss Parker replied, "*Oui, madame, je le parle avec facilité.*"

Betty amazed the schoolgirls with her glib French, in whose purity they at least could find no fault. Suddenly she reverted to English:

"Have you seen my place at Saratoga? I call it the Tuileries. I bought it in ten minutes because I liked it. I haven't been there for three years, because Mr. Chase told me that the rich men in the hotels were having a crown of precious stones made to crown me queen. It frightened me so that I packed up and returned home at once. I think, though, I shall go back next summer. Won't you go with me, my dear?"

"Certainly," said the diplomatic Miss Parker. Betty asked her address and showed her a frame containing a letter she had written to the regiment known as the Grays of Syracuse, presenting it with a stand of colors, and a letter of thanks from the Grays.

This led her to talk of the war even then tearing asunder the nation that had been founded the year of her birth. She rather sympathized with the South, but the slaughter depressed her. She sighed with a grandiose gloom:

"Mr. William R. Astor recognized my horses before a shop downtown and came in to tell me that the North and South would only be reconciled by making me queen of the united country. What do you think of the plan?"

Naturally, the girls thought it an excellent plan. Also, they thought it an excellent plan to be going home. But she kept them for two hours, telling them Munchausenesque fables of the new mirror-lined house with seven halls that she was going to build, of all the treasures Captain Kidd

had buried in her grounds, of George Washington's intimacy at her father's house, of her birth as a Quaker and her intense religious faith.

She followed the girls out to their carriage in this final mood of spiritual exaltation, and her strange old eyes haunted them as they were driven away, feeling sorry for her "childless and forlorn old age" and moralizing upon its contrast with "the brilliancy of her youth and good fortune." Miss Parker closes her chronicle with the profoundly youthful reflection, "This verifies my belief that to a certain extent all things are equal."

Betty's manias were innumerable, and many of them are to be found solemnly repeated by persons who neglected to look up the contradictory dates.

There is hardly a famous man or monarch who was not mentioned as one of her friends or lovers; Benjamin Franklin adored her, Patrick Henry loved her; Alexander Hamilton discussed his great theories of government with her and made her his mistress; in fact the founding of the Republic and the establishment of the Constitution were pretty well determined in the brilliant *salon* this intellectual Aspasia conducted in her New York home (and this at a time when she was really a ragged illiterate child in Providence).

Lafayette was a guest of hers and she often showed the bed he slept on. She played chess with Louis Napoleon, and lent him money which he repaid, according to some of her statements, and, according to others, forgot. The Empress Eugénie gave her a diamond necklace. This was hardly true; though Washington Irving could say: "Louis Napoleon and Eugénie de Montijo—Emperor and Empress of France! He whom I received as an exile at my cottage on the Hudson, she whom at Granada I have dandled on my knee!"

But it was true that when Louis Napoleon made Eugénie empress, he had to put on her head the crown Napoleon placed on the head of his second wife; for Betty Jumel owned the crown that Napoleon placed on his first wife's head.

CHAPTER XLVIII

GRANDEUR was the sunshine of Betty's latter life. But that bewildered creature her soul had also its terrifying hours. Her mad ingenuity began to devise horrors for its own torment.

Conspiracies were set on foot to storm the mansion and slay her and steal her jewels and her riches.

Charity and self-protection connived at a queer procedure. She learned that a score or more of French immigrants were starving in New York and she took them all into her pay, formed them into a military company, and established them at the mansion as her own imperial bodyguard, paid for out of her own revenues and uniformed fantastically.

Sentinels stood at the gates; there was a brass band for the drills and the parades and for concerts. Boys who fished in the Harlem River could hear the music blare and catch glimpses of Betty riding at the head of her little army, straight as a grenadier and turning now and then to issue a command. After leading them about her estates, she would halt her horse and review her troops. The drill would end in a clatter of volley fire. She practiced with a pistol herself and boasted of her marksmanship.

All through the night the guards were posted and relieved; and since it seemed necessary for the army to find a pretext for its continued existence, every now and then there would be an alarm, guns would be fired, the guards would be routed out of bed and set to searching the woods.

She went again to Saratoga, but one day at table gave a sudden start and became another person. On the way back to New York her actions frightened the passengers in the train. From then on her doom was evident.

Sometimes the fifteen-year-old lad, William Chase, was

put in command of the troops, but he was soon deposed. For not all of Betty's fears were for attacks from outside. The mania of treachery within afflicted her.

She began to turn against the people she had lavished her affections upon. She accused her grandnephew of fixing a heavy cornice so that it would fall upon her and kill her. She accused Eliza Péry of trying to poison her. She made Nelson Chase taste the tea he brewed for her before she would drink it.

In frenzies of sudden detestation she would drive all of her relatives from the house, then receive them back with tears and kisses, only to round upon them again.

Her mind, like the wounded scorpion of legend, was poisoning itself and dying in the throes of agony.

One day young William Inglis Chase, who stands at her right hand in the portrait, offended her. Miss Parker says that, though he was only fifteen years old, "he ran off with a woman much older than himself who wanted his fortune, and that madame discarded him."

According to Shelton, young William, in a rage at Betty, threw an inkstand at her portrait and hit his own shoulder. In any case, Betty sewed a black patch over the boy's face on the canvas. She told Miss Parker that "his character is defaced, and not the picture. There it shall remain until he redeems himself." She did not mention him in her will.

When the boy's father, Nelson Chase, came home to the mansion, he found all his belongings and the boy's thrown out upon the lawn. Thenceforth Betty lived alone.

She had been ungratefully used, as she saw it. She had adopted children for their companionship and they had abandoned her or used her. She guaranteed them money if they would live with her. She had kept Nelson Chase in idle expectation of great wealth, and Monsieur Péry of France with his love of huge dogs and deep draughts of liquor. None of them seemed to her to love her for herself, but only to be keeping a death-watch upon her and her wealth.

So she banished them and dwelt alone, visited only by her

pastor (for she grew more religious than ever), by her physician, and by lawyers, policemen or tradesmen or plumbers.

She kept the rickety Venetian blinds drawn tight and wandered about early and late from room to room, stirring the sodden dust with her shuffling feet, but letting in no sunshine.

In her bitterness she planned to thwart the hopeful heirs whose affection she had come to suspect of mercenary motives.

She and her lawyers wrought at a will that should prevent their having any reward for their long patience. But the lawyers could not bring her thoughts into cohesion, and by the time they had drafted the wills she dictated, her wits could not be brought to the signing of the documents.

Her pastor, Mr. Smith, had better success, and came one day with two witnesses and a will, "and she in a fumbling kind of way put her signature to it." In this document she bequeathed sixteen lots as the site of a new church for Mr. Smith and seventy thousand dollars for the building. She gave Mr. Smith five thousand dollars for himself, and sums to various charities; the New York Hospital, the Orphan Asylum, the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Children of Seamen, the Fund for Aged and Infirm Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the Missionary Society for Seamen; the Bible Society; the Association for the Relief of Respectable, Aged, Indigent Females.

She left for Eliza Péry and her husband and their child the income from ten thousand dollars—a few hundred dollars a year.

To Nelson Chase and his son William Inglis she bequeathed never a penny.

The pastor carried this will away with him and kept it against the fatal day.

CHAPTER XLIX

IF Betty had gone mad, so had the world. Everybody agreed that everybody was rushing to destruction and everything was wrong. This has been one of the few beliefs in which the majority of mankind has usually agreed at any given period since mankind began.

The Civil War was but the crash of the disaster. There had been plentiful omens in the general decay of American morals and manhood and womanhood.

The pulpit and the press rang with alarm and Mr. John F. Watson in 1856 summed up the universal dismay so completely that he may well be quoted at length. The only bright spots in the general murk were the wonderful things that had been achieved in the way of science. He indicated a few :

Rail Roads and Cars—annihilating space—Telegraphic wires, conversing at unlimited distances—Steamers traversing every Sea—Steam-Engines and power adapted to all kinds of manufactures—Stereotyping everything on paper—Daguerreotypes cheapening the likenesses of everybody—the conquest of Mexico—the opening trade of California and Oregon—the discovery of gold and quick Silver. Yet the ingenuity and device of Crime are becoming more apparent—Operas are now fostered—supplanting *natural* music—Immodest Exposure of female limbs in dancing Polkas, and the like—our mothers and grandmothers were too modest to behold such things—Circuses, Menageries, and human Models (libidinous) find favor—Riders and Beasts, multiply in all our cities, &c.

All is now self-exalted and going upon stilts. It all comes from foreign influence—our addictedness to *imitate* what is foreign and modish.

Once it was pleasant and safe to walk the streets—now tall houses are crowded with numerous working tenants. 'Tis terrible now to sicken and die at crowded streets, where the rattle of omnibuses is unceasing.

The mass of the traveling public now have no conception of the things they have lost by the modern means of going by Railways. Now we build vessels of 3,000 tons (and even of 5,000!) to traverse between our coasts and Europe. In 1818 Jeremiah Thompson built Packets of 300 tons—and in 1821 he added one of 500 tons, which was disused as too large for the then trade. Vessels arriving off the coast of New York in winter if the ice and frost were severe, used to put back to Charleston or the West Indies, there *to thaw* and to stand out *till Spring*. But now Vessels only put off to the Gulph Stream and there loosen their icy fetters and return back to New York. . . .

It is often observed, that the *young*, in fashionable life, are far more arrogant and assuming in companies of display and exhibition, than they used to be. They are far less reverent to the aged than in former times—pushing them aside, from counsel or controul. Former shame-facedness of youth, is regarded as awkward *mauvaise honte* and not to be tolerated in “good society,” so called. Europeans even now, among us, wonder at the unrestrained freedom of talk and action, of our young females.—They now have their social Soirees to themselves,—all young together.

At this time a fashionable dry goods store advertises, a lace scarf for 1500 dollars! Another, has a bridal dress for 1,200 dollars. Bonnets at 200 dollars are also sold. Cashmeres, from 300 dollars and upwards, are seen, by dozens along Broadway. And 100 dollars is quite a common price for a silk gown. Think of such a scale of prices for “un-ideaed” American women! Can the pampering of such vanities, elevate the character of our women? Alas! the women who live for such displays—who give their whole attention to diamonds and dress, are fast becoming unfitted for wives or mothers—and are operating the ruin of husbands and parents. Do we not greatly need voluntary sumptuary laws and restraints! History records, that when the Roman matrons fell into similar extravagances, the Empire itself, felt the deterioration, and fast fell into its decline! Will any consider! One serious consideration is, that prudent thoughtful men, cannot engage in matrimonial alliances. In this, the ladies themselves will become sufferers. . . .

Hoops Again.—We had hoped that our ladies would never again be brought to use such ill-looking, useless and deforming appendages to their dresses—They are, as seen along our streets, a Misdemeanor. They are so suggestive of immodest thoughts,

both while worn and also when seen dangling from stores along the streets, just like so many parachutes. One feels as if they must be scanning them, to conjecture how and where the limbs therein could be found! They are too, so annoying and engrossing of place and room in omnibuses. . . . Ladies who profess to be christians and communicants too, *pledged* "to renounce the vain pomp and vanities of the world, and *not to be led thereby*," go up to the sacramental altar, showing before the eyes of all beholders—an unseemly vanity! . . .

Mr. Barnum has created a new era in public excitability—He uses the press with such dexterity to *puff* himself and his exhibitions, as to make himself the focus of all that is popular;—all to make his own fortune!—None but himself could have ventured on such a great amount of money to Jenny Lind for her visit—Think of so much being awarded for *singing*! Is it possible that it is, indeed, so super-human and exalted as to be really worth the contribution—or is it excited phrenzy! . . .

Really my country, is so much increased in crime of all kinds and characters, as makes me feel heart-sick to think of its progress—and the state of society to which I am to leave my heirs. It really makes life of far less value to live it—and almost makes one sigh for a change into another and better world.

These combinations of lawless lads in the cities of Philadelphia and New York, under indicative names—signifying outlawry and mischief,—is wholly a new manifestation of progress:—Such as have made "houses of Refuge" indispensable for the security of Society against their crimes and encroachments. The good people of the Olden time, had no such disturbers of their peace—All boys worked at something *useful* in their times. Cheap Theatres and Comic allurements, are now their visited night schools.

The year 1852 has been a season of most appalling crime—so many gross murders—rapes—cruelties. See the book, *Hot Corn* of New York. Excessive destruction of life, by "Accidents," &c.,—One who fears God, may well fear his judgment,—unless we repent and turn. There has been a morbid sensibility for criminals—a desire to screen them from the merited gallows—This encourages wickedness—Religion itself, seems not to have the same hold and influence, on the mass—Men grow up by example to forget God. . . .

Now stockings are made too cheaply to permit of knitting

them; but in former times, mothers and daughters were always busy at their knitting, while sitting in attention to calls from visitors—They not only, were proud to knit their own wear well, but they also, made coarser ones for the boys and servants—made of thread and woollen yarn—and if in large families they *could not* do all, they hired women helps, to do them—Young ladies, then, truly, could not get time for Pianos, Opera, Theatre and spectacles.

Stores for sale of shirts and drawers—is a modern affair—Such a thing would not have succeeded when females, universally, in families worked out such articles—Now females—very genteel, have not the time!

It is new to use professional singers in churches—

It is still newer to sing responses while *kneeling*, as in the ten commandments.

The use of Chloroform in painful surgical operations, is new and assisting wonderfully. . . .

Dispepsia in men, and spinal diseases in women, are new forms of diseases, coming in, as a consequence of luxurious and indulgent living.

Carriers—It is a modern thing to send home parcels from the stores, for purchasers,—and equally new for Butchers to send home meats purchased. Men and women took home their own marketing; and many boys of good families, went with wheel-barrows, and stopt near the markets till filled—One remembers well, many young ladies of good families, who used to do all the marketing. . . .

The frequency of these deathly assaults on fellow citizens, without compunction, by those who have gone into the use of Colt's pistols, and the Bowey knife,—are wholly affairs of modern times—The fatal instruments, and their terrible effects, are of latter day origin. We once used to contemplate assassinations as almost wholly confined to Spaniards:—And we had undefined dreads of Spanish ports in Cuba and South America. Every American visiting such Ports, held himself, very cautious in his walks about their towns and suburbs—Now they have become familiar, to our ears, as of frequent occurrence among ourselves, in almost all parts of our extended Country. While so many are essaying to put down public executions for deadly crimes, few or none come forth in strength to abate the number of impulsive assassinations.

The increase of luxurious living, is operating powerfully

against early marriages, as mothers and daughters may readily notice—The *Home Journal*, speaking of this subject, instances, the ascertained fact, that although the year 1856 has been a privileged Leap year, there was, at Boston 20 per cent less of marriages there, than the year preceeding. The *cause* is indeed to be found in the fact, that the shrine to love and marriage is crushingly draped with silks at from 3,00 to 15,00 dollars a yard—It is festooned with laces at prices to cause terror to hear it—expensive jewelry flashes through the meshes, everywhere.—Silver plate, paved thick upon leases of “genteel residences,” support the altar; and Milliners’ and other bills, litter the base of it.—Great sighs heaved from the bottom of prudent but hopeless hearts, are all that is given to Hymen. Marriage is becoming a luxury to men.—And those, whose means are limited, are as much prohibited from its adoption as by a police regulation. . . . O, for a restoration of gingham and prints! Is there no deliverance from the silken web of evil, which French looms are weaving for us?

Our fathers used to tell of the profligacy of Paris; their children tell of the mysteries of New York, a city not far behind any in Europe. And making proper allowance for size, how far is New York ahead of our other cities and towns? Once was a time when a wife was “help meet.” We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools. Our girls are refined, learned, wise; they can sing, dance, play pianos, paint, talk French and Italian, and all the soft languages, write poetry, and love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquette, and flirt at the watering places, and shine like angels, at winter parties. But heaven be kind to the good man who marries in the fashionable circles. . . . And here is our intolerable stupidity once more; having children is left to the Irish! What lady thinks of having nasty children about her now?—or if she is unfortunate, don’t she put them to wet nurses to begin with, and boarding schools afterwards?

We repeat—we have come to a point, where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they *can* marry, and afterwards keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. . . . We find now, that in the town of Hancock, with more than eight hundred inhabitants, no marriage is recorded for the year

1855; and in Cheshire, Middleton, Munroe, Montgomery, Roxborough, Halifax and Rutland, with populations varying from two hundred and seventeen to fifteen hundred, but one marriage is reported in each. . . .

To buttress this opinion, we here give—the words of the *Philadelphia Ledger* to wit:

“If we go on with the life we have lived for the last generation, we shall exhaust ourselves prematurely.—Why are we, as a race, so nervous? Is it not because our mode of life exhausts our vital energies prematurely?—We work too hard, we think too hard, seek pleasure too hard—We are moderate, in short, in nothing. . . . At forty, our men are as old as Englishmen or Frenchmen at fifty-five; and our women at thirty, are as faded as European ones at forty. . . . The rush for excitement is sapping their lives; and must entail weak Constitutions on the rising generation.”

The countless evils of that degenerate day (and all days seem to be degenerate in the eyes they illuminate) were largely due to the restlessness of women and their greedy demand for more and more. Books were published in vain to dissuade the sex from overstepping the bounds set to it by divine resentment of Eve's responsibility for the Fall of Man.

In spite of such warnings, Doctor Brockett in his book on *Women*, published in 1869 must still point out that legally “the wife is the bondservant of her husband. She can do no act whatever but by his permission, at least tacit. Her children are by law his children. He alone has any rights over them. Even after he is dead, she is not their legal guardian, unless he by will has made her so.” This was modified by certain of the United States, but not all.

He quotes the incident of an Englishman who beat his mistress for disobeying him. The judge rebuked him because the woman was not his slave, not accountable to him for every moment of her time, since she was not his wife.

“The Church and all State offices are closed to women. No single woman, having been seduced, has any remedy at common law. If her father can prove *service* rendered, he may sue for loss of service.”

Doctor Brockett pointed out that the inferiority of women in intellectual and artistic pursuits proved the Creator's will to keep them in subordination to men.

He derided the vain effort of Vassar College and others to give girls a thorough education: "but they all are engaged in an impossible task. This so-called fashionable education is ruining the health and the intellects, and greatly impairing the moral character of thousands of our young women, and it should be abolished forthwith."

He deprecated the effort of women to earn their own livings, as the home was the proper career. For a woman whose husband was dead, or worthless, he had sympathy, but felt that she was unfitted for almost every task. "She may take in washing, go out at times as a charwoman, sew, knit, or drive a sewing machine; if she is educated, she may teach a small school at home, or she may teach music, or drawing, or French or German, or manage a small store." He did not include literary labor because the payments are "usually so precarious and so long delayed, that it cannot be considered as in any respect a dependance." He thought that women, in need should rely on charity.

Medicine and the law were, of course, closed careers to almost all the sex. The stage offered some opportunity, and there had been doubtless some good women there, but "in the present condition of the drama, no woman has a right to imperil her reputation and her hopes of heaven by entering upon a theatrical career. The atmosphere of the theater is, at the present day, wholly corrupting."

He glanced at the field of social evil and admitted with horror that "of the women between the ages of fifteen and thirty, one out of every twelve (some very careful statisticians say one out of every ten) is a thing of shame. And this in an enlightened, Christian nation in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and despite all our efforts to promote purity and holiness."

He imputes the blame to "the circulation in secret of vile books and prints in a large proportion of our female seminaries," and to the fashionable mode of education. He

doubts that poverty has really much to do with it. No place was safe, apparently, for "procuresses have entered Sabbath-schools, procured situations as teachers, and used their position to drag innocent souls down to perdition. The fatal facility of divorce greatly increases the number of women who lead an abandoned life." He advocates the more rigid enforcement of "laws against the publication and sale of vile books, prints, newspapers, jewelry, &c."

As for woman's suffrage, he is opposed to manhood suffrage without property or educational qualifications and finds so many reasons against woman suffrage that they take up half of a large volume. He implores women to save themselves by "the sublime art of bread-baking." He prays for a discontinuance of "protracted and exciting dances," the almost equally exciting skating parties and the questionable velocipede riding. "The moral culture will, we hope, come in time."

From such a world, harrowed by such anxieties, Betty was already passing. She had not been very good, but throughout her life span everybody confessed that the times had always been very bad. In a world where women were expected to stay at home and to depend upon charity rather than their own exertions for their support, she had managed to rise from the gutter of a small town to splendor in a great city and the possession of property worth far more than a million dollars.

Beginning in rags and shame, she had achieved royal raiment, imperial jewels, the nods of crowned heads, two husbands—and an immortal mansion, if not in the skies, at least as near to them as one might come in New York.

She had encountered snubs and ostracism from many, but her walls were hung with framed invitations from kings and countesses. On a planet that had burned Joan of Arc at the stake, and denounced Florence Nightingale as worse than a prostitute, Betty's punishment was mild and of little value in proof of anything important.

She had chosen almost the only path to riches open to women from the beginning of the world.

The great war that raged during her final years meant little to her clouded brain, but to the world it meant a tremendous blow at human slavery. It began the emancipation of women and opened to them all the honorable ways of attaining success that man has discovered. After Betty's day it was no longer necessary for women to gain their ambitions exclusively by the permission of men, or to bribe the fates by their traffic in love or its counterfeit.

Madame Jumel marks, therefore, the climax of an era. She is an allegory, an exemplar of a venerable tradition, the last grand actress in the ridiculous tragedy based on the sublime nonsense of woman's subjection to man. It ran for ages and it was the solemn ideal of centuries. Yet it failed at last. How many more of our solemn ideals will be washed away by the following years?

With the final mockery of our demand that people who lead wicked lives shall die in misery, the last months of Betty's life were glorified by the belief that the premises were filled with hidden treasure. She pleaded that it be sought for. Also, she was endowed with the royal power of miraculous cure by the laying on of hands.

A queen to the death, she must have her blenching features rouged and powdered every day. Her nightcap was threaded with pink ribbons and she spent her last hours upon the bed that Napoleon had slept on, in the bedroom where George Washington had slept.

And there she—slept.

CHAPTER L

JUST after the close of the Civil War that had parted the disunited States for four years, the war that had lasted a little more than ninety years ended among all the souls of Betsy Bowen Jumel Burr. She died on a Sunday morning, the 6th of July, 1865.

In the *New York Times* of the following Tuesday appeared a two-column obituary stating that she had been born of an English mother, Mrs. Capet, in the cabin of a French frigate, en route with troops from La Brest to the West Indies. Her mother had died and the captain kept her until he was driven into Newport Harbor, where he placed her in the custody of an elderly lady named Thompson, a good woman. Betty's early years were passed among good influences.

When about seventeen she fell in love with a Captain Croix. They eloped to New York, where Croix's position in society was such as to gain for her entrée to the best families. She was present at the first session of Congress at Philadelphia, 1774 and at Washington's inauguration. She is supposed to have met Burr when he was a captain in the army. She was also an intimate friend of Benedict Arnold, and considered Mrs. Arnold her best friend. She "started in Patrick Henry's breast a dangerous fire of love and passion."

The article goes on to say that Betty is supposed to have met Burr at the rooms of Lady Stirling, where Thomas Jefferson was a frequent visitor. Ben Franklin called Betty his "Fairy Queen," and was so intimate as "to salute her lips in the presence of friends." General Knox was also a worshiper at her feet—also Lafayette.

She married Jumel, who made a fortune in the wine trade. She went to Paris. Lafayette's patronage opened the doors for her there.

When Jumel's fortune was gone, Betty returned to the United States alone to recoup it for him. She had signal success. Jumel, in 1828, at the age of sixty-four, returned to the United States to find himself possessed of means at once abundant and satisfactory. They lived happily until his death.

Burr was at his time practicing law. There was talk of cholera, and Betty, who had large real-estate interests, determined on a carriage tour in the country. She decided to consult Burr, who was pre-eminent in real-estate law. From this meeting proceeded the renewed friendship that resulted in their marriage.

If Betty could have read this fairy-tale she would have smiled triumphantly. Under its flattering shade she was buried in the Trinity Cemetery on the high slopes of the Hudson River. Stephen Jumel remained in the Catholic Cemetery downtown at Mott and Prince Streets.

The mythology she built up with such care in her keener years was enlarged by the wonders her rambling wits conceived. But her death and her wealth, as the lawyer O'Connor was to say, "broke open the box of Pandora."

In the inventory of her estate her bank balance was found to be \$3,645 with a promissory note for \$18,000. Her personal property was totaled at the sum of \$1,238.74, which included three dilapidated carriages valued, one at twenty dollars, one at fifteen (a gift, she said, from Louis-Philippe), and one at five; and two fuzzy gray horses valued at thirty dollars each.

The poor old horses dragged out of their stupor in the slumberous barn must have wondered what it was all about.

And so do I.

The horses may have recalled the guard-mounts and the golden days when they stepped high and switched their white tails against the glistening whippetrees of the glossiest carriage in town.

But the rickety estate of all of them, horses, carriages, and Betty, was the bankruptcy that follows human endeavor,

good and bad (if anyone can be sure of the exact definition of either epithet).

Of the jewels that still sparkled, though Betty's eyes were dull, the appraisers found not one. It was said that they were buried at night in the garden to escape the appraisers. Years later they were exhibited at a charity fair in Doctor Vandewater's Harlem church. Some of them may be seen to this day by one who has the right to ask for a look.

The family that Betty left turned the decaying house into a small Bedlam. Nelson Chase, who had remarried, lived in the Burr room and took his meals alone. He rose at five o'clock and demanded his breakfast with loud profanity. Monsieur and Madame Péry lived in the Washington room and ate at a different hour from the family of William Inglis Chase, who occupied the rooms above the great dining room. Miss Nitschke, the governess of the Péry child, slept in the Lafayette room and shared nothing except the vapors of the one distracted cook.

According to Miss Nitschke, Mrs. Will Chase suffered terrors every night from the visitations of the ghost of Madame Jumel, who "came with terrible rappings about midnight."

Monsieur Péry, who often toasted cheese in the kitchen, said that Madame Jumel came to his bedside all dressed in white.

The governess did not believe in ghosts—not even when she asked the loud rapper if she wished to have prayers said for her and was "assured by three knocks, the knock language for 'yes'." The raps seemed to be in the walls, now on one side of the room, now on another. There was also the drumming of a skeleton hand on the east front window. When the raps seemed to come from the room where the child Mathilde Péry slept undisturbed, Miss Nitschke looked in there and "the tapping continued on the tin slop pail, and then ceased altogether."

With an unlaidd ghost and an undivided legacy estimated at over a million dollars and a number of conflicting wills in existence, it is small wonder that a neighbor, Charles

O'Connor, had occasionally to be called in to promote the peace.

This distinguished lawyer, who had acted in the divorce case for Aaron Burr, was soon joined by numerous other lawyers in a famous group of lawsuits extending on and on for years until the wealth was gone and only the old house and the neglected grounds were left.

The resident heirs, the Chases and Pérys, attacked the will as soon as the Rev. John Howard Smith produced it. Each of the societies for the deaf, dumb, destitute, indigent, respectable, orphan, and infirm, hurried its own lawyers into court.

The relatives claimed that when Madame Jumel made the will under the undue influence of the Reverend Mr. Smith she was "exceedingly infirm in body and mind and had conceived an insane and unnatural antipathy toward the children whom she had theretofore tenderly cherished and treated as her own."

The jury's verdict was that she was of an unsound mind. The will was therefore set aside and men appointed to administer the estate; one of these was the William Ballou Jones whom Lavinia Ballou had married. He was the illegitimate son of Betty's stepsister, Polly Clarke. Yet the children of Mary Bownes were barred because their mother and grandmother had been illegitimate. A crowd of stepheirs, mainly illegitimate, was recognized.

Nelson Chase bought up the claims of the Jones family for forty thousand dollars. Later the Jones family went to law to set aside the quit-claim deeds.

Then the French heirs of Stephen Jumel appeared and the court awarded them a sixth part of his estate.

There were twenty cases in court, and four suits of ejectment brought jointly by thirty-eight plaintiffs, all descendants of the impossible Phebe Kelley.

Mr. O'Connor and Mr. James C. Carter, eminent members of the bar, took up the claims of Nelson Chase as a speculation, and the court awarded them fees of \$75,000 and \$100,000, respectively. Indeed, the court set aside from the

final settlement nearly a quarter of a million dollars in fees, arrears of taxes, and assessments.

In the chaos of all these trials Betty's past was dug out of the grave and hung up for all the world to see. But now confusion was worse confounded, for everything that anybody affirmed was denied by somebody else; affidavit contradicted affidavit; cross-examination disputed examination; and senile witnesses refuted themselves so often that the truth can never be known.

It was the clergyman Smith who wrecked what little good name Betty had manufactured; for in his desire to restrain the resident heirs he sent to Providence to look into Betty's past. He even advertised for heirs. And they arose. And the odors from the somnolent muck heap became a miasm of scandal.

It was then that George Washington Bowen cast aside his policy of silence and came forward at the age of seventy-nine to confess, or to boast, that he was, as the testimony states, "a come-by-chance born in a fancy house." He was told that a law enacted ten years before enabled an illegitimate son to inherit from his mother when there were no legitimate children, and he sued Nelson Chase for the estate.

He summoned to his aid a cloud of toothless witnesses ranging from seventy-nine to eighty-nine years of age. To these was added Mary Marilla Steven, who came all the way from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to testify; and who managed to renew the suspicion that when the wounded Stephen Jumel was left in Betty's care she let him bleed to death. Other witnesses emphasized their belief that Mary Bownes was really the daughter of Betty and Stephen Jumel. But she was dead and George Washington Bowen was the only living being claiming to have been the issue of her loins.

On him the brilliant O'Connor centered his fire. In one of his briefs he wrote:

There seems to be a distinct tendency in human nature, not sufficiently noticed hitherto, inclining poor people to believe themselves the inheritors of great estates—a belief which thrives, not upon evidence, but upon the want of it. A statement

of the different stocks upon which Madame Jumel was grafted would be amusing. One only, at the most, could be true; but all were supported by an equal weight of evidence. If there be any virtue in the solemn statements of deceased grandmothers, many of these claims could not be resisted. One element of weakness was common to all of them—they were for sale; and, as the market was glutted, most of them were suffered to perish for want of a purchaser. Syndicates were, however, made up for several, always, of course, including one or more lawyers, and, as soon as the will was set aside, heirs of law appeared in great force. In dealing with these attacks it may easily be imagined that neither the complainants nor the courts have been left without occupation. . . .

The present claimant possesses an advantage which avoids the rock upon which others split. He starts with the assertion that he is *filius nullius* in the law, accepts Madame Jumel's true pedigree, and claims that he is the fruit of her body. If it be difficult, as it must be, for a bastard of eighty-five to furnish direct proof from whose womb he proceeded, it is equally difficult to meet any proof which may be brought, imputing him to one woman, by direct evidence that he was born of another. It was with conscious and just triumph that this claimant's counsel exclaimed to the jury on the trial of the ejectment, "If he is not the son of Madame Jumel, whose son is he?"

The lawyers for Bowen did not spare Betty in youth or age. They brought forward all the sordid ugliness of Phebe Kelley's life, and Betty's. They claimed that George Washington Bowen was "somebody's son—somebody's illegitimate son—born—not rained down from Arcturus. No other mother was named or hinted at or thought of than this Betsy Bowen, otherwise Madame Jumel. As an old gentleman in Providence once said to me, 'Why, he is just as well known as Betsy Bowen's bastard as the town pump on Congress Common.'"

The opponents of George Washington Bowen accused him of perjury, conspiracy, defamation. When he was asked if he were illegitimate, he answered, dismally:

"Why, you must make that out as you have a mind. If I had no father or mother, I don't want any slur put upon me.

It is something I couldn't help. There may be a good many others in the same condition, if you go into the pedigree."

Aged witnesses brought Betty back to life again, drifting as a little beauty through the vile life of old Providence and climbing over the pale of decency in New York. It was thus that the truth was fetched up from oblivion in the stammering of irascible old witnesses seeing their youth more clearly than the years between.

Ancient Daniel Hull, whom the lawyers badgered till he fainted, insisted that he remembered Betty as a little girl pleading for cookies: "I used to carry the gals cookies. They used to run out to the chaise. They used to have chaises in them days." He remembered Betty growing up into "a tall slim woman and very pretty" and "flirting around there to a great rate—and everybody taking notice of it. I guess she was one of those loose characters."

Then the boys began to laugh about her because she grew so large. "The talk was, she was like to have a baby by a rich man there in Providence. In old times boys always laughed at those things. I can remember her looks just as well now. Thinking it over it all comes to me."

Then one day he saw her, sitting up in bed, and "she called me and she says to me, 'Do you want to see my nice fat baby?' She gave me some coppers and wanted me to buy candy with them. I saw her carrying the baby around in her arms after she got well, and I used to see her having it nursing out of a bottle. It was a curious kind of a shaped thing in them days. I guess she didn't give no milk, or something."

Under the incessant nagging of counsel, he broke out in protests. "I belonged to the *Saratoga* privateer. I have been a warrior in my day. There was Stanton Furber and me, and Bill Field we used to be playmates together. They are all dead but me. I am one of the old Captain Isaac Hull's folks. I am a true old '76 Whig. It hurts me to talk. I am all worried out. . . . That's a plaguey foolish question to ask a man. You needn't think you can frighten me because you come from New York."

He saw Betty aboard the packet with Lavinia Ballou and a girl named Teal, but no baby. He saw her when she came back with the body of a seaman named Carpenter, "captain of an Indiaman out of New York."

He saw her again when she came back to Providence as the rich wife of the Frenchman and the boys hooted her away. There was no question that Madame Jumel was the Betty Bowen who was the mother of George Washington Bowen.

An old sailor was called to the stand and remembered vividly the vision Betty made when she was living in Mr. Jumel's house in Whitehall Street. He saw her the day she owned her first carriage, and he remembered that and the black horses. He recalled her clearly as "a very pretty woman indeed; stout, full-chested; a fine-looking woman. She generally used to dress and sit at the window in the morning—exhibiting herself—generally in a white muslin dress—oh, very well dressed."

The old valet, Henry Nodine, now seventy-six years old, was dragged out to testify, protesting that he wouldn't have been there if he "hadn't been caught unawares." He tried to tell of the great quarrel between Betty and Jumel when Jumel learned of the boy Betty had had.

They called others, a coachman, a cook, all testifying to things that have complicated the life story of Betty and ruined the structure she reared.

The upshot of the case was that a jury decided against George Washington Bowen; decided that he was not the son of Eliza B. Jumel; thus throwing doubt upon the "facts" that contradicted the legends, so that no one can say just what is fiction and what is history.

George Washington Bowen appealed the case, of course, and waited thirteen years for the final decree of the highest court; and it was adverse. Still he went on claiming that he was Betty's son until his death at the age of ninety.

Then a cousin of his took up the fight and eventually, in 1903, sold his claim to another suitor.

In the meanwhile, in 1887, the house was sold for a hun-

dred thousand dollars, with ground extending to the city waterpipe which had come down from Croton long since. Later a part of the estate was sold for the same price to General Earle and he sold it to the city of New York for two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The Daughters of the American Revolution took possession of it and gradually began its restoration as Washington's Headquarters.

And now it stands in serene and demure beauty, a glorious, inglorious enigma, a house whose walls reek with dignity and infamy, with war and romance, tragedy and woeful realism. The city which had been so far away has climbed the hill and swarmed about the old house like a sea, and swept on past in an unending tidal wave swiftly slow.

Tourists and sightseers in coveys visit the house, but not as "Washington's Headquarters." It is always, must always be, the Jumel Mansion.

For the warm-hearted, hot-tempered, dance-mad Washington has been doomed to be a frozen allegory of majesty in the national gallery of his country. But Betty Jumel lives as one of the picturesque sinners, cherished like Rahab, the harlot, the nearest her nation has come to furnishing a Maintenon or a Du Barry to the dull envy of the respectables.

It is enough for the historian to say, Thus such a one did at such a time in such a way. But the moralist looks for a lesson, a reward for virtue or a revenge upon vice.

The historian has done his duty when he has discovered and honestly spread out the chronicle. Let the moralist pick and choose for himself and draw what comfort or warning best suits his creed.

Betty's son, George Washington Bowen, if he were her son, pleaded:

"It was something I couldn't help."

Who, indeed, can help anything—or anybody? Could not Betty have handed the same plea up from her grave when her very soul was brought to trial?—

"It was something I couldn't help!"

She was goaded through the world by a legitimate, a

commendable longing for beauty, glory, and wealth. Her methods were ignoble, her sins many perhaps. Was she punished for them?

Did she in the end fare better or worse than the kindly, industrious, generous, honorable Jumel, whom she bled to death financially if not actually?

Left alone in the cold mansion, he sighed that she had cheated him out of his possessions; yet, since they would go at last to his beloved adopted child, Mary Bownes, he said he was satisfied. But Mary Bownes did not live to inherit them, and her children were disinherited by the law!

Betty seems to have tried everything in life except self-sacrifice, and to have experienced everything but true love.

She seems never to have found happiness or contentment. But how many do?

She never gained her one ambition—recognition. Yet who gains his ambition?

She died in slovenly insanity. Yet her insanity was gorgeous with imagined triumphs. And she who as a little girl ran screaming from a hovel torn down by a mob in Providence, ended her days in a most beautiful mansion on a high hill overlooking the greatest city of her continent.

The old Roman poet, Martial, devoted three of his priceless epigrams to little bits of life preserved from death by being caught in flowing resin that hardened into transparent amber.

In one he speaks of an ant overtaken by a drop of gum; it was "contemptible in life, but its death made it precious" (*vita contempta manente, funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis*).

In another drop a bee hides and glows (*et latet et lucet*) "as if locked in its own nectar; a worthy reward for its toils, a death it might well have wished to die."

In the third long jewel is a viper, surprised and fettered by the clinging dew and "sealed in a nobler tomb than you yourself, Cleopatra could boast."

Betty Jumel had something of the ant, something of the bee, something of the viper. The slow and stealthy drip of

gossip followed her, enveloped her, became tradition, and now holds her fast forever, deathlessly enambered.

She who might have gone down into the oblivion that buries innumerable other women of her time, the good wives and mothers with the wantons and the evil ones—she has written her name indelibly on the beadroll of the American immortals. She has become a part of her people's legend.

THE END

Harper Fiction

INNER DARKNESS

BY ETHELDA DAGGETT HESSER

Simple, ruthless, even tragic, this striking story of men and women whose lives are deep-rooted in the black soil of the Middle West has much the flavor of Hardy's dramas of rural England. "It is a rare pleasure to welcome a newcomer among American novelists of such unmistakable dramatic power, capacity of understanding and narrative skill as the hitherto unknown authoress of this story. She brings a distinctly new note to our current fiction."—*New York Herald*.

WAGES

BY MARY LANIER MAGRUDER

Vivid romance and yet a stark reality of passion are merged in this tale of the Kentucky lowlands. It is a story of a man and a woman, utterly different from each other and with different ideas of life and marriage, yet strangely brought together to work out their destiny. It is a tale of the unfolding, through a conflict of dark human emotions, and against the power of fate, of a great and generous nature under the influence of love.

THE ABLE McLAUGHLINS

BY MARGARET WILSON

The Harper Prize Novel.

An extraordinary combination of best-seller, prize-winner, and first novel that no reader of our native fiction should miss. "In this story of a group of Scotch pioneers in Iowa, Miss Wilson, like Willa Cather, like Herbert Quick and like Joseph Hergesheimer in some of his best stories, has recognized the great human drama in our own historic past, and has tilled the soil,—to her own great profit and to the advantage of our American letters."—*Harry Hansen in the Chicago Daily News*.

LUMMOX

BY FANNIE HURST

The famous novel whose central character has already taken her place among the universally known and permanent figures of American literature. "Out of every sentence in Miss Hurst's tremendous volume comes the lummoX. I know Bertha. She lives. It is a book crowded with drama. It is a book by a woman of wisdom and comprehension—yes, of genius. It places Miss Hurst with one stride in the ranks of our foremost novelists."—*Charles Hanson Towne in the International Book Review*.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Harper Fiction

BUNK

BY W. E. WOODWARD

"A novel whose publication is an event in American satire. One can fancy Laurence Sterne and Mark Twain, somewhere in the beyond, putting their heads together over a copy of 'Bunk' and rejoicing at the appearance on earth of a new humorist capable of dealing intelligently with a very large subject."—*L. H. Robbins* in the *New York Times*.

"A unique, rollicking, immensely entertaining novel. A book that is absolutely 'different,' written with a gusto and an irrepressible spirit of fun that is communicated to the reader. A brilliant achievement."—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE HAPPY ISLES

BY BASIL KING

The story of the son of a wealthy family, kidnapped in babyhood and forced to struggle upwards by himself in extraordinary surroundings of crime and poverty, but also, strangely, of love. "A book packed solidly with enjoyable reading, and with realism neither sordid nor sex-cursed, but dusted over with romance. Some very fine and even delicately beautiful thoughts have been given expression in a novel of engrossing interest."—*Philadelphia North American*.

THE GOLDEN COCOON

BY RUTH CROSS

A new personality, rememberable and charming, is brought to life in this first novel. It is the story of Molly, oldest of the brood of the "shiftless Shannons," quick-tempered, imaginative, intensely individual, and of her adventures in life and love. Against a richly colored background of New York and the far South is told a tale of deep emotional experience and of gay courage which is as imaginative and beautiful as it is dramatic.

MOLESKIN JOE

BY PATRICK MACGILL

A thrilling story of the strange adventures and love of a young workman in an isolated construction camp, by an author whose tales, written out of his own long experience among the toilers of the world, have gained for him an international reputation. "It is a good story, it is written with skill, it pictures its scenes and people vividly, it captures and holds the reader's interest. He plunges the reader at once into the full current of interest, and he keeps it going, full and strong, until the end."—*New York Times*.

HARPER & BROTHERS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00014947267

